

Publish'd as the Act directs June 1th 1778, by T. Cadell in the Strand.



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HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandison;

INA

SERIES OF LETTERS.

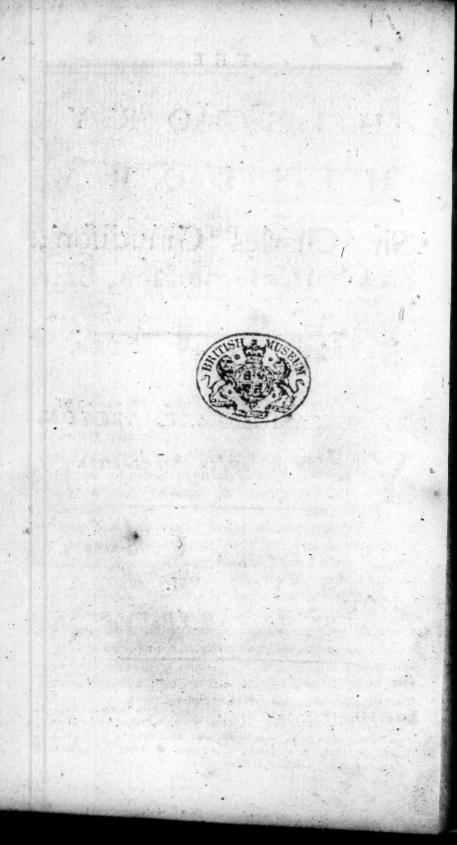
BY M' SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES. VOL. VII.

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HISTORY

OF

Sir Charles Grandison, Bart.

LETTER I.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY G.

Saturday, Nov. 25.

OU enjoined me, my dear Lady G. at parting on Monday last, to write to you; and to be very particular in what I wrote. I will, because I love and sear you. Otherwise I would not write at all; first, because I had not the good fortune to please you, in mine to Lady L.; and next, because I shall so soon have the honour to attend you in town. Well then, I begin.

On Tuesday we women were employed in preparations for the Tenant's Jubilee, next day. Sir Charles, attended by my Brother James, paid a morning visit to Mr. Greville, whom he found moody, reserved, and indisposed. My Brother James says, that he never saw such a manly, yet tender treatment, from one man to another, as Sir Charles gave him; and that he absolutely subdued him, and left him acknowledge.

the tender he had the goodness to make him. Siffer, said he, you were at the gate, as well as the young Ladies; did he not hint, did he not say, that Miss Byron spoke of me with tenderness?

I begin to fancy I am in a way to please you, Lady G.: Of which, at taking up my pen, I had little hopes, and therefore intended not to take much pains

about it. I am very faucy, you'll fay, perhaps.

In the afternoon, a Letter was brought from Sir Rowland Meredith. My cousin intends to shew it to you in town. Such a mixture of joy and fadness; of condolement and congratulation; I believe was never feen in one sheet of paper. It is dated from Windfor. The good man was there in his way to town; refolving to pay a visit to the wonderful man, as he calls him, of whom he had heard fo great a character; and who was probably to be the husband of his Daughter Byron; and there he heard (from Lord W.'s domestics, I suppose) that Sir Charles was in Northamptonshire, and that the marriage was actually folemnized. He therefore intended to fet out directly for Bath, where Mr. Fowler was, or at the Hot-well, at Briftol, purfulng measures for his health; with a view to confole his poor boy.

This is a good old man. Methinks I am half ready to wish, that some of my Cousin's admirers would dry up their tears, and come among us: Yet we are nice and dainty girls, some of us, let me tell you.—'Tis foolish, however, to suggest leavings, and such sort of stuff; the Lady such as but one man could deserve;

bis merit allowed universally.

Sir Charles acquainted his Lady with all that had passed between him and Mr. Orme. She received his

account with joy and thankfulness.

You are entered, Sir, said she, into a numerous family. I have called Sir Rowland Meredith my Father; Mr. Fowler my Brother. Be pleased to read this Letter.

I re-

I remember the relation, my dear, and acknowledge it. Mr. Fowler is another Mr. Orme. Sir

Rowland is a very worthy man.

He read it—What an excellent heart has Sir Rowland! Cultivate, my dearest Love! their friendship, as I will Mr. Orme's. My pity for these worthy objects, joining with yours, and the frankness of our mutual behaviour to them, will strengthen their hearts. We owe it to them, my dearest Life, as much as is in our power, to soften their disappointment.—Could they have a greater?

Who, madam, can think, of a man after this—Except one might hope, from the personal knowledge of his charming behaviour, that the men who addressed

us, might be improved by fuch an example?

The Tenants Jubilee, as they call it, was on Wednesday. It was a much more orderly day than we expected. Sir Charles was all condescension and chearful goodness: My Cousin, all graciousness, was the word for her. Mrs. Shirley was of the company. How the was reverenced! She ever was! Once when the Bride was withdrawn, and Sir Charles was engaged in talk with Mr. Deane, the whiteered two or three of her tenants to tell the reft, that it was great joy to her, to be affured, that after her departure, the tenants of her dear Mr. Shirley would be treated with as much kindness (perhaps, with more) as he, and as she, after his example, had ever treated them. Yet one caution, I give, faid she: My dear fon will see with his own eyes: He will dispense with his own hands. He will not be imposed upon.

Thurday and Friday the Bride faw company. There was as little both days of the impertinence that attends form, as, I believe, was ever known on the like occafion. We had a vast number of people: Some of thempersons of fashion, with whom we had but slender acquaintance; but who wished to see the happy pair.

We shall be this day at Shirley-manor in a family way:

way: In that my dear Lady G. (after all the buffle and parade that we can make) lies the true, because the untumultuous joy.

To-morrow we shall serve God in our usual way.

Adieu, my dear Lady G.—This is the fort of stuff you must be satisfied with from a poor untalented girl; as is

Your ever devoted, LUCY SELBY.

No end of duty, love, compliments, &c. I begin again to doubt I shan't please you: So am (allowably) tired.

BETTER II.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Monday, Nov. 272

CoME, come, Eucy, you do pretty well. Don't be disheartened, child. Yet you are not quite the elever girl I once thought you. You, that held such a part in the correspondence of our Harriet.—But you say, you can't help it. Poor girl! I am forry for it. Your talents lie in speech, not in writing.—Your account of the interview between Orme and my Brother, shews you can't write at all—No, not you—Poor Lucy! But write one Letter more before you come to town. Do! my dear! You have charming subjects before you, yet.

I, you see, have a talent to make subjects out of nothing: You, poor soul! can't follow them, when made to your hand. I'll tell you a story of my good man and his good woman. A short one. The poor man is very sensible of slight ailments. Happy as he is, in a wise, no wonder he is afraid of dying. He was complaining to me just now [To whom but to a pitying wife should a man complain when he ails any thing?] that he had a troublesome disorder in the inside of his mouth. I looked very grave; shook my careful head. I am afraid,

my Lord, something is breeding there, that should not. He started, and looked concerned. The man will never know me. God forbid! said he—afraid of nothing less than a cancer. Have I not told you a thousand times, my Lord, of your gaping! As sure as you are alive, your mouth is sly-blown.

Expecting compassion, he found a jest, and never was man so angry, I was forced to take his hand, and

stroke his cheeks with mine, to be friends.

But, Lucy, let not any of these slippances meet my Brother's eye, or invade his ear: I shall be undone if they do.

Carolina is pure well. Her Lord is never out either

of her chamber, or the nursery.

Aunt Nell makes an admirable nurse. Her parrot and her squirrel are now neglected for a little Marmouset. Every-body but the real nurse likes Aunt Nell. The good creature is so understanding, so directing! I protest, these old maids think they know everything. The nurse, I see, can't endure her.

I interfere not. The boy is robust, and they leave him the free exercise of his limbs, and he has a fine pipe, and makes the nursery ring whenever he pleases;

fo will do well enough.

But high-ho, Lucy! all these nursery momento's,, how do they sudden and mortify me! The word mother, what a solemn sound has it to me now; Caroline's situation before me!—But, come, the evil day is at distance: Who's asraid?

Beauchamp fighs for Emily: Emily for somebody else. Sir Hargrave is still miserable. Poor Sir Harry! He still lives! But can life be life, where there is no.

hope?

Write me one more Letter before you come up: If it be ever fo short a one. Don't be proud and saucy: You imagine, I suppose, that you can't write as well as Harriet and I. Granted. Attempt it not therefore. But write as well as you can; and that,

B. 5

till Harriet can find herself at leisure to resume her pen, shall content

Your true Friend and bumble Servant,

CH. G.

No end of your compliments to us in town, you fay.—No end of ours to you in the country, were I to begin them: Therefore will not fay a word about them. You know my meaning by my gaping.

LETTER III.

MISS SELBY, TO LADY G.

Thursday Night, Nov. 30.

A ND must I write your Ladship one more Letter?

And will a short one content you?

Well then, I'll try for it.

On Sunday last, we hoped to be quiet and good: But the church was as much crowded as it was the

Sunday before.

Monday and Tuesday the Bride and Bridegroom returned the visits made them. At one, they met Miss Orme, and accompanied her to her Brother's seat at her request. You did not seem to like my account of Sir Charles's interview with Mr. Orme in my last: So I will not tell you what passed on occasion of this visit to that worthy man. I will be as perverse as you are difficult. I don't care. Yet, as your new sister described the meeting and parting to me, you would have been pleased with what I could have told you.

Yesterday we had a Ball given by Mr. Shirley. Were I able to write to please you, how I could expatiate on this occasion! How did the Bridegroom shine! Every-body was in raptures with him, on his charming behaviour to his Bride. The notice he took of her was neither too little nor too much, for the most delicate observers. Every young Lady envied

her;

her; and how coldly did some of them look on their own humble servants! They indeed were as regardful of him as their mistresses; so bore the preference the better. My Uncle Selby was all, and more than all, he used to be. How happy that he is a sober man! His joy, raised by wine, would have made him mad.

This day we have been all happy together, A calm, ferenc day; at Shirley-manor! And this is the matter fettled among us—Your Brother and new Sister: my Uncle and Aunt Selby; Mr. Deane, and your Lord-ship's humble servant; are to set out early to morrow morning for London. My Brother James would fain accompany us; Sir Charles kindly inviting him: But I withstood it; so did my Aunt; the private reason, because of Miss Jervois.

Sir Charles thinks to stay in town till the Friday following; and then proposes to carry his Bride, and

all of us, to Grandison-hall.

A motion was made to Sir Charles by my Grandmamma Selby; whether he would not chuse to be presented with his Lady to the King on their nuptials. Sir Charles answered, that he was ready to comply with every proposal that should shew his duty to his Sovereign, and the grateful sense he had of the honour done him by his Harriet.

We are to call on Lord and Lady W. at Windsor;

and take them with us.

My Cousin and I are to write constantly to our two Grandmothers. My Sister Nancy devotes herself to our Grandmother Selby. Misses Holles's will constantly visit Mrs. Shirley. Sir Charles is to bring down his Lady

twice a year, or oftener, if conveniency permit.

He hoped, he said, after a while, to induce his Harriet to take a trip with him to Ireland, to inspect the improvements making in his estate there. He will find no difficulty, I believe, to prevail upon her to accompany him thither; nor even, were he disposed to it, to the world's end.

B 6

He hopes for a vifit from the Italian family, so des fervedly dear to him; by which he is to regulate many

of his future motions.

I cannot fay I wish for this visit. I love, I admire, I pity them; and would, had I wings, take a flight into Italy, with all my heart, to see them incognita. Clementina must be a carming creature—But, for Harriet's sake, I have been used to think of her with terror.

For your Brother's fake also, Lady G. I rejoice, and fo, you know, Dr. Bartlet and Mrs. Shirley, that fhe can now be only a visitor. How could Sir Charles, so thorough an Englishman, have been happy with an Italian wife? His heart, indeed, is generously open and benevolent to people of all countries: He is, as I have often heard you say, in the noblest sense, a Citizen of the World: But, fee we not, that his long refidence abroad, has only the more endeared him to the Religion, the Government, the Manners of England? You know. that on a double Principle of Religion and Policy, he encourages the Trades-people, the Manufactures, the Servants, of his own Country. Do I not remember a charming lively debate between you and him, on the subject of those Elegancies in Dress and Appearance which you faid (and I thought you naughty for faying it) were only tobe acquired by employing the better tafte of Foreigners?

Words: "The error, Lady G. is growing too ge-"neral, is authorized by too many persons of figure,

not to make one afraid of fatal consequences, from what in its beginning seemed a trifle. Shall any one pretend to true Patriotism, and not attempt to sem

this torrent of Fashion, which impoverishes our

own honest countrymen, while it carries Wealth and Power to those whose National Religion and

Interest are directly opposite to ours!"

Good Heaven, thought I, at the time, how was this noble-minded man entangled by delicacies of fituation, by friendship, by compassion, that he should ever have been likely to be engaged in a family of Ro-

man

man catholics, and lived half of his days out of his beloved country! And the other half to have set, as

to the world's eye, fuch an example in it !

I know, Lady G. he would have made it his study to prevent any mischief to his neighbours from the active zeal of his Lady's Confessor, had a certain compromise taken effect. I remember the hint he gave to Father Marescotti: But would even that good man have thought himself bound to observe Faith with Heretics in such a case?

Whither am I rambled: I was going to tell you, that if this Italian Family comes over, his new-taken house in Grosvenor-square being, as you know, nearly ready, he proposes to compliment with it those noble guests, for the time of their residence in England; for he will not, it seems, be so soon obliged to quit his

present London house, as he thought he must.

And thus, my dear Lady G. have I obeyed your commands. I know you will not be satisfied with me. Had I been able to follow a subject that was made to my hand, I should have attempted the parting scene between my Cousin and her Grandmamma. Could I have borrowed your pen, I would have displayed the tender, yet magnanimous parent, not once, tho' tottering with age and infirmities, hinting that the might never again fee the darling of her heart. She saddened not hope; but encouraged it. All the faid demonstrated love of her Harriet, divested of Self, and a soul above the weaker pasfions; and well might the, fince the has already, if I may so express myself, one foot among the stars, and can look down with pity, unmixed with envy, on all those who by their youth are doomed to toil thro' the rugged road of life, in fearch of a happiness that is not to be met with in it; and, at the highest, can be compounded for, only by the bleffing of a contented mind. With the fame pen, before I had refigned it, would I have defcribed the lovely Grandchild embracing the knees of the indulgent Parent, not satisfied with one, two, three bleffings; and, less generously in the purport, tho'not in

the intent (judging from her own present happiness, that there is still something worth wishing for to be met with in this world) praying to God to preserve the over-ripened fruit still on the withered three: In which we all joined. But O how much less generously, as I hinted, because it was altogether for our own sakes!—But I know not whose pen I must have borrowed, to have done justice to Sir Charles Grandison's behaviour on this occasion!

Excuse this serious conclusion, my dear Lady G. My Cousin shall not see it. May she know nothing but selicity! In hers is bound up that of Sir Charles Grandison; and in his that of hundreds. I long, tho' we parted so lately, to throw myself at your feet, and to assure you, that whatever desects there are in my

pen, there are none in the love borne you, by

Your Ladyship's
Most sincere Admirer, and humble Servant,
Lucy Selby.

LETTER IV.

· LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS SHIRLEY.

Thursday, Dec. 7.

LUCY (my ever-honoured Grandmamma) has given you the particulars of the rapturous reception I met with on Saturday, from my dear Lady L. on the visit we made her in her chamber. She, as well as her Lord, welcomed and congratulated us, and herself, with such a grace!—They are a charming pair!—We all rejoiced with her, on the addition she had made to two samilies so worthy.

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison received us also in raptures. How did the tenderly kind notice which Sir Charles took of the lovely little infant (It is a fine child) de-

light the happy Mother, and every-body !

Lord and Lady G. met us at Lady L.'s; Emily, and the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude with them, How affectionately did the dear girl welcome us, af-

ter a few tears, which she endeavoured to hide, and which we passed over as tears of joy! But Lucy has given you all particulars (a); and the noble manner also, in which Sir Charles gave me possession of his house, on our first arrival. Every-body was charmed

with it. It cost my Aunt some tears.

The Christening was delayed till Monday; because Sir Charles was defirous it should be performed at church. He had some few difficulties to get over, before he carried his point; and this was the fubstance of his reasonings on the subject: People of fathion, he faid, should consider themselves as examples to the lower orders of people. They should shew a conformity to the Laws of their country, both ecclefiaffical and civil, where they can do it with a good conscience. In the present case, Baptism, said he, is one of our two Sacraments; and shall it not be performed, when it can, as the church directs; the child in full health?

I will give you, my dear Grandmamma, journalwife, I think, an account of our proceedings; still referring myself to my Lucy for such particulars as now I shall not have time to give. For you know, Madam, that my time is not now my own, as it used to be; though I shall think myself very ungrateful, and undutiful too, if I permit my new duties fo wholly to engross me, as to furnish an excuse for the neglect of those which from my very birth I owe

to you.

I think Lucy has not mentioned to you the lively conversation that passed in the evening, after the Christening, between Sir Charles and Lady G.; she choosing to single out her Brother (as she had threatened, unknown to him, to do) in order to try once more her strength with him, in vivacity and raillery. She delighted every-body with her wit: For it was not so rapid and so unguarded as sometimes it is.

⁽a) This Letter of Miss Selby does not appear.

He condescended, was Lucy's just observation, to return wit for her wit, in order to follow her lead, as he saw the company was delighted with their conversation; and was exceeding brilliant. She complimented herself on the merit of having drawn him out, tho' to her own disadvantage. Finding herself overmatched, she shifted her attacks, and made one upon me; but with so much decorum and complaisance, as shewed she intended to do me honour, rather than herself.

Tuesday evening.] Sir Charles is just returned from visiting Sir Harry Beauchamo. The poor man numbers his hours, and owned, that the three the best of men gave him (tho' Sir Charles intended to be back in one) were more happy ones than he had promised himself in this life. O madam! How easy sits my Sir Charles's piety upon him! He can pity a dying friend, without saddening his own heart; for he lives the life of duty as he goes along, and fears not the inevitable

lot!

Wednesday.] He is just returned from a visit to Sir Hargrave. Sir Hargrave, it seems, complimented him, but with tears in his eyes, on his marriage. Great God! said he, how are you rewarded! How am I punished! Is there not hope that I have all my punishment in this life! I am sure it is very, vary heavy.

He visited the same day Mrs. Oldham, and her

children.

He drank tea this afternoon with the Danby family in full assembly, at the house of their elder Brother; and came to my Cousin Reeves's to supper. My Uncle. Aunt, Mr. Deane, and Lucy, accompanied me thither to tea and supper, where, as by promise, we were joined by Lord and Lady G. Lord L. Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, my Emily, and Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Reeves had also invited Lady Betty Williams. What selicitation did she pour upon me! She sighed,

poor Lady! for the unhappy step her Daughter had taken; and I sighed for the Mother; who, tho' she had not given her Daughter a bad example, had not fet her a good one.

Lucy will tell you what a charming evening, we

had.

On Thursday.] Mr. Grandison presented his newmarried Lady to Sir Charles and me, and dined with us. Sir Charles received the Lady, as well as his Cousin, with the utmost politeness. She is far from being a disagreeable woman: But, at first, the awe she had of the people of rank in company, particularly of Lady G. as she owned to me, gave her an air of aukwardness. But Sir Charles's polite notice of her soon

made her eafy.

Mr. Grandison found an opportunity to praise to me her good sense and fine qualities; but in such a way, as if he were making apologies for having given the honour of his name to a woman under his own rank (ungrateful!) who yet had re-established him : He concluded his panegyrick with letting me know, that the had already presented him with 25,000 pounds ? He looked as if he thought he deserved it all and actually called her a very difcerning woman. I questioned not, I told him, his gratitude to a Lady so deserving; and he as good as promised to reward her by his Love; whilpering, with an air of felf-fufficiency, Ricking his hand in his fide, and surveying himself to the right and left, Her former husband, madam, was a very plain, but an honest man. But I do affure you fhe has tafte ?- O dear! O dear? thought I to myself.

Sir Charles invited them both to Grandison-hall, and she seemed not a little proud on his calling her,

as he did several times, Cousin.

Lord L. and Lord and Lady G. dined with us, as did Mrs. Eleanor Grandison and Emily. Lady G. in the main behaved prettily enough to Mr. Grandison

dison and his Bride. But once a little forgetting herfelf, and putting on a supercilious air, I whispered her, Dear Lady G. consider you can give pride to others by your condescension: You must not yourself condescend to be proud.

Be you, my Harriet, re-whispered she, always my monitress. It is the forry-sellow, not his wise, that I look down upon. She, a widow Cit, might have done

still worse.

Cit! Lady G. and in a trading kingdom?

Ay, Cit, child? Have you not heard my Brother fay, that even in the republic of Venice, there are young nobility and old nobility? Distinctions in blood every-where but at Amsterdam!

Who, and what, at first, made the distinction, my

dear? asked I.

Be quiet, Harriet!—I think I am very good—And at the height of your goodness, Charlotte?

Be quiet, when I bid you; aloud.

Sir Charles, a little jealous of our whispering, for the sake of his Cousins, turning to Mr. Grandison, Your Cousin Charlotte, you know, Sir, is always hard pressed, when she calls out, Be quiet.

I was always rejoiced, replied he, when my Coufin

was brought to that.

Sir Charles has been twice at the drawing-room, fince we have been in town. He admired the integrity of heart of his Sovereign, as much as he reveres his royal dignity. Once I remember, he wished that his Majesty would take a summer progress thro' his British, another into his Irish, dominions; because the more he was perfectly known, the more he would be beloved: But expresy with this proviso, That every gentleman and woman of condition should be welcome at his court, who came not in new dresses to pay their duty to him; and this less the gentry's vying with each other in appearance, should hurt their private circumstances; and for the same reason, that

he would graciously treat, but not be treated by, any

of the nobility at their houses.

To-morrow morning, Sir Charles, his grateful Harriet, happy creature! my Uncle and Aunt Selby, Mr. Deane, and Emily, are to fet out by the way of Windfor for Grandison-hall. We are to take an early dinner there with Lord and Lady W.; who, on that condition, have promised to attend their beloved Nep-

hew, and his friends, to the Hall.

Lord G. is allowed to stay a week with us, and no more. He is then to attend his now but half-faucy Lady, at one of the Earl of G.'s seats in Hert-fordshire; where, by promise of long-standing, she is to keep her Christmas: At which she mutters not a little; because she would fain have been with us; and because she imagines, it will be proper for her to confine herself at home, by the time they will part with her.

My Aunt Selby, and even my Uncle, will write. He must, he says, vent the overslowings of his joy.

Lucy loves to describe houses, surniture, gardens. She says, she will sometimes give conversations too, at which I shall not be present; but will leave to my pen persons, characters, and what passes of the more tender fort of conversations where I am by. But as well Lucy's Letters, as mine, are to be sent to Lady G. unsealed; and she, after shewing them to her Sister, will hasten them to Northamptonshire.

Referring therefore to Lucy for more particular accounts, I subscribe myself, with all duty and grateful love to my Grandmamma, as well as with kindest re-

membrances to all my dear friends.

enforce for one distributed

Your happy, thrice happy,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER V.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Saturday 12 o'Clock, Dec. 9.

My dearest, dearest Grandmamma! Here I am! The declared mistress of this spacious house, and the happiest of human creatures! This is all at this instant I can write.

* *

LORD and Lady W. honoured us, as they had proposed, with their company; but detained us so long, that we were obliged to lie one night on the road. But

by eleven this morning we arrived here.

At our alighting, Sir Charles (after paying his compliments in a most respectful manner to Lady W.) elasping me in his arms, I congratulate you, my dearest life, said he, on your entrance into your own house. The last Lady Grandison, and the present, might challenge the whole British nation to produce their equals. Then turning to every one of his guests, those of my samily first, as they were strangers to the place, he said the kindest, the politest things that ever proceeded from the mouth of man. I wept for joy. I would have spoken, but could not: Every body congratulated the happy Harriet.

Dr. Bartlett was approaching to welcome us; but drew back till our mutual congratulations were over. He then appeared. I present to you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, said the best of men, the lovely friend, whom you have so long wished to see mistress of this house.

He then presented me to the Doctor.

God bless you, madam! tears in his eyes.—God bless you both! Then kissed my offered cheek. He could say no more: I could not speak distinctly.

Sir Charles led me, followed by all our rejoicing friends, thro' a noble dining-room to the drawing-

room,

room, called, The Lady's: The whole house, my dear, said he, and every person and thing belonging to it, is yours: But this apartment is more particularly so. Let what is amiss in it, be altered as you would have it.

O Sir! grasping his presenting hand between both

mine, was all I could fay.

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This room is elegantly furnished. It is hung with a light green velvet, delicately ornamented; the chairs of the same; the frames of them gilt; as is the frame of a noble cabinet in it.—My Mother's, my dearest life, whispered he. It will be always fashionable: And you, I know, will value it on her account.—Indeed I shall.—He presented me with the keys. Here perhaps you will deposit your letters and correspondencies; some of which (the continuation of those I have had the honour to see) you will allow me to peruse. But of choice remember, madam. For your whole heart must be in the grant of the savours you will confer upon me of this kind.

Dear Sir, said I, leave me power of speech; my will shall be yours, in every-thing. But you will find a strange, strange heart, laid open to you, if you command from me a sight of the papers, that probably will be reposited here, when all my matters are brought

from Northamptonfhire.

You shall have all the Letters you ever wrote to me, and the venerable circle, said Lucy; a loan, not a gift; if you will shew them to Sir Charles.

Courage, Lucy, not inclination, will be only

wanting.

Thank you, Lucy, said he. Thank you, my Love, to me. You must make marks against the passages in the Letters you shall have the goodness to communicate, which you would not have me read. I will give you my honour that I will not pass the bounds you prescribe.

I will fnatch another opportunity to proceed.—

My dear Sir Charles indulged me. I have told him, that if he now-and-then misses me, he must conclude that I am doubling my joy, by communicating it, as I have opportunity, to my dear Grandmamma.

EVERY-BODY admires the elegance of this drawingroom. The finest japan china that I ever saw, except that of Lady G.'s, which she so whimsically received at the hands of her Lord, took particularly every semale eye.

Sir Charles led me into a closet adjoining—Your Oratory, your Library, my Love, when you shall have furnished it, as you desired you might, by your chosen

collection from Northamptonshire,

It is a fweet little apartment; elegant book-cases, unfurnished. Every other ornament complete. How had he been at work to oblige me, by Dr. Bartlett's good offices, while my heart perhaps was torn, part of

the time, with uncertainty!

The housekeeper, a middle-aged woman, who is noted, as you have heard her master say, for prudence, integrity, and obligingness, a gentlewoman born, appearing; Sir Charles presented her to me. Receive, my Love, a faithful, a discreet gentlewoman, who will think herself honoured with your commands. Mrs. Curzon (to her) you will be happy in a mistress who is equally beloved and reverenced by all who have the honour of her countenance, if she approve of your services, and if you choose to continue with us.

I took her hand: I hope, Mrs. Curzon, there is no doubt but you will. You may depend upon everything that is in my power to make you happy.

She looked pleased; but answered only with a re-

spectful courtesy.

Sir Charles led the gentlemen out to shew them his study. We just looked into a fine suit of rooms on the same sloor, and joined there.

We

We found my Uncle and Mr. Deane admiring the disposition of every-thing, as well as the furniture, The glass-cases are near, and, as Dr. Bartlett told us, flored with well-chosen books in all sciences. Mr. Deane praised the globes, the orrery, and the instruments of all forts, for geographical, astronomical, and other scientifical observations. It is oruamented with pictures, some as Dr. Bartlett told us, of the best masters of the Italian and Flemish schools; statues, bustoes, bronzes: And there also, placed in a distinguished manner, were the two rich cabinets of medals, gems, and other curiofities, presented to him by Lady Olivia. He mentioned what they contained, and by whom prefented; and faid, he would shew us at leisure the contents. They are not mine, added he. I only give them a place till the generous owner shall make some worthy man happy. His they must be. It would be a kind of robbery to take them from a family, that, for near a century past, have been collecting them.

Lucy fays, she will be very particular in her Letters. This will take up time; especially as Lady G. and Lady L. must see them in their way to Northamptonshire; tho' they will not detain them. I shall have an opportunity to send this to London on Monday. This makes me intent to snatch every opportunity of writing. It will otherwise be too long before you will hear of us by my hand.

I do not intend to invade this flow girl's province; yet I will give you a flight sketch of the house and

apartments, as I go along.

The fituation is delightful. The house is very spacious. It is built in the form of an H; both fronts pretty much alike. The hall, the dining-parlour, two drawing-rooms, one adjoining to the study, the other to the dining-parlour (which with the study, mentioned already, and other rooms, that I shall leave

leave to Lucy, to describe, make the ground-floor) are handsome, and surnished in an elegant, but not sumptuous taste; the hangings of some of them beautiful paper only. There is adjoining to the study, a room called The Music parlour, so called in Sir Thomas's time, and surnished with several fine musical instruments; Sir Thomas was as great an admirer of music as his Son; and a performer.

It is no news to you, madam, that Sir Charles shews a great regard to every-thing, place, and disposition, that was his Father's; and not absolutely inconvenient, and inconsistent with the alterations he has thought necessary to make: And which Dr. Bantlett praises highly, and promises to particularize to me. We are to be shewn this Music parlour by-and-by.

The dining-room is noble and well-proportioned: It goes over the hall, large as that is, and dining-parlour. It is hung with crimfon damask, adorned with

valuable pictures.

Two fine ones drawn by Sir Godfrey, one of Sir Thomas, the other of Lady Grandison, whose lengths particularly took my eye (with what reverence, that of my Lady!): Lady L. Lady G. as girls, and Sir Charles as a boy of about ten years of age, made three other fine whole lengths. I must contemplate them, when I have more leifure. The furniture is rich, but less ornamented than that of the Lady's drawing-room.

The best bed-chamber adjoining is hung with fine tapestry. The bed is of crimson velvet, lined with

white filk; chairs and curtains of the fame.

There is a fine Suite of rooms on the first floor which we just stept inte, mostly furnished with damask.

Mrs. Curzon tells us, that, on occasion, they make fifteen beds, within the house, in which the best Lord in the land need not distain to repose. You remember, madam, that Sir Charles, in his invitation to the Italian family tells them, he has room to receive them. The offices, it seems, are exceedingly convenient.

The gardens and lawn feem from the windows of this spacious house to be as boundless as the mind of the owner, and as free and open as his countenance (a).

My

(a) Miss Luy Selby thus describes the Situation of the House and the Park, Gardens, Orchard, Se. in one of her Letters, which does not appear.

This large and convenient house is fituated in a spacious park; which

has feveral fine avenues leading to it.

On the north fide of the park flows a winding fream, that may well be called a river, abounding with trout and other fift; the current quickened by a noble cascade, which tumbles down its soaming waters from a rock, which is continued to some extent, in a ledge of

rock-work rudely disposed.

The park is remarkable for its prospects, lawns, and rich appearing clumps of trees of large growth; which must therefore have been planted by the ancestors of the excellent owner; who, contenting himself to open and enlarge many fine prospects, delights to preferve, as much as possible, the plantations of his ancestors; and particularly thinks it a kind of impiety to fell a tree, that was planted by his father.

On the fouth fide of the river, on a natural and easy ascent, is a neat, but plain villa, in the rustic taste, erected by Sir Thomas; the flat roof of which presents a noble prospect. This villa contains convenient lodging-rooms; and one large room, in which he used sometimes to entertain his friends.

The gardener's house is a pretty little building. The man is a sober diligent man; he is in years: Has a housewifely good creature of a wife. Content appears in the countenances of both: How happy must

they be !

The gardens, vineyards, &c. are beautifully laid out. The orangery is flourishing; every thing indeed is, that belongs to Sir Charles Grandison; alcoves, little temples, seats are erected at different points of view: The orchard, lawns, and grass-walks, have sheep for gardeners; and the whole being bounded only by sunk fences, the eye is

carried to views that have no bounds.

The orchard, which takes up near three acres of ground, is planted in a peculiar tafte. A neat flone bridge, in the center of it, is thrown over the river: It is planted in a natural flope; the higher fruit-trees, as pears, in a femicircular row, first; apples at further distances next; cherries, plumbs, standard apricots, &c. all which in the season of blossoming, one row gradually lower than another, must make a charming variety of blooming sweets to the eye from the top of the rustic villa which commands the whole.

My Uncle once took my Aunt out from the company, in a kind of hurry. I faw his eyes gliften, and was curious, on her return to know the occafion. This was his speech to her, unable to check his emotion; What a man is this, Dame Selby! We were surely wanting in respect to him when he was among us. To send such a one to an inn!—Fie upon us!—Lord be good unto me, how are things come about!—Who would have thought it?—Sometimes I wonder the girl is not as proud as Luciser; at other times, that she is able to look him in the face.

To this convenient house belongs an elegant little chapel, neatly decorated. But Sir Charles, when down, generally goes to the parish church, of which he is patron.

The gallery I have not yet feen-Dr. Bartlett telle

me, it is adorned with a long line of ancestors.

AFTER dinner, which was sumptuous and wellordered, Sir Charles led me into the Music-parlour. O madam, you shall hear what honour was done me there!—I will lead to it.

Several of the neighbouring gentlemen, he told us, are performers; and he hopes to engage them as opportunity shall offer. My dear Dr. Bartlett, said he, your soul is harmony: I doubt not, but all these are in order—" May I ask you, my Harriet?" pointing to the harpsichord. I instantly sat down to it. It is a fine instrument. Lord G. took up a violin;

The outfide of this orchard, next the north, is planted with three rows of trees, at proper distances from each other; one of pines; one of cedars; one of Scotch firs, in the like semicircular order; which at the same time that they afford a perpetual verdure to the eye, and shady walks in the summer, defend the orchard from the cold and blighting winds.

This plantation was made by direction of Sir Thomas, in his days of fancy. We have heard that he had a poetical, and, confequently,

a fanciful tafte.

my Uncle, a base-viol; Mr. Dean, a German flute; and we had a little concert of about half an hour.

Here is a noble organ: When the little concert was over, he was so good himself, on my Aunt's referring to him with asking eyes, to shew us it was in tune.

We all feated ourselves round him, on his preparing to oblige us; and he with a voice admirably fuited to the instrument, (but the words, if I may be allowed to fay fo, still more admirably to the occasion) at once delighted and surprised us all, by the following Lines:

ereille ving with leve and grafficide.

Accept, great Source of every blifs, The fulness of my heart. Pour'd out in tuneful ecstasies, By this celeftial art.

Hosigavyo adva

My foul with gratitude profound, Receive a Form fo bright! And yet I boaft a blifs beyond This angel to the fight.

dige no estateou III. When charms of mind and person meet frod to as of How rich our naptures rife! The fair that renders earth so sweet, Prepares me for the skies!

How did our friends look upon one another as the excellent man proceeded !- I was aftonished. It was happy I fat between my Aunt and Lucy!-They each took one of my hands. Tears of joy ran down my cheeks. Every one's eyes congratulated me. Every tongue, but mine, encored him. I was speechless. Again he obliged us. I thought at the time, I had a foretaste of the joys of heaven !- How sweet is the incense of praise from a husband; that husband a good man; my furrounding friends enjoying it! C₂ How

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How will you, madam, rejoice in such an instance of a Love so pure and so grateful!—Long, long may it be, for the sake of his Harriet, his and her friends, for the world's sake, before his native skies reclaim him!

He approached me with tender modesty; as if abashed at the applause he met with. But seeing me affected, he was concerned. I withdrew with my Aunt and Lucy. He followed me. I then threw myself into his arms; and, had speech been lent me, would have offered him the servent vows of a heart overslowing with love and gratitude.

LETTER VI.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

THE Music-parlour [I can hardly mention it without breaking into raptures] is adorned with a variety of fine carvings, on subjects that do honour to poetry and music. Be it Lucy's task to describe them. Let me mention other instances of his good-

ness to one of the happiest creatures on earth.

You know, madam, Sir Charles, when in North-amptonshire, offered me my choice of servants of both sexes; and when I told him, that I chose not to take with me any one of either but my Sally, he said, that when I came to Grandison-hall, where they would be all together, I should choose which of the men servants I would more particularly call my own. I have not, my dearest Life, said he, run into the taste of our modern gentry, for foreign servants, any more than for foreign equipages. I am well served; yet all mine are of our own country.

And then he gave me the names, and an account

of the qualities of each.

Frederic I had feen at Selby-house, an observant, fensible-looking young man: I chose him. He called him

him in (my Aunt Selby present): All my Servants, Frederic, said he, are as much your Lady's as mine: But you will devote yourself more particularly to her commands. I mean not, however, any distinction in your favour, where you all equally merit distinction. The power, madam, of change or dismission thro' the house, is entirely yours.

To-morrow, I am to go over all the bridal oftentation again at the parish-church. On Monday, Lady Mansfield and her family are to be here—Your guests, my dear, said Sir Charles to me, I hope, for a week, at least. This was the first notice he gave of it to Lord and Lady W. What joy and gratitude appeared

in her countenance upon it !

Tuesday, by general approbation (Sir Charles submitting the choice of the day to his company) we are to have the neighbouring gentry here to dinner, and for the rest of the day. Sir Charles has been long wished by them all to reside among them. He breaks thro' the usual forms, and chose this way, at once, to receive the visits of all his neighbours, and in both our names, gave the invitation. He shewed us a list of the persons invited. It is a very large one. My dearest Love, said he, we shall be half-familiarized to them, they to us, even to-morrow, by the freedom of this invitation for the Tuesday following.

Mrs. Curzon came to me for directions about the bed-chambers. I took that opportunity to tell her, that I should add to the number of female servants, only my Sally, of whose discretion I had no doubt. You must introduce to me, said I, at a proper time, the semale servants. If you, Mrs. Curzon, approve of them, I shall make no changes. I am, myself, the happiest of women: Every one who deserves it, shall

find her happiness in mine.

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You will rejoice all their hearts, madam, by this early declaration of your goodness to them. I can truly say, that the best of masters has not the worst of C 3 fervants:

fervants: but Dr. Bartlett would make bad fervants

I shall want no other proof, faid I, of their good-

ness, than their love and respect to Dr. Bartlett.

In company of my Aunt, Lady W., Lucy, Miss. Jervois, attended by Mrs. Curzon, we went to choose our rooms; and those for our expected guests of Monday. We foon fixed on them. My Aunt, with her usual goodness, and Lady W. with that condescension that is natural to her, took great notice of Mrs. Curzon, who feemed delighted with us all; and faid, that the should be the happier in the performance of her duty, as the had been informed, we were managing Ladies. It was a pleasure, she said, to receive commands from persons who knew when things were properly done. You, my dearest Grandmamma, from my earliest youth, have told me, that to be respected, even by servants, it is necessary to be able to direct them, and not be thought ignorant of those matters that it becomes a mistress of a family to be acquainted with. They shall not find me pragmatical, however, in the little knowledge I have in family matters.

Will nothing happen, my dear Grandmamma—But no more of this kind—Shall I, by my diffidences, lessen the enjoyments of which I am in full possession? My joy may not be sufficient to banish fear; but I hope it will be a prudent one, which will serve to increase my thankfulness to heaven, and my gratitude to the man

so justly dear to me.

and 2 secretarion of forwards.

But do you, my Grandmamma, whenever you pray for the continuance of your Harriet's happiness, pray also for that of Lady Clementina: That only can be wanting, in my present situation, to complete the selicity of

Your ever grateful, ever dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON

LET-

LETTER VII.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Sunday noon.

WHAT a crouded church-yard and church had I to pass thro' to the handsome seat, which belongs to the excellent patron of it!—How much exalted was I to hear his whispered praises! How did my North-amptonshire friends rejoice in the respectful approbation paid to the happy creature, to whom they are more immediately related! I am always a little mortised by praises of my figure. What a transitory thing is outward form!—May I make to myself a more solid and permanent soundation for that respect, which is generally more pleasing to a semale heart than it ought to be!

Sir Charles was not unhappy in his invitation for next Tuesday. I took off, I imagine, some particular addresses to him. Yet several gentlemen at his coach-

fide acknowledged the favour done them in it.

My Uncle, who, you know, madam, loves every thing that promotes good neighbourhood, is greatly delighted with the thoughts of the day. How proud is he of his Harriet! How much more proud of his re-

lation to the best of men!

I have looked upon what Lucy has written. I fee there will be but little room for me to say any thing. She is delighted with her task. It employs all her faculties, displays her fine taste in architecture, painting, needle-works, shell-works. She will give you a description of several charming performances in the two latter arts, of the late Lady Grandison!—How does the character of that admirable Lady rise upon us! With what emulation does it fire me! On twenty accounts, it was a very bold thing, my Grandmamma, for your Harriet to aspire to be Lady Grandison!—Yet how does Sir Charles's goodness, his kind

kind acceptance of all my humble endeavours, encourage me !- O madam ! he faid truth, when in courtship he told me, that I parted with power to have it returned me with augmentation. I don't know how it is, but his freedom of behaviour to me is increased: yet his respectfulness is not diminished. - And, tender as he was before to me, his tenderness is flill greater than it was : Yet fo much unaffected dignity in it, that my reverence for him is augmented, but without any abatement of my love. Then his chearfulness, his more than chearfulness, his vivacity, shews, that he is at heart pleafed with his Harriet. Happy Harriet !- Yet I cannot forbear now-and-then, when my joy and my gratitude are at the highest, a figh to the merits of Lady Clementina !- What I am now, should she have been, think I often!-The general admiration paid me as the wife of Sir Charles Grandison, should have been paid to her!-Lady 1. Lady G. should have been her fifters !- She should have been the mistress of this house, and co-guardian of Emily, the fucceffor of the late excellent Lady Grandison !- Haples Clementina !- What a strange thing, that adherence to religion in two persons so pious, so good, each in their way, should funder, for ever funder, persons whose minds were so closely united!

Sir Charles, by Lucy, invites me, till dinner is ready, to walk with them, at her request, in the gallery. Lucy wants, in describing that gallery, to give you, my dearest Grandmamma (in whom every other of my friends is included) a brief history of the ancestors of Sir Charles, whose pictures adorn it. I

come! Lord of my heart! I attend you!-

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How, madam, would you have been delighted, could you have set in this truly-noble gallery, and seen the dear man, one arm round my waist, pointing sometimes with the other, sometimes putting that

that other arm round my Lucy's, and giving short

histories of the persons whose pictures we saw!

Some of the pictures are really fine. One of Sir Charles's, which is drawn when he was about fixteen, is on horseback. The horse a managed, curvetting, proud beast.—His seat, spirit, courage, admirably expressed: He must have been, as his sisters say he was, the loveliest, and the most undaunted, yet most modest-looking of youths. He passed his own picture so slightly, that I had not time to take in half the beauties of it. You will not doubt, madam, but I shall be often in this gallery, were only this one picture there.

What pleasure had I in hearing the history of this ancient family, from this unbroken feries of the pictures of it, for so many generations past! And will mine. one day, thought I, be allowed a place among them, near to that of the most amiable of them all, both as tomind and figure? How my heart exulted! What were my meditations as I traced the imagined footsteps of dear Lady Grandison, her picture and Sir Thomas's inmy eye! as finely executed, as those in the best bedchamber. May I, thought I, with a happier lot, be but half as deferving! But, madam, did not Lady Grandison shine the more for the hardships she passed through?-And is it necessary for virtue to be called forth by trials, in order to be justified by its fortitude under them? What trials can I be called to with Sir Charles Grandison? But may I not take my place on the footsteps of her throne, yet make no contemptible figure in the family of her beloved fon? I will humbly endeavour to deferve my good fortune, and leave the rest to Providence.

There are in different apartments of this feat, befides two in the house in town, no less than fix pictures of Sir Thomas: But then two of them were brought from his seat in Essex. Sir Thoma was fond of his person: They are drawn in different attitudes. He appears to be, as I have always heard he was, a fine

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figure of a man. But neither Lucy nor I, tho we made not the compliment to Sir Charles, you may suppose (who always speaks with reverence and unaffected love of his sather) thought him comparable in figure, dignity, intelligence, to his Son.

We were called to dinner before we had gone half

way thro' the gallery.

We had a crouded church again in the afternoon.

Sunday night.] This excellent Dr. Bartlett! And, this excellent Sir Charles Grandison! I may say.— Sir Charles having enquired of the Doctor, when alone with him, after the rules observed by him before we came down, the Doctor told him, that he had every morning and night the sew servants attending him in his antechamber to prayers, which he had selected out of the church service. Sir Charles defired him by all means to continue so laudable a custom; for he was sure master and servants would both find their account in it.

Sir Charles sent for Saunders and Mrs. Curzon, He applauded to them the Doctor's goodness, and desired they would fignify, the one to the men servants, the other to the women, that he should take it well of them, if they chearfully attended the Doctor; promising to give them opportunity, as often as was possible. Half an hour after ten, Doctor, I believe is a

good time in the evening?

ing, as an hour the least likely to interfere with their business. Whenever it does, they are in their duty;

and I do not expect them.

Soon after Sir Charles withdrew, unperceived by any of us. The Doctor and his little church were afternished. Sir Charles joined them, and afterwards returned to company, with that chearfulness that always beams in his aspect. The Doctor followed him, with

a countenance as serene. I took the Doctor aside, tho' in the same apartment, supposing the matter. Sir Charles joined us +O Sir, said I, why was I not whist pered to withdraw with you? Think you, that your Harriet—

The company, my dearest Love, interrupted he, was not now to be broken up. When we are settled, we can make a custom for ourselves, that will be allowed for by every body, when it is seen we persevere, and are, in every other respect, uniform. Joshua's resolution, Doctor, was an excellent one (a). The chapel, now our congregation is large, will be the properest place; and there, perhaps, the sriends we may happen to have with us, will sometimes join us.

Monday morning.] Sir Charles has just now prefented to me, in Dr. Bartlett's presence, Mr. Daniel Bartlett, the Doctor's nephew, and his only care in this world; a young gentleman of about eighteen, well educated, and a fine accomptant; a master of his pen, and particularly of the art of short-hand writing. The Doctor insisted on the specification of a salary, which he named himself to be 40l. a year, and to be within the house, that he might always be at hand. He could not trust he said, to his patron's assurance, that his bountiful spirit would allow him to have a regard, in the reward, only to the merit of the service.

Monday noon.] Lady Mansfield, Miss Mansfield, and the three Brothers, are arrived. What excellent women, what agreeable young gentlemen, what grateful hearts, what joy to Lady W. on their arrival! what pleasure to Lord W. who, on every occasion, shews his delight in his nephew!—All these things, with their compliments to your happy Harriet, let Lucy tell. I have not time.

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⁽a) As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord, Josh. xxiv. 15.

WHAT, my dear Grandmamma, shall we do with Lord and Lady W.!—Such a rich service of gilt plate? Just arrived! A present to me!—It is a noble present!—And so gracefully presented! And I so gracefully permitted to accept of it, by my best, my tenderest friend!—Let Lucy describe this too.

Tuesday morning.] A vast company we shall have. Gentlemen and their Ladies are invited: Your Harriet is to be dressed: She is already dressed. How kindly am I complimented, by every one of my friends!—Let Lucy, let my Aunt (she promises to assist Lucy) relate all that shall pass, describe the persons, and give the characters of our visitors; our managements, our entertainments, the Ball that is to conclude the day and night. I shall not be able, I suppose, to write a line.

Wednesday noon.] Our company left us not till fix this morning. My Uncle was transported with the

you to me and more yourse

day; with the night improved and no belief roff off

I will only fay, that all was happy; and decency, good order, mirth, and jollity, went thro' the whole space. Sir Charles was every-where, and with every-body. O how he charmed them all! Sir William Turner said once, behind his back, Os what transports did my late friend Sir Thomas, who doted upon his Son, deprive himself, by keeping him so long abroad

I could not but think of what my dear Lady G. once wrote, that women are not so soon tired as men with these diversions, with dancing particularly. By three, all but Sir Charles and my Uncle seemed quite sa-figued: But recovered themselves. My Emily delighted every body She was the whole night what I wished her to be—Dear madam, be not uneasy. We shall be very happy in each other.

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O that you were with us, my dearest Grandmamma! But you, from your chearful piety, and joyful expectation of happiness supreme, are already, the on earth, in heaven!—Yet it is my wish, my Aunt's my Uncle's, Lucy's twenty times a day, that you were present, and saw him, The domestic Man, The chearful Friend, The kind Master, The enlivening Companion, The polite Neighbour, The tender Husband! Let nobody who sees Sir Charles Grandison at home, say, that the private station is not that of true happiness.

How charmingly respectful is he to my Uncle, Aunt, and good Mr. Deane! To Lucy, he is an affectionate Brother. Emily, dear girl, how she enjoys his ten-

dernefs to her blane be not been be not been about

My Uncle is writing to you, madam, a Letter. He fays, it will be as long as his arm. My Aunt will difpatch this day a very long one. Theirs will supply my desects. Lucy is not quite ready with her first Letter. If there were not so much of your Harriet in it, I would highly praise what she has hitherto written.

Thunfday morning.] I leave to my Uncle the account of the gentlemen's diversions in the gardens and fields. They are all extremely happy. But Lord G. already pines after his Charlotte. He will not be prevailed upon to stay out his week, I donbt; sweet tempered man! as I see him in a thousand little amiable instances. If Lady G. did not love him, I would not love her. Lord W. is afraid of a gouty attack. He is never quite free. He and his admirable Lady will leave us to morrow.

I think, my dear Lady G with you, that diferetion and gratitude are the corner-stones of the matrimonial fabric. Lady W. had no prepossessions in any other man's favour. My Lord loves her. What must be that woman's heart, that Gratitude and Love

cannot

in many

does. Is not real and unaffected tenderness for the inffirmities of another, the very effence of Love? What is wanting where there is that? My Sir Charles is delighted with Lady We's goodness to his Uncle. He tells her often, how much he reveres her for it.

In our retired hours, we have fometimes the excellent Lady abroad, for our subject. I always begin it. He never declines it. He speaks of her with such manly tenderness! He thanks me, at such times, for allowing him, as he calls it, to love her. He regrets very much the precipitating of her; yet pities her Parents and Brothers. How warmly does he speak of his Jeronymo! He has a sigh for Olivia. But of whom, except Lady Sforza and her Laurana, does he not speak kindly?— And them he pities. Never, never, was there a more expanded heart!

AH, madam, a cloud has just brushed by us! Its skirts have affected us with sadness, and carried us from our sunshine prospects home; that is to say, to thoughts of the general destiny!—Poor Sir Harry Beauchamp is no more! A letter from his Beauchamp! Sir Charles shewed it to me, for the honour of the writer, now Sir Edward. We admired this excellent young man together, over his Letter. What fine things did Sir Charles say on this occasion, both by way of self-consolation, and on the inevitable destiny! But he dwelt not on the subject. He has written to Lady Beauchamp, and to the young Baronet. How charmingly consolatory!—What admirable—But Sir Charles, madam, is a Christian!

This event has not at all influenced his temper. He is the same chearful man to his company; to his Harriet; to every body. I am afraid it will be the cause of his first absence from me: How shall I part with him, the it were but for two days?

Friday

Friday noon.] Lady Mansfield, and her Sons, Lord G. and Lord and Lady W, have left us. Miss Manffield is allowed to stay with me some time longer. Lmily is very fond of her. No wonder: She is a good

young woman.

We are bussed in returning the visits of our neighbours, which Sir Charles promised to do, as if they were individually made to us. We have a very agreeable neighbourhood. But I want these visitings to be over. Sir Charles, and his relations and mine, are the world to me. The obligations of ceremony, though unavoidable, are drawbacks upon the true domestic felicity. One happiness, however, results from the hurry and busse they put us in: Emily's mind seems to be engaged: When we are not quite happy in our own thoughts, it is a relief to carry them out of our-selves.

Sir Charles and I have just now had a short conversation about this dear girl. We both joined in praising her; and then I said, I thought, that some time hence Mr. Beauchamp and she should make a very happy pair.

I have, said he, a love for both. But as the one is my own very particular Friend, and as the other is my Ward, I would rather he found for himself, and the for herself, another Lover, and that for obvious

reasons.

But suppose, Sir, they should like each the other?

So as they made it not a compliment to me, but gave me reason to believe, that they would have preferred each the other to every one else, were they strangers to me, I would not stand in the way. But the man who hopes for my consent for Emily, must give me reason to think, that he would have preferred her to any other woman, tho she had a much less fortune than she is mistress of.

I am much mistaken, Sir, if that may not be the case

of your friend.

Tell me, my nobly frank, and ever-amiably Harriet, what you know of this subject. Has Beauchamp any thoughts of Emily?—

Ah, Sir! thought I, I dare not tell you all my

thoughts; but what I do tell you, shall be truthe

I really, Sir, don't imagine Emily has a thought of your Beauchamp—

Nor of any other person? Has she?-

Lady G. Lady L. and myself, are of opinion, that Beauchamp loves Emily.

I am glad, my dear, if any-thing were to come of

it, that the man loved first.

I was conscious. A tear unawares dropt from my eye—He saw it. He solded his arms about me, and kissed it from my cheek. Why, my Love! my dearest Love! why this? and seemed surprised.

I must tell you, Sir, that you may not be surprised.

I fear, I fear-

What fears my Harriet?

That the happiest of women cannot fay, that her

dear man loved her first !-

He folded me in his kind arms. How fweetly engaging! faid he: I will prefume to hope, that my Harriet, by the happiest of all women, means herself-You say not no! I will not insult your goodness fo much, as to ask you to say yes. But this I say, that the happiest of all men loved his Harriet, before the could love him; and, but for the honour he owed to another admirable woman, the' then he had no hopes of ever calling her his, would have convinced her of it, by a very early declaration. Let me add, that the moment I saw you first (distressed and terrified as you were, too much to think of favour to any man) I loved you: And you know not the firuggle it cost me my destiny with our dear Clementina so uncertain) to conceal my Love-Cost me, who ever was

was purctually studious to avoid engaging a young Lady's affections, left I should not be able to be just to her; and always thought what is called Platonic Love an infiduous pretention.

O Sir! and I flung my fond arms about his neck. and called him the most just, the most generous, of

He pressed me still to his heart; and when I raised my conscious face, though my eye could not bear his, Now, Sir, faid I, after this kind, this encouraging acknowledgement, I can consent, I think I can, that the Lord of my heart shall see, as he has more than once wished to see, long before he declared himself, all that was in that forward, that aspiring heart-

Lucy had furnished me with the opportunity before. I instantly arose, and took out of a drawer a parcel of my Letters, which I had forted ready, on occasion, to oblige him; which, from what he had feen before, down to the dreadful Masquerade-affair, carried me to

my fetting out with his Sisters to Colnbrook.

I think not to shew him farther, by my own confent, because of the recapitulation of his family-story. which immediately follows; particularly including the affecting accounts of his Mother's death; his Father's unkindness to the two young Ladies; Mrs. Oldham's story; the Sister's conduct to her; which might have revived disagreeable subjects.

Be pleased, Sir, said I, putting them into his hands, to judge me favourably. In these papers is my heart

laid open.

Precious trust! faid he, and put the papers to his lips: You will not find your generous confidence mif-

An opportunity offering to fend away what I have written, here, my dearest Grandmamma, concludes

Your ever-dutiful

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Pringelia apparent GRANDISON. tells wish the auxieteds of the boule, Nobeds first

LETTER VIII.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Saturday morning, Dec. 16.

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Will not trouble you, my dear Grandmamma, with an account of the preparations we are making to benefit and regale our poorer neighbours, and Sir Charles's tenants, at this hospitable season. Not even Sir Charles Grandison himself can exceed you, either in bounty or management, on this annual Solemnity. Sir Charles has consulted with Dr. Bartlett, and everything will be left to the direction of that good man. My Uncle and Aunt have dispatched their directions to Selby-house, that their neighbours and tenants may not suffer by their absence.

The gentlemen are all rid out together, the Doctor with them, to reconneitre the country, as my Uncle calls it. Emily and Lucy are gone with them, on horseback. My Aunt and I declined accompanying them; and took this opportunity, attended by Mrs.

Curzon, to go thro' the Offices.

In the house-keeper's room, I received the maidfervants, seven in number; and, after her, called each by her name, and spoke kindly to them all. I told them how handsomely Mrs. Curzon spoke of them, and assured them of my savour. I praised the chearfulness with which Dr. Bartlett had told me they attended him every day in his antechamber. They should have the opportunity given them, I said, as often as possible. I hoped that my Sally behaved well among them.

They praised her.

Sally, said I, has a serious turn. Piety is the best fecurity in man and woman for good behaviour. She will seldom sail of attending the Doctor with you. We shall all be happy, I hope. I am acquainting myself with the methods of the house. Nobody shall be

be put out of their good way by me. My Aunt only faid, My Niece proposes to form herself on the example of the late excellent Lady Grandison.

They bleffed me; tears in their eyes.

I made each of them a present for a pair of gloves,

We went thro' all the Offices, the lowest not excepted. The very servants live in paradise. There is room for every thing to be in order: Every thing is in order. The Offices so distinct, yet so conveniently communicating—Charmingly contrived!—The low servants, men and women, have Laws, which, at their own request, were drawn up, by Mrs. Curzon, for the observance of the minutest of their respective duties; with little mulcis, that at first only there was occasion to exact. It is a house of harmony, to my hand. Dear madam! What do good people leave to good people to do? Nothing! Every one knowing and doing his and her duty; and having, by means of their own diligence, time for themselves.

I was pleased with one piece of furniture in the house-keeper's room, which neither you, madam, nor my Aunt, have in yours. My Aunt says, Selby-house shall not be long, after her return, without it. It is a Servant's Library, in three classes: One of books of divinity and morality: Another for bouswifry: A third of bistory, true adventures, voyages, and innocent amusement. I, II, III. are marked on the cases, and the same on the back of each book, the more readily to place and re-place them, as a book is taken out for use. They are bound in buff, for strength. A little fine is laid upon whoever puts not a book back in its place. As new books come out, the Doctor buys such as he thinks proper to range under these three classes.

I asked, If there were no books of gardening? I was answered, that the gardener had a little house in the garden, in which he had his own books. But her master.

master, Mrs. Curzon said, was himself a Library of gardening, ordering the greater articles by his own taste.

Seeing a pretty glass-case in the housekeeper's apartment, filled with physical matters, I asked, If she dispensed any of those to the servants, or the poor? Here is, said she, a collection of all the useful drugs in medicine: But does not your Ladyship know the noble method that my master has fallen into since his last arrival in England? What is that? He gives a salary, madam, to a skilful apothecary; and pays him for his drugs besides (and these are his, tho' I have a key to it); and this gentleman dispenses physic to all his tenants, who are not able to pay for advice; nor are the poor, who are not his tenants, refused, when recommended by Dr. Bartlett.

Bleffings on his benevolence! said I. O my Aunt! What a happy creature am I! God Almighty, if I disgrace not my husband's beneficence, will love me for his sake!—Dear creature! said my Aunt—And

for your own too, I hope,

There lives in a house, madam, continued Mrs. Curzon, within five miles of this, almost in the middle of the estate, and pays no rent, a very worthy young man; brought up under an eminent surgeon of one of the London Hospitals, who has orders likewise for attending his tenants in the way of his husiness—As also every casualty that happens within distance, and where another surgeon is not to be met with. And he, I understand, is paid, on a cure actually performed, very handsomely. But if the patient dies, his trouble and attendance are only considered according to the time taken up; except a particular case requires consideration.

And this furgeon, Mrs. Curzon, this apothecary—Are noted, madam, for being good, as well as skilful men. My master's test is, that they are men of seriousness, and good livers: Their consciences, he says, are his security.

How must this excellent man be beloved, how re-

spected, Mrs. Curzon!

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Respected and beloved madam !- Indeed he is-Mr. Saunders has often observed to me, that if my master either rides or walks in company, tho' of great Lords, people distinguish hin by their respectful love: To the Lord, they will but feem to lift up their hats. as I may fay; or if women, just drop the knee, and look grave, as if they paid respect to his quality only: But to my master, they pull off their hats to the ground, and bow their whole bodies: They look smiling, and with pleasure and blessings, as I may fay, in their faces: The good women courtefy alfo to the ground, turn about when he has passed them. and look after him-God bless your sweet face; and God bless your dear heart; will they say-And the fervants who hear them are fo delighted !- Don't your Ladyship see, how all his servants love him as they attend him at table? How they watch his eye in filent reverence-Indeed, madam, we all adore him; and have prayed morning, noon, and night, for his coming hither, and fettling among us. And now is the happy time: Forgive me, madam; I am no flatterer; but we all fay, He has brought another angel to blefs us.

I was forced to lean upon my Aunt—Tears of joy trickled down my cheeks. O madam, what a happy lot is mine!

My Uncle wonders I am not proud-Proud, ma-

dam !-- Proud of my inferiority !

We visited my Bartlett in his new office. He is a modest, ingenious young man. I asked him to give me, at his leisure, a catalogue of the Servant's Library, for my Aunt.

O my dear, faid my Aunt, had your Grandpapa, had your Papa, your Mama, lived to this day!-

I will imagine, said I, that I see them looking down from their heaven. They bid me take care to deferve.

ferve the lot I have drawn; and tell me, that I can only be more happy, when I am what and where they are,

DR. Bartlett, attended by his fervant, is returned without the gentlemen. I was afraid he was not very well. I followed him up, and told him my apprehentions.

He owned afterwards, that he was a little indifposed when he came in; but said, I had made him well.

I told him what had passed between Mrs. Curzon

and me. He confirmed all the faid.

He told me, that Sir Charles was careful also in improving his estates. The minutest things, he said. any more than the greatest, escaped not his attention. He has, faid he, a bricklayer, a carpenter, by the year; a fawyer, three months conftantly in every year. Repairs are fet about the moment they become neceffary. By this means he is not imposed upon by incroaching or craving tenants. He will do any-thing that tends to improve the estate; so that it is the best conditioned estate in the country. His tenants grow into circumstance under him. Tho' absent, he gives fuch orders, as but few persons on the spot would think of. He has a discernment that goes to the bottom of every thing. In a few years, improving only what he has in both kingdoms, he will be very rich. yet answer the generous demands of his own heart upon his benevolence: All the people he employs. he takes upon character of seriousness and sobriety, as Mrs. Curzon told you; and then he makes them the more firmly his, by the confidence he reposes in them. He continually, in his written directions to his mafterworkmen, cautions them to do justice to the tenants. as well as to him, and even to throw the turn of the feale in their favour. You are, fays he, my friends, workmen: You must not make me both judge

and party. Only remember, that I bear not impofition. The man who imposes on me once, I will forgive; but he never shall have an opportunity to deceive me a second time: For I cannot act the part of a fufpicious man, a watchman over people of doubtful ho-

The Doctor fays, he is a great planter, both here, and in Ireland: And now he is come to fettle here, he will fer on foot feveral projects, which hitherto he had

only talked of, or written about.

Sir Charles, I am sure, said he, will be the friend of every worthy man and woman. He will find out the fighing heart before it is overwhelmed with cala-VOUSTED DESCRIPTION

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He proposes, as soon as he is settled, to take a perfonal Survey of his whole estate. He will make himfelf acquainted with every tenant, and even cottager, and enquire into his circumftances, number of children, and prospects. When occasions call for it, he will forgive arrears of rent; and if the poor men have no prospects of success, he will buy his own farms of them, as I may fay, by giving them money to quit: He will transplant one to a less, another to a larger farm, if the tenants confent, according as they have stock, or probability of success in the one or the other; and will fet the poor tenants in a way of cultivating what they hold, as well by advice as money: For while he was abroad, he studied Husbandry and Law, in order, as he used to say, to be his Father's fleward; the one to qualify him to preferve, the other to manage his estate. He was always prepared for. and aforehand with, probable events.

Dear Dr. Bartlett, faid I, we are on a charming fubject; tell me more of my Sir Charles's management and intentions. Tell me all you know, that is pro-

per for me to know.

Proper, madam! Every thing he has done, does, and intends to do, is proper for you, and for all the world world to know. I wish all the world were to know him as I do; not for his sake, but for their own.

That moment (without any-body's letting me know the gentlemen were returned) into the Doctor's apartment came Sir Charles. My back was to the door, and he was in the room before I saw him. I started! and looked, I believe, as if I thought excuses necessary.

He saw my silly consusion. That, and his sudden entrance, abashed the Doctor. Sir Charles reconciled, us both to ourselves—He put one arm round my waist, with the other he listed up my hand to his lips, and in the voice of Love, I congratulate you both said he: Such company, my dearest Lise! such company, my dearest friend! you cannot have every hour! May I, as often as there is opportunity, see you together! I knew not that you were. The Doctor and I, madam, stand not upon ceremony. Pardon me, Doctor. I insist upon leaving you as I sound you—

I caught his hand, as he was going—Dear, dear Sir, I attend you. You shall take me with you; and if you please, make my excuses to my Aunt, for leav-

ing her fo long alone, before you came in.

Doctor, excuse us both; my Harriet has found, for the first time, a will. It is her own, we know, by its obligingness.

He received my offered hand, and led me into company: Where my Aunt called me to account for leaving her, and begged Sir Charles would chide me.

She was with Dr. Bartlett, madam, faid he: Had the been with any other person, man or woman, and Mrs. Selby alone, I think we could have tried to chide her.

What obliging, what sweet politeness, my dear Grandmamma!

Such, madam, is the happiness of your Harriet.

Lucy has an entertaining Letter to fend you!—From that letter, you will have a still higher notion of my happiness, of Sir Charles's unaffected tenderness to me.

me; and of the approbation of a very genteel neigh-

bourhood, than I myself could give you.

Lady G. and Lady L. have both made up for their supposed neglects. I have written to each to charge them with not having congratulated me on my arrival here. Two such affectionate Letters!-I have already answered them. They love as well as ever (Thank heaven they do!) it is not sould we ago to be villed

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER IX.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Monday, Dec. 28. 3

HE dearest, best of men, has just now left me!-1 Did not every-body keep me in countenance, I should be very angry with myself for wishing that such a man should be always confined to my company! I must keep my fondness within equitable bounds. But, he kindly seemed, and, if he seemed, he was, as loth to part with me. He is gone to London, madam: Poor Lady Beauchamp has befought his presence, not at Sir Harry's funeral (He was to be interred, it feems last night) but at the opening of the will. And his Beauchamp joined in the request.

He hopes to be down with us on Thursday. Miss Mansfield took the opportunity to return to her Mother, who fent word, that she knew not how to live

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without her with soil with show and a root with a Sir Charles was pleased to give me the keys of his Study, and of Lady Olivia's Cabinets. Lucy gave you, madam, an account of the invaluable contents. And now I will amuse myself there, and sit in every chair, where I have seen him sit, and tread over his imagined footsteps.

attach and outing for the meani Tuesday.] My books are come, and all my trinkets VOL. VII.

with them. We have all been bufy in claffing the books. My closet will be now furnished as I wish it: And I shall look at these, my dear companions of Selby-house, and recollect the many, many happy

hours they gave me there.

Was I ever, ever unhappy, my dear Grandmamma? If I was, I have forgot the time. I acquiesce chearfully with your wishes not to dis-furnish your gallery, by fending to me our family pictures. Let those of my benevolent Father, and my excellent Mother, of happy memory, still continue there, to smile upon you. as you are pleased to express yourself. Nobody but you and my Aunt Selby have a right to each of those of mine, which are honoured with a place in your respective drawing-rooms. My dear Sir Charles, thank heaven! calls the original his. But why would you load me with the precious gold box, and its contents; less precious those, tho' of inestimable value, than my dear Grandpapa's picture in the lid ?-But I can tell you, madam, that Sir Charles is an ungrateful man: He will not thank you for it. A remembrance, madam! (I know what he will fay) " Does the best of " women think my Harriet wants any thing to remind her of the obligations the is under to parents fo "dear?"-He will be very jealous of the honour of his Harriet. Forgive, madam, the freedom of my expostulation; as if I were not your girl, as well as bis.

What reasons have you found out (but this was always your happy, your instructive way) to be better pleased with your absence from us, than if you were

present with us, as we all often with you!

HERE, Lady L. Lady G. Siffers so dear to me, fince these Letters will pass under your eye, let me account to you, by the following extract from my Grandmanma's last Letters, for the meaning of what I have written to that indulgent parent, in the lines immediately preceding.

"You often, my dearest Harrier, wish me to be with you. In the first place, I am here enjoying my-" felf in my own way, my own fervants about me; a " trouble, a bar, a constraint, upon no one, but those to whom I make it worth while to bear with me. I " should think I never could do enough to strangers: "No, tho' I were fure they thought I did too much. "In the next, were I to be with you at Grandison-" hall, I could not be every where : So that I should " be deprived of half the delightful scenes and converfations, that you, your Aunt, and Lucy, relate and 44 describe to me by pen and ink : nor should I be able 46 perhaps to bear those grateful ones, to which I should 66 be present. My heart, my dear, you know is very " fusceptible of joy; it has long been preparing itself " for the sublimest. Grief touches it not so much. The losses I sustained of your Father, your Mother, " and my own dear Mr. Shirley, made all other forrows light. Nothing could have been heavy, but " the calamity that once threatened my gentle Harriet, " had the been afflicted with it. Now, I take up the "kind, the rapturous Letters, from my table, where I foread them. When the contents are too much for " me, I lay them down; and refume them, as my fub-" fided joy will allow: Then lay them down again, s as I am affected by some new instance of your hapopinele i blefs God, blefs you, your dearest of men bless every body: -In every Letter I find a cordial that makes my heart light, and, for the time, infen-56 fible of infirmity :- Can you, my Harriet, be hap-* pier than I?"

LAM called upon by my Aunt and Lucy. I will here, my dear Grandmamma, conclude myself,

Your for ever obliged, and dutiful,

HARRIST GRANDISON.

TRECEDERAL GRANDING

del and LETTER X.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

A Treasure, an invaluable treasure, my dear Grandmamma!—On the table in Sir Charles's own
closet, I took up a common-prayer book, under which,
on removing it, I saw a paper written in Sir Charles's
largest hand, the three last Lines of which appearing to
be very serious (the first side not containing them) I
had the curiosity to unfold it: it contains Reslexions,
mingled and concluded with solemn addresses to the
Almighty. I asked leave to transcribe them. On promise that a copy, as his, should not pass into anybody's hands but yours, I obtained it:

What a comfort is it, on reflexion, that, at his own motion, I joined with him in the Sacramental Office, on occasion of our happy nuptials, the first opportunity that offered! a kind of renewal, in the most solemn manner, of our marriage vows; at least a confirmation of them. No wonder that the good man, who could draw up such reflexions, should make such a motion.

What credit did he do (may not one say so?) to religion on that happy day! A man of sense, of dignity in his person, known to be no bigot, no superstitious man; yet not ashamed to join in the sacred office with the meanest. It was a glorious confession of his Christian principles. Whenever he attends on public worship, his seriousness, his modesty, his humility, all shew that he believes himself in the presence of that God whose blessing he silently joins to invoke: And when all is over, his chearfulness and vivacity demonstrate, that his heart is at ease in the consciousness of a duty performed. How does my mind sometimes exult in the prospects of happiness with the man of my choice, extending, through Divine goodness, beyond this transitory life?

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I will

I will conclude this Letter with the copy of these reflexions. What is fit to come after them, that can be written by

Your HARRIET GRANDISON?

WHAT, O my heart! overflowing with happiness! are the fentiments that ought to spring up in thee, when admitted either in the folemnities of public worship, or the retiredness of private devotion, into the more immediate presence of thy MAKER !-Who does not govern, but to bless! Whose Divine commands are fent to succour human reason in search

of happiness!

Let thy Law ALMIGHTY! be the rule, and thy glory the constant end of all I do! Let me not build virtue on any notions of honour, but of honour to thy Name. Let me not fink piety in the boaft of benevolence; my Love of God in the Love of my fellow-creatures. Can good be of human growth? No! It is thy gift, Almighty, and All-good! Let not thy bounties remove the Donor from my thought; nor the Love of pleasures make me forfake the Fountain from which they flow. When joys entice, let me alk their title to my heart. When evils threaten, let me fee thy mercy shining through the cloud; and discern the great hazard of having all to my wish. In an age of such licence, let me not take comfort from an inauspicious omen, the number of those who do amis: An omen rather of public ruin, than of private fafety. - Let the joys of the multitude less allure than alarm me; and their danger, not example, determine my choice. What, weigh public example, paffion, and the multitude, in one scale, against Reason, and the Almighty, in the other?

In this day of domineering pleasure, so lower my tafte, as to make me relish the comforts of Life. And in this day of diffipation, O give me thought sufficient

D a vocad, and a medane to

to preserve me from being so desperate, as in this perpetual flux of things, and as perpetual swarm of accidents, to depend on To-morrow: A dependence that
is the ruin of To-day; as that is of Eternity. Let my
whole existence be ever before me: Nor let the terrors
of the grave turn back my survey. When temptations arise, and virtue staggers, let imagination sound
the final trumpet, and judgment lay hold on eternal
Life. In what is well begun, grant me to preserve;
and to know, that none are wise, but they who determine to be wifer still.

And fince, O Lord! the Fear of thee is the beshield; turn the world entirely out of my heart, and place that guardian angel, thy bleffed Fear, in its flead. Turn out a foolish world, which gives its money for what is not bread; which hews out broken cifferns that hold no water; a world in which even they whose hands are mighty, have found nothing. There is nothing, Lord God Almighty, in heaven, in earth, but Thee. I will feek thy face, bless thy name, sing thy praises, love thy Law, do thy will, enjoy thy peace, hope thy glory, till my final hour ! Thus shall I grasp all that can be grasped by man. This will heighten good, and foften evil, in the present life! And when death fummons, I shall sleep fweetly in the dust, till his mighty CONQUEROR bids the trumpet found; and then shall I, through his merits, awake to eternal glory.

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DADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Dec. 234

SIR Charles arrived here in safety about two hoursago. He has settled every thing between Lady Beauchamp and the now Sir Edward, to the satisfaction This was the method he took.—As their interests were not naturally the same, he enquired into each separately, what were the wishes of each; and finding the Ladies not unreasonable, he referred it to Sir Edward, of his own generosity, to compliment her with more than she asked.

Particularly the had wished to Sir Charles that she might not be obliged to remove under a twelvemonth, from the house in Berkeley-square: And when Sir Charles had brought them together, and pronounced between them, making that an article, Sir Edward

thus bespoke her:

All that your Ladyship demands I most chearfully comply with. Instead of the year you wish to remain in Berkeley-square, let me beg of you, still to consider both houses as your own; and me your inmate only, as in the life-time of my Father. I never will engage in marriage, but with your approbation: Let us, madam, be as little as possible separated: Be pleased only to distinguish, that I wish not this, but from pure and disinterested motives. I will be your servant as well as son. I will take all trouble from you that you shall think trouble; but never will offer so much as my bumble advice to you in the conduct of your own affairs, unless you ask for it.

She wept. We will henceforth, said she, have but one interest. You shall be dear to me, for your Father's sake. Let me, for the same dear sake, be regarded by you: Receive me, excellent pair of friends, proceeded she, as a third in your friendship. Should any misunderstanding arise, which, after so happy a setting out, I hope, cannot be, let Sir Charles Grandison determine between us. Justice and he are

one.

Sir Charles invited down to us the Lady and his Beauchamp. He hopes they will come. The young Baroner, I dare fay, will. Emily fays, the wants to D4

fee how he will become his new dignity. Very well, I dare fay, faid I. Why yes; fuch an example before him, I don't doubt but he will.

Lucy was present. Near 4000l. a year, and a title, faid she—I think you and I, my dear, were we nearer

of an age, would contend for him.

Not I, Miss Selby: So that I have the Love of my Guardian and Lady Grandison, you may be Lady Beauchamp for me.—You will be of another mind, perhaps, some time hence, said Lucy—When I am, replied Emily, tell me of it.

Sir Charles, when he was in town, visited his two Sisters. We shall be favoured with the company of Lord and Lady L. as soon as her visits and visitings are over. With what delight do I expect them!

Mind, my dear Lady G. what follows:

Lady L. faid he, is all joy, that her great event is happily over; she and my Lord rewarded with a dear pledge of their mutual love. But is not Lady G. a little unaccountable, my dear?

to differently, that

As how, Sir?

She hardly feems to receive pleasure in her happy prospects. She appears to me peevish, even childishly so, to her Lord. I see it the more for her endeavours to check herself before me. She submits but ungraciously to the requisites of the circumstances, that lays him and me, and our several united families, under obligation to her. I was unwilling to take notice of her particular behaviour, for two reasons; first, because she wants not understanding, and would see her own error before she went too far; and next, because she tacitly confessed herself to be wrong, by being evidently desirous to hide her fault from me. But is not our Charlotte a little unaccountable, my dear?

What, my dear Lady G. should I have answered? I hope you will allow me to be just. I should have been most sincerely glad to have spoken a good word

for you: But to attempt to excuse or palliate an evident fault, looks like a claim put in for allowances for one's own.

"Indeed, Sir, she is a very unaccountable creature! She is afraid of you, and of nobody but you. You should, as she could not conceal from you her odd behaviour to one of the best of husbands, and " [weet-tempered of men, who loves her more than " he loves himself; and who is but too solicitous to oblige fo unthankful a thing; have taken notice of it, and chidden her severely: I, for my part, take liberties of this kind with her in every. Letter "I write; but to no purpose. I wanted you, Sir, to find her out yourfelf; she will get a habit of "doing wrong things; and make herfelf more un-" happy than the will make any-body elfe; fince it is possible for her to tire out her Lord. How insuportable to her, of all women, would it be, were the " tables to be turned; and were the man the treats " fo ungraciously, to be brought to slight her? The " more insupportable, as the has a higher opinion of " her own understanding than she has of his!"

Can't you form to yourself, my dear Lady G. the attitude of astonishment, that your Brother threw

himself into?-

But, ah, my dear Grandmamma, do you think I faid this to Sir Charles?—No, indeed! For the world, I would not have faid one fyllable of it. But let Lady G. for a moment, as she reads my Letter, think I did. She loves to surprise; why should she not be surprised in turn? Her displeasure would affect me greatly: But if by incurring it I could do her good, and put her in a right train of thinking, I would incur it, and on my knees afterwards beg her to forgive me.

He did make the above observation. A thousand excellent qualities has my Charlotte. I particularized to her Brother half a dozen, and those are more than fall to the share of most of our modern people of qua-

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Why? Because he loves her. But as she now andthen whispers her Harriet, in her Letters, let me whisper her, that she is under great obligation to her Brother, and still greater to her Lord, for passing over so lightly her petulances.

Thursday afternoon.

Who, madam, do you think, is arrived? Arrived if just as we sat down to dinner; and will stay with usthis one night, but he says, no more?—Sir Rowland Meredith! Good man! and Mr. Fowler! The latter attended his Uncle reluctantly, it seems; but, thanks God, he is in pretty good health. How kindly, how affectionately, did Sir Charles receive them both! How has he already won the heart of honest Sir Rowland!

Ler me, madam, acquaint you with something ge-

nerously particular of this worthy man.

He defired Sir Charles to let him have me by himfelf for a quarter of an hour. So fine a young gentleman would not, he hoped, he jealous of such a

poor old man as he.

ta trong and revole

We were in the dining-room; and he rifing to attend me, I led him to my drawing-room, adjoining, He looked round him, and was struck with the elegance of the room and furniture; disregarding me for a few moments— Why, aye! said he, at last; This is noble! This is fine! Stately, by mercy! And he bowed to me, poor man, the more respectfully, as I shought, for what he saw. And will you, madam, bowing again, and again, allow me to call you Daughter? I can't part with my Daughter: Nor would I, were you a queen.

You do me honour, Sir Rowland. Call me fills

your Daughter.

Why then, you must allow me-Forgive me, ma-

dam !-And he faluted me. Joy, joy, tenfold joy, attend my Daughter! I don't know what to make of the present fashions. Would Sir Charles have been affronted, had I taken this liberty before him? The duce is in the present age; they reserve themselves to holes and corners, I suppose. But I am sure no creature breathing could mean more respect than I do. I think only of myself as of your Father.

Sir Charles You are a good man, Sir Rowland. Grandison was prepared to love you! he was prepared.

to value Mr. Fowler.

Prepared by your own respect for us, madam !-

God love you, fay yes.

Yes indeed, I ever shall respect you both. Have I not claimed a Father in you? Have I not claimed a Brother in your Nephew? I never forget my relations.

Charming, charming, by mercy! And he talked to the other end of the room, wiping his eyes: The very same good young Lady that you ever were! But, but, but, putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a little box, if you are my Daughter, you shall wear these for your Father's sake!-How now, madam! Refuse me! I command you on your obedience to accept of this-I will not be a Jack-straw Father-

Indeed, indeed, Sir Rowland, you must excuse me :: I thought I might have trusted myself with you alone.

Your generofity, Sir, is painful to me.

I courtefied, begged his excuse; and, too much abashed to consider what I did, withdrew to the company in the dining-room. The good man followed me, tears upon his cheeks, the box in his hand: My.

face glowed.

23.00

She calls me Father, Sir Charles; and refuses her obedience. Here I have brought a toy or two, to flew my fatherly Love to my Daughter. Not a foul, not my Nephew there, know a fyllable of the matter; it was that made me call her afide.

Sir Charles rose from his seat. My dearest Life is not used, said he, to make light of a duty; taking my hand. You will excuse her from accepting the present; Sir Rowland; that would look as if you thought it necessary to bribe her to do her duty. She will always acknowledge her Father: So will I mine. But you do us honour enough in the relation.

What, Sir Charles, not of a present from her Father to his Daughter, on her nuptials, and as a small token of his joy on the occasion; when I know not the man

living, out of my own family-There he stopt.

My dearest Love, there is no resisting this plea:

Your duty, your gratitude, is engaged.

Look you there now! Look you there now! God love you both everlastingly, Amen!—And there is the blessing of a Father!

I took the box, courtefying low; but looked filly,

I believe.

Forgive me, Sir Charles, faid the Knight; but I must—He took my hand, and kissed it—and looked as if he wished to salute me—Fathers, my dear, must be

reverenced, faid Sir Charles, by their children.

I bent my knee, and, in compliance with a motion of Sir Charles, leaned forward my cheek. He faluted me; and again he bleffed us both—My dear Nephew, faid he, haftening to Mr. Fowler, if you envy fuch a man as this his good fortune, by mercy I will renounce you.

I may envy you, Sir Charles, said Mr. Fowler, addressing himself to him in an agreeable manner; I don't know how it is possible to avoid it; but at the same time I revere you for your character and accomplishments. You are the only man in the world whom I could cordially congratulate, as I do you, on your happiness.

True, Nephew, true: I, any more than you, should never have enjoyed myself, had any of the seather-headed creatures I saw formerly endeavouring to make

an interest in my Daughter's favour, succeeded with her. But, you, madam, have chosen a man that everybody must prefer to himself.

The Knight, after tea, moved to have the box the animochia bata reclubel action band

opened.

When Sir Charles saw the jewels, he was a little uneasy, because of the value of them. A costly diamond necklace and ear-rings, a ring of price, a repeating watch, finely chased; the chain of which is richly ornamented; one of the appendages is a picture of Sir Rowland in enamel, adorned with brilliants; an admirable likeness: This I told him was more valuable to me than all the reft. I spoke truth; for so rich a present has made me uneasy. He saw I was. He knew, he faid, that I could not want any of these things: But he could not think of any other way to shew his Love to his Daughter. It was nothing to what he had intended to do in his Will; had I not intimated to him, that what he left me, should be given among his relations. I am rich, madam, I can tell you: And what, on your nuptials, could I do less for my Daughter?

Sir Charles faid, This must not end fo, Sir Rowland: But I see you are an invincible man, Mr. Fowler, I wish you as happily married as you deserve to be : your Lady will be entitled to a return of equal

value.

Sir Rowland begged, that he might try on the ring himfelf.

He was allowed to do fo, and was pleafed it was not much too big. He faid, I should not pull it off this night. I kept it on to humour the worthy man. moved the brown of the contract of the contract with the contract of the contr

Supper over, and a chearful glass going round with my Uncle, Mr. Deane, and the Knight, Sir Rowland made it his odd request, that I would permit Sir Charles to put on the necklace for me. By no means, I said. But the Knight being very earnest, and my Uncle seconding him (for there was particularity enough in the motion, to engage the dear old man) and Sir Charles not discouraging it, my Aunt and Lucy smiling all the time, I thought I had better comply. Yet I was the more reluctant, on poor Mr. Fowler's account; for his smiles were but essays to smile. Sir Charles, in his own graceful manner, put it on; bowing low to me, when he had done.

Friday noon.

would not stay to dinner. They have business to dispatch in town, which will take them up some days: But they were so well pleased with their reception, that they promise to see us before they set out for Caermarthen.

find his dila but obs dismens so best as I

At parting, Sir Rowland drew me aside: Your Cousin Lucy, as you call her, is a fine young Lady. They tell me, that she has a great fortune: But I matter not that a straw—Would to God, my boy knew how to submit to his destiny like a man—Hem! You understand me, madam—Mercy! I want to be akin to you—You take me, madam.

We are akin. Sir Rowland Meredith is my Fa-

ther.

And so we are: But you understand me: A word to the wise: She is not engaged; is she?—I love your Uncle of all men—except the king of all men; your Lord and master—God bless him! With what good humour he eyes us—Sir Charles, one word with you, if you please.

I thought the Knight had his fingers ready to take: hold of Sir Charles's button; for his hand was extended; but suddenly, as from recollection, with-

drawn, before the secret has no process beat,

He led Sir charles to me—And put the same ques-

Let me alk you, my dear Sir Rowland, Was this

in your thought before you came hither?

No, by mercy!—It just now struck me. My Nephew knew not a syllable of the matter. But why, you know, Sir Charles, should a man pine and die, because he cannot have the she that he loves?—Suppose, you know, six men love one woman, as has been the case here, for aught I know; what a duce, are five of them to hang, drown, or pistol themselves? Or are they to out-stay their time, as I have done; till they are fit for nobody?

Women must be treated with delicacy, Sir Rowland. Miss Selby is a young Lady of great merit. When questions are properly asked, you hardly need

to doubt of a proper answer.

But, Sir Charles, is Miss Selby, bona fide, engaged, or is she not? that's the question I ask : If she be, I shall not say a word of the matter.

My dear! faid Sir Charles to me.

I don't know that the is, answered I. But Lucywill never think of a man, be his qualifications everfo great, if he cannot give her proofs of loving her above all women.

I understand you, madem—Well, well, and I should be nice too, I can tell you, for my boy. But I'll found him. I must have him married before I die, if possible. But no more of that for the present. And now God Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you both!—I will pray for the continuance of your happiness.

He saluted me: Wrung Sir Charles's hand: Wiped his eyes: Made his bow: And stept into the chariot to his Nephew, who had taken leave of us all before.

Lucy, with an air so like some of dear Lady G's, put up her saucy lip, when I told her of this; and bid me not write it to you: But I thought, were nothing

nothing to come of it, it would divert my Gand-

mamma, as I am fure it will Lady G.

God preserve the most indulgent and pious of Parents, and my two Sisters and their Lords (including the honoured Lord and Lady, you, Lady G. are with) prays

Her ever-dutiful, and their ever-affectionate, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XII.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Tuesday, Jan. 9.

I Have been obliged, by the just demands made upon us by the equally solemn and joyful season, to be silent for many days. You, madam, and you, Ladies L. and G. have, I doubt not, been engaged in consequence of the same demand;—so will excuse me; especially as Lucy and my Aunt have both written, and that very minutely, in the interim.

Mr. Deane, to our great joy, has fignified to us his intention to live near us; and to present his house at

Peterborough to one of his two Nephews.

Sir Charles has befought him to confider Grandisonhall as his own house. He promises that he will. I hope, by my care of him, to be an humble means of prolonging his life; at least of making his latter days chearful.

What a happy season has this been to scores of people in our neighbourhood! but most to ourselves, as the giver is more blessed than the receiver! Such admirable management! Such good order!—But I told you, that all was lest to Dr. Bartlett's direction: What a blessing is he to us, and all around him!

Sir Charles has a Letter from Mr. Lowther, who is on his return from Bologna. By the date it should have arrived a fortnight ago: So that he may be every

day expected.

Mr.

Mr. Lowther lets him know, that the family at Bologna are all in spirits, on the prospect they have of carrying their point with Lady Clementina; who, however, for the present, declines the visits of the Count of Belvedere; and they humour her in that particular.

Mr. Lowther is afraid, he fays, that all is not quite right as to her mind. Poor Lady! He judges so, from the very great earnestness she continues to express to

visit England.

She received, he fays, with great intrepidity, the news of Sir Charles's marriage. She befought a bleffing upon him and his bride; but fince has been thoughtful, referved, and fometimes is found in tears. When challenged, the once afcribed her grief to her apprehensions that her malady may possibly return.

The physicians have absolutely given their opinion,

that the thould marry.

The General is expected from Naples to urge the folemnity; and vows, that he will not return till she

is actually Countels of Belvedere.

She begs that she may be allowed again to pass the Apennines, and visit Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, in order to settle her mind.

She dreads to see the General.

How am I grieved for her!—Sir Charles must be afflicted too. Why will they not leave to time, the pacifier of every woe, the issue of the event upon which they have set their hearts?

Mr. Lowther writes, that Signor Jeronymo is in a

fine way.

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In this Letter he acquits Sir Charles of all obligation to himself. He returns him bills for the sum he had advanced; and declares, that he never will enter into his presence, if he resuses to accept of his acquittance. The family, he says, have nobly rewarded him.

Dr. Bartlett applauds Mr. Lowther's spirit on this occasion.

occasion. As Sir Charles, he says, is not an oftentatious man, but judges of every thing, according to the rules of right and prudence, he has no doubt (tho' he might not expect this handsome treatment) but he will acquiesce with it This, however, lessons not the comparative merit of Mr. Lowther. There are men, I believe, who having succeeded so well, would have accepted of a reward from both parties. Yet, on recollection, Sir Charles stipulated with Mr. Lowther, that he should receive no see, but from himself: And his present to the worthy man was the ampler on that account.

I have two charming Letters from the Counters of D. By her permission, I have shewn it to Sir Charles the correspondence between that good Lady and me. He greatly admires her. She desires, that he will be acquainted with her son; and declares she will always look upon me as her Daughter, and call me so. Sir Charles bids me tell her, that he cannot consent to her calling me so, unless she will look upon him as her Son, and unless my Lord will allow him to call him Brother. He bid me express his wishes of a friendship with both, answerable to that desirable relation.

My Uncle fays, he knows not such a place as Selby-house. Shirley-manor indeed he loves for the sake of the dear mistress of it: But, as long as he has with him his Dame, his Harriet, Mr. Deane, and Sir Charles, he is happy. Yet my Aunt now-and-then gets upon a rising ground in the park, and asks, pointing, Doesnot Northamptonshire lie off there?

Emily is very good in the main. Dear girl! I do pity her. Her young heart so early to be tied and tormented by the stings of hopeless Love!—Her eyes just now were fixed for several minutes, so much Love in them! on the sace of her Guardian, that his modest are fell under them.

I will give you, on this occasion, the particulars

of a conversation, that passed between us; which, at the conclusion, let in a little dawn of hope, that the

dear girl may be happy in time.

I had more than once been apprehensive, that her eyes would betray her to her Guardian; who at prefent imputes all her reverence for him to gratitude; and as foon as he was withdrawn, with a true fifterly tenderness, Come hither, my Love, said I. I was buly with my needle-She came.

My dearest Emily, if you were to look with so much earnestness in the face of any other man, as you sometimes do, and just now did, in that of your Guardian, and the man a fingle man, he would have hope of a

wife.

High-ho! fighed she. Did my guardian mind me ? -I hope he did not so much, madam, as you do.

So much as I do, my Love!

Yes, madam. When my Guardian is present, you do look very hard at me: But I hope, I am not a confident girl.

You are serious, my Emily!

And so is my dear Lady Grandison !

I was a little furprised. She abashed me. Her Love. thought I, will make the dear girl hardy, without in-

tending to be for all livery I have the taken and

She was too innocent even for consciousness of having disconcerted me. She looked upon my work, What would I give, madam, to be so fine a workwoman as you?—But why that figh, madam?

The poor Lady Clementina! faid I. I was really,

thinking of her.

mailway ... Do you figh for every-body, madam, that loves my Guardian?

There are different forts of Love, Emily

Why fo I think, Nobody loves my Guardian better than I myself do: But it is not the Love that Lady, Clementina bears him. I love his goodness.

And does not Clementina?

Yes, yes; but still the Love is different. Explain, my dear, your kind of Love. Impossible!

Why, now, fighs my Emily? You asked me why

I fighed. I have answered, it was from pity.

Why, madam, I can pity Lady Clementina, and I do: But I figh not for her; because she might have had my Guardian, and would not.

I figh for her the more, for that very reason, Emily;

her motive fo great!

Pho, pho, her motive! When he would have allowed her to be of her own religion!

Then you figh not for Clementina, Emily?

I believe not.

For whom then?

I don't know. You must not ask. A habit, and nothing else.

Again fighs my Emily?

You must not mind me, madam. A habit, I tell you. But, believe me, Lady Grandison (hiding her blushing face in my bosom, her arms about my neck) I believe, if the truth were known—

She flopt, but continued there her glowing cheek-

What, my dear, if the truth were known?

I dare not tell you. You will be angry at me.

Indeed, my Love, I will not.

O yes, but you will.

we were to have no secrets. Tell me, what, if the truth were known?

Why, madam, for a trial of your forgiveness, tell

me, Are you not apt to be a little jealous?

Jealous, my Emily! You surprise me! Why, of whom, of what, jealous? Jealousy is doubt; of whom should I doubt?

People have not always cause, I suppose, madam.

Explain yourself, my dear.

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Are you not angry with me, madam?

I am

I am not. But why do you think me jealous?

You need not, indeed! My Guardian adores you. You deserve to be adored.—But you should allow a poor girl to look upon her Guardian now-and-then, with eyes of gratitude. Your charming eye is so ready to take mine to task!—I am, if I know myself, a poor innocent girl. I do love my Guardian, that's certain: So I ever did, you know, madam: And let me say, before he knew there was such a Lady in the world as

yourself, madam.

I threw aside my work, and clasping my arms about ber, And love him still, my Emily. You cannot love him so well as he deserves. You are indeed a dear innocent but not a poor girl. You are rich in the return of his Love. I will ever, ever, be a promoter of an affection fo innocent, fo pure on both sides. But jealousy, my dear! do you charge me with jealousy? Impossible I should deserve it! My only concern is. lest, as the heart is guessed at by the eyes (the hearts of young creatures especially, whose good minds are incapable of art or delign) you should give room for the censorious, who know not as I do, that your Love is reverence next to filial, to attribute it to a beginning of the other fort of Love; which yet in you. were it kindled, would be as bright and as pure a flame as ever warmed a virgin heart. have been only

O madam! how you express yourself! What words you have! They go to my heart!—I don't know how it is: But every day I reverence more and more my Guardian; Reverence! Yes, that is the proper word! I thank you for it! Filial reverence! Just the thing! And let me say, that I never reverenced him so much as now, that I see what a polite, what a kind, what an affectionate husband he makes my dear Lady Grandison. Yes, let me tell you truth, madam, I should, I am afraid, be such a little-minded, poor creature, that if I were married, and had not a husband that was very like him, I should envy you. I should be at

least unhappy.

If you could be envious, my dear, you would be unhappy: But you must never encourage the addresses of a man, who you think loves you not better than any other woman: Who is not a good man upon principle: Who is not a man of sense; and that has seen something of the world.

And where, madam, can fuch a man be found?

Leave it to your Guardian, my dear. He, if anybody, will find you a man that you may be happy with, if your eye be not aforehand with your judg-

That, madam, I hope it will not be: First, because the reverence I have for my Guardian, and his great qualities, will make all other men look little in my eye; and next, as I have such a confidence in his judgment, That if he points his singer, and says, That's the man, Emily! I will endeavour to like him. But I believe I never now shall like any man on earth.

It is early days, my Love; but is there not some one man, that, were you of age to marry, you would

think better of than of any other?

I don't know what to fay to that. It is early days, as you fay. I am but a girl: But girls have thoughts. I will tell you, madam, that the man who has passed some years in the company of Sir Charles Grandison; who is beloved by him, on proof, on experience (as I may fay) of his good heart—She stopt.

W Beauchamp, my dear?

Why yes—Him, I mean: He is the most to be liked of any man but my Guardian: But he now is a great man; and I suppose may have seen the woman he could love.

I fanfy not, my dear.

Why do you fanly not, madam?

Because, if I must speak as freely to you, as I would have you do always to me, I think he shews great and uncommon respect to you, though you are so young a creature.

That's

That's for my Guardian's fake. But be that as it will; let me be secure of my Guardian's Love and yours, and I shall have nothing to wish for.

Her Guardian, my Guardian, my Friend, my Lover, my Husband, every sweet word in one, coming in, and put an end to the subject.

I leave this conversation to your own reflections, my dear Grandmamma, Lady L. Lady G. But I have

hopes from it.

bounded on BETTER XIII.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

sion U. yen die die Boy Saturday, Sunday, Jan. 20, 2.

ion of the latter and whether

A NOTHER long filence. Lucy will supply all my defects. She will tell you how much I have been engaged. Are you not delighted with her last Letter?

We went, as we had proposed, to Mansfield-house: The Lady of it would not part with us till Thursday, the days being short, and the weather unfavourable.

Mr. Dobson and his Lady were guests there. He is a credit to his cloth; his wife to him. They are greatly beloved by all who know them.

Lady Mansfield and Miss Mansfield are all that is

polite and good.

The three Brothers were there. The eldest, who was once a melancholy man, is now one of the chear-fullest.

With what pleasure did I meditate, as I looked upon them, the restoration of such a worthy and ancient family to affluence I They were born to it: Yet when they were deprived of it, how glorious was the resignation of Mother and Daughters! And now, how easy sits the prosperity upon them! Never saw leyes more expressive of gratitude to a benefactor,

than

than those both of Ladies and Gentlemen, as they

were often cast upon my dear Sir Charles.

I heartily wish Mr. Orme may find his expectations, answered in the second voyage Nancy tells me he is preparing for to Liston. She will make known my best wishes for the restoration of his health. How good is his Sister to accompany him!—I always loved her.

I received yesterday yours, madam, acquainting me with Mr. Greville's visit and proposal, and asking my opinion of the latter; and whether I would choose to mention it to Lucy and my Aunt. What can I say? You once told me, madam, that you believed Lucy would not have refused Mr. Greville, had he sirst applied to her. Lucy's Grandmother, you say, is not averse to the match; and you think my Uncle would not resuse his consent, because of the contiguity of their respective estates, and in hopes, that he might resume with success, on such an event, his favourite project of exchange of lands. Yet I am sure this consideration would have no weight with him, if he thought Lucy could not be happy with Mr. Greville.

I have mentioned it to my Aunt. She says, Mr. Greville is not a bashful man. He knows how to apply to Lucy himself. And she has no notion, in such a case, of that pride, which with-holds him till he thinks

himself sure of the family-interest.

He will, if possible, he says, be related to me: Let that he mentioned to Lucy, as one of his principal motives, and his business with her is done for ever.

Lady G. would laugh at the notion of a difficulty from a first Love. First Love she calls first nonsense. Too frequently it is so. Lucy is a noble girl. She has overcome a first attachment; the more laudably, as it cost her some struggles to do it. Mr. Greville, I doubt, has had several first Loves: this transition, therefore, is nothing to him. So neither of them.

will be first Love to the other. It may therefore be a match of discretion. Yet his character! The reformation he boafts of !- I hope he is reformed : But I have no notion of a good young woman, as Lucy is, trusting her person, I may say, her principles, to the arbitrary will of an impetuous man, who has been an avowed Libertine, and pretends not to have reformed from proper convictions. A scoffer too! How came he by his new Lights?-You, madam, have told us young folks the difficulty of overcoming evil habits. I own that Lucy always spoke of him with more favour than any-body else. She was inclined to think him a good-natured man; and was pleafed with what she called humour in him. Humour! I never could call it fo. Humour, I used to tell her, is a gentle, a decent, tho' a lively thing. Mr. Greville is boifterous, impetuous, rude, I had almost said: His courtship to me was either rant, or affront; the one to shew his Plaindealing, the other his Love. He knows not what respectful Love is. In short, his mirth, his good-nature, as it is called, has ficrceness in it; it always gave me apprehenfion.

As to worldly matters, there can be no exception to him: But I cannot be of the opinion of Lucy's Grandmother, that he is a generous man. He has only qualities that look like generofity. His flart to me, when he religned his pretentions to me, as they have been called (for I know not any he had) was only a flatt. He could not hold it. But be all these things as they may, how can I, who love Lucy as myself, propose to the dear girl a man, whom I could not think of for myself? Lucy has a fine fortune, and surely, there are men enough in the world, who have never made pretentions to Lucy's Cousin, who would think themselves honoured by her acceptance; otherwise I should, after Sir Rowland's hint, and earnest wishes in his Nephew's favour, much sooner recommended Mr. Fowler to her

than Mr. Greville.

VOL. VII.

he in the love of the My Aunt had faid, that, for her part, the should choose to leave the above affair to its own workings: Yet, could not forbear to acquaint Lucy with it. The dear girl came to me, to demand a fight of your Letter. and of what I had written upon it. I could not (tho I had some little reluctance to shew her the letter) deny her. I will give you, madam, the substance of a short dialogue that passed between us on the occasion; and leave it to you to draw fuch conclutions from it, as you shall judge proper, with regard to my Lucy's inclinations. Which of Directors

She did not know what I meant, the faid, by writing to you, that she had always spoken of Mr. Greville with more favour than any-body elfe.

It is ungenerous, Lucy, if you are angry at what you.

would oblige me to flew you against my will.

I am not angry. But-She ftopt, and would not explain her half-fullen Bur. O Lucy, thought I, you are a woman, my dear!

: As to what you write, faid the, of his defire of being related to you; who would not?—If that be not his principal motive. - Very well, Lucy, thought I.

I know, faid she, that my Grandmamma Selby has often wished Mr. Greville would make his addresses to her Grand-daughter!-So! So! So! Lucy, thought I.

His Libertinism indeed is an objection—But I have

not heard lately of any enormities-

Go on, Lucy, thought I: Hitherto appears not any reason for Mr. Greville to despair well and wild a ser

He may have feen his folly. We state a high man of

No doubt but he has! thought I. He faw it all the time he was committing it: But, perhaps, he is the more determined bad man for that. Is not purity of heart, thought I, as well as of manners, an eligible thing? and of reallies the last tree, reintly but he can't going

If a woman is not to marry till the meet with a tagin Managerille, 1 -

firictly virtuous man-

You have too often pleaded that argument, Ducy, to me—I am forry—I stopt; willing to hear her quite out; for she held before her what I had written,

How came he, you ask, said she, by his new lights? I have nothing to do with how he came by them. I should rather indeed he had them from pro-

Is it, my dear, let him have been what he will?

I am for judging charitably to tonic at which to it

Charming! thought I—judging charitably! So I have lost a virtue, and you, Lucy, have found it!

Mr. Greville is nothing to the: Nor ever will be. Not quite so sure of that, thought I to myfelf.

You say, Harriet, you have no notion of a good young woman trusting her principles to the arbitrary will of a man who has been a free Liver—Must the man be arbitrary?—Were a husband a free Liver, must a wife's own principles be endangered?

These questions from my Lucy! thought I. It was the

A scoffer, you say, Harriet!—The man's a fool for that!—But what a poor soul must she be that could not slence a scoffer!

Silence a scoffer! Ah, Lucy! said I; and would you marry a man with a hope to be able to silence him? Mr. Greville is a conceited man: My Lucy has six times his sense; but he will not be convinced of that. You will have the less influence upon him, if he is jealous of the superiority of your understanding. Mr. Greville is obstinate as well as conceited. Few men, I believe, will own conviction from a wife's argument.

To be sure the man is not a Sir Charles Grandison. Who is?—Let him, as my Aunt Selby says, apply to

me; I shall give him his answer.

You would wish he should, Lucy?

Lidon't fay for A wash will sensouled the off

I fanfy, Lucy, you would not be very cruel if he

You fanfy I would not—But I can, as you always E 2 did,

did, treat the man who professes to love me, with civility, yet not throw myself into his arms at the first word—

First word, Lucy, No! The second, or third, or fourth, is time enough; so the man is not mean time

rendered quite hopeless.

Very well, Lady Grandison: But let me go on with what you have written—Good-natured man!—
I do think he is not an ill-natured man.

So much the better for himself, and his future wife,

Lucy, it but and extend grounds, now transposition of the same

That will not be I, Lady Grandison.

Perhaps not, Lucy, with the same of the same

-Humour! I do think he is a humorous goodnatured man. A little too vehement perhaps in his mirth; a little too frolick: But who is faultless?

Proceed, my Lucy.

—Generous! "Not a generous man!"—"Quali-"ties that look like generous ones!"—You are a nice distinguisher, Harriet; you always were—But here you tell your Grandmamma, that you had rather I should have Mr. Fowler than Mr. Greville—

Well, my dear, and what fay you to that?

Why, I fay, I think you are not so nice for me in this case, as you are in others.

How for

How fo! Why is there not a difference between the actual proposals made by Mr. Greville to Mrs. Shirley; and Rowland's undertaking to try to prevail upon Mr. Fowler to make his addresses to me?

Granted, my dear—I have not a word more to fay in behalf of Mr. Fowler, Mr. Greville, Lucy—

Is a man I never will have-

No rash resolutions, my dear. And yet I believe a woman has seen the same man in a very different light, when he has offered himself to her acceptance, from what she did before, I believe fo-But I had a mind to found you, Harriet; and to come at your opinion-

You are intitled to it, Lucy, without attempting

to found me for it.

True. But we women fometimes chuse to come at a point by the round-abouts, rather than by the fore-rights.

That is, Lucy, either when we think the fore-right way would not answer our wishes; or when we are

not willing to open our hearts.

Your servant, my dear: But the cap fits not. Whenever I speak to you, my heart is upon my

lips.

Let me try then, in this first doubtful instance, that I ever had from you of its being so—Do you think of encouraging Mr. Greville's proposal?

It is not a proposal, till it comes in a direct way

to mylelfa ed todaca oca a in la toda e in ili tan

Very well, my dear-I say no more till it does to

SIR Charles has just now heard that Mr. Lowther is arrived in London. He longs (so I am sure do I) to know how affairs are situated in Italy. O for good news from thence! Then will my happiness in this life be persected!

LETTER XIV.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Grandison-hall, Thursday, Jan. 35.

M. Lowther arrived here last night. Sir Charles gave him a most welcome reception. He prefented him to all our guests, with expressions of the warmest friendship; and then retired with him to his Study. He soon led him back to company, and, seating him, drew a chair between my Aunt and see.—You must have curiosity, my dear, said he.

E 3 Behold

Behold the fifter excellence of Lady Clementina, Mr. Lowther! Not a person of her family is more concerned for the happiness of that Lady, than this dearest and most generous of women. Every one of my friends present (looking round him) is an admirer of her—We cannot, my dear (applying to me) know for certainty, the destiny of that excellent Lady from Mr. Lowther. He passed a week at Lyons, a sort-night at Paris, on his return to England. But my Jeronymo is in a fine way, thank God, and resolves to visit us in the spring.

left Lady Clementina well and happy in her mind.

Italy. She has been pretty much indisposed there. The General, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti, had been with her. She was expected at Bologna very foon. By this time, I have no doubt, she is Countess of Belvedere.

By her own confent, I hope then, Mr. Lowther?

faid Leagerly. It bient wen Berned astroi O aife.

He shook his head-As to that, said he, she has

the most indulgent of parents - states was well of

They cannot be for Mr. Lowther, if they would compel her to marry any man to whom she has an indifference.

They will not compel her, madam-

Persuasion, Sir, in the circumstances this excellent

Lady is in, is compultion.

I think it may be justly called so, said Sir Charles.

Mr. Lowther, they should not have been so precipitating.

Jeronymo is entirely of your opinion: Yet is earnest in the Count of Belvedere's favour. The Count adores her.

Adores her, Sir! said I. Adores himself! for so it should be said (pardon me Sir!) of a man who prefers

fers not the happiness of the object beloved, to his own. I felt my face glow.

Generous warmth I said Sir Charles-laying his

For my part, replied Mr. Lowther, I am only afraid of the return of her malady. If it do not return, and she can be prevailed on, her piety will reconcile her to a duty.

A duty, Mr. Lowther, interrupted I, -So imposed!

-A duty I seed a state an according vote of the 18-4-16 to mile live

I did not like Mr. Lowther.

My Uncle, Aunt, and the rest of us, thought Sir Charles and Mr. Lowther would be glad to be left alone; and retired early.

My Aunt, my Lucy, and I, had a good deal of difcourse upon this interesting subject; Emily present.

We all forefaw, that the fituation of this admirable Lady would overcloud a little (we hoped but a little) the happiest days that ever mortals knew. The fincere value, said my Aunt, that you have for so deferving a woman, and your native generosity, will be your security for happiness, my dear; and will fix on adurable base your mutual Love: But this Lady's trials will, however, be trials to you. God give her peace of mind! it is all we can hope for in ber favour: To you, the continuance of your present happiness: Greater cannot fall so the lot of mortal.

She left me, I retired to my pen,

Thus far have I written. 'Tis late. Sir Charles is coming up—And I am here at my pen. I will compliment him with a place in my closet, while I retire. —Good-night, my dearest Grandmamma. Pray for your Harriet, and pray for Clementina.

the General (I dea't lave him) masteries cruci-At

Sir Charles would have withdrawn to his Study,

when he found me at my pen. I befought him to fit down in my closet.

Remove your papers then, my dear.

No need, Sir. These (putting what I had been just writing, and those I had written the day before on one side of my desk) I would not, Sir, except you have a curiosity, wish you to see at present: These, Sir, you may, if you please, amuse yourself with.

I will take down one of your books, my Love. I

will not look into any of your written papers.

Dear, generous Sir, look into them all—Look into both parcels. Semething about Lucy; Something of what Mr. Lowther has talked of in that parcel—Read any of the written papers before you.

A generous mind, my Love, will not take all that is offered by a generous mind. Hasten, my Harriet: It is late. My mind is a little disturbed: Yours, I am afraid, is generously uneasy. In your faithful

bosom will I repose all my cares. In the bluck your

I pressed his hand between both mine, and would have pressed it with my lips: But, kissing my hand, first one, and then the other—Condescending goodness, said he. God continue to me my Harriet's Love, and make Clementina not unhappy, and what can befal me, that will not add thankfulness to thankfulness?

With what foothing tenderness did he afterwards open his generous heart to his Harriet! He was indeed disturbed: For Mr. Lowther had told him that the General (I don't love him) was quite cruel—At one time he threatened the excellent creature: He called her ungenerous, ungrateful, undutiful!—She fell down at his feet, in a fainting sit: He less her in anger—Staid not to recover or footh her—Yet returned in about two hours (his conscience stinging him) and on his knees belought her pardon—Received it—The dear saint forgave the foldierly man—Yet he persisted, and turned his threatenings into worse, if possible, than threatenings, into persuasion.

If I have an Enemy, faid the dear creature to her Brother, who has conceived a mortal antipathy to me, let him infinuate himself into the favour of those most dear to me, and prevail upon them to attack me with all the powers of persuading Love, in order to induce me to do the thing, whatever it be, most contrary to my heart: And then will the instigator wreak upon me his whole vengeance, and make me

think death itself an eligible refuge.

Sir Charles fighed at repeating this. I wept. How happy, thought I, more than once, are you, best of men, in your own reflections, that a woman fo excellent, who cannot be happy with any other man, berself refused you, and persisted in her refusal; though you fought all ways, and used all arguments to bring her to a change of determination! What otherwise would have been your regret! And how unhappy should I have been in the consciousness of being in her place; and of having dispossessed her of a heart to which the had fo much better pretentions! Now has he no room for remorfe, but for friendly pity only, and for wishes to relieve her afflicted heart. Of what a bleffing is that man possessed, who when calamity affails him, can acquit himself, his intentions at least; and fay, " This I have not brought 66 upon myfelf: It is an inevitable evil: A difpen-66 fation of Providence I will call it, and submit to it as fuch !"

Methinks, madam, I could spare this excellent woman some of my happiness. Have I not more than

mortal ever knew before?

Sir Charles mentioned to me, that Lady Olivia, in her last letter to him, intimated her desire to come over once more to England: But he hoped what he had written to dissuade her from it, would have weight with her. I told him, I wished that Lady the wife of some worthy man, whose gratitude and affection she, by her great fortune, might engage,

gage. But, Sir, faid I, I cannot, cannot wish (be the Count of Belvedere ever so good a man) that Lady Clementina were married.

What would my Harriet wish for Lady Clementina,

circumstanced as she is?

L'don't know. But the woman who has loved Sir Charles Grandison with a heart so pure, can never be happy with any other man.

You are ever obliging, my Love. You judge of Clementina as the deferves to be judged of, as to the

purity of her heart. But-He flopt.

But what, my dear Sir?—Alas! she says that you bave strengthened the hands of her sriends: Am L

forgiven before I go any further?

Not, my Harrier, if you think it necessary to ask fuch a question. Blame me always, when you think me wrong: I shall doubt your Love, if you give me reason to question your freedom.

Dear Sir !- But answer me : Would you have Cle-

mentina, circumstanced as she is, marry?

What answer can I return to my Harrier's question : when fometimes I am ready to favour the Parents pleas; at others, the daughter's? I would not have her either compelled, or over-earnestly persuaded. The family plead, "That their happiness, her health. " and peace, depend on her marriage: They cannot bear to think of rewarding Laurana for her cruelty, with an estate that never was defigned for her; " and to the cutting it off, as it may happen, from their Giacomo and his descendants for ever, in case "Clementina affumes the veil. The healths of the " Father and Mother are declining: They wish but to " live to fee the alliance with the Count of Belvedere " take place. The noble Lady gave reasons that could be " answered. She had, by her own magnanimity, got " over a greater difficulty, if I may prefume to fay for " than they had required her to flruggle with: How " could I avoid advising her to yield to the supplications. HAR COR

tions of Parents, of Brothers, of an Uncle, who, however miliaken in the means by which they feek

" to obtain their wishes, love not their own souls

better than they love their Clementina?

"It was, besides, a measure by which only, at the time, I could demonstrate (and the General, I know, consider it as a test) that I really gave up all hopes of her myself.—And when I had owned, that there was a woman, with whom I had no doubt of being happy, could I engage her to accept of me, they all besought me, for their sakes, for Clementina's, to court that acceptance, having hopes, that they she could not set me an example.

" fhe would follow mine."

This, my dearest Life, was the occasion, as I told your friends, of accelerating my declaration to you. I could not else, either for the sake of your delicacy or my own, so soon have made proposals, not even to Mrs. Shirley; for, situated as I was, I could not think of applying to you rill I had strengthened myfelf, as I hoped to do, by her interest. Your generous acceptance, signified to me by that good Lady, has for ever obliged me. I regarded it, my Harriet, circumstanced as I have been, and shall ever regard it, as a condescension, which, as I told that Lady, at the time, laid me under an obligation that I never, by my utmost gratitude, shall be able to repay.

O Sir, well have you shewn that you meant what you said. How poor a return is my Love for so much

goodness, and kind confideration!

He clasped me to the faithfullest of human hearts.

But, dear Sir, I find, on the whole, that you think Lady Clementina has not so much reason on her side,

as her parents have on theirs.

My tenderness for her, my dear, because of her unhappy malady, and my apprehension of a return of it, together with my admiration of her nolle qualities, prejudice me strongly in her savour. If the

could be convinced by their motives, I should be ready to own my convictions in favour of these. But if she cannot, neither can I; so partial am I in the cause of a Lady I so fincerely admire, and who has been to much afflicted. But what, in the situation they and the were in, remained for me to do, but to advife the family to proceed with tenderness and patience; that their Clementina might have time to weigh, to consider, their reasons, their indulgence? You, my dear, shall see, in the copies of the Letters I have written fince I have been in England, my remonstrances to them in their precipitating her. But they were in a train: They prefumed on the characteristic duty of their Clementina: They flattered themselves, that sometimes she seemed to relent: They conceived hopes from the expressions of compassion for the Count of Belvedere, which sometimes the let fall. The General, who, though a generous man, can do nothing moderately, would not be fatisfied with cold measures, as he called them; and, not doubting his Sifter's acquiescence with her duty, if once she could be prevailed upon to think her compliance such, they were resolved to pursue the train they were in: But in order to avoid their importunities, how has the dear Clementina shifted the scene from Bologna to Florence, from Florence to Bologna, and once, for that purpose, wanted to go to Urbino, once to Naples, and even, as you have feen, to come to England !- But now, by this time, most probably they have succeeded. God give happiness to the dear Clementina!

Most cordially did I join in the prayer.

The next letters from Italy must acquaint us with the unwished-for success of the family; and the poor Lady's thraldom: Can, my dear Grandmamma, the Count of Belvedere really be a good, a generous man, to solicit the favour of a hand, that he knows will not be accompanied by a beart? Can the man

be

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

be faid to know what true Love is, who prefers not the happiness of the beloved object to his own; who thinks he can be happy, tho' the person he professes to love, shall be unhappy?

Thank God, this dreadful Lot has not been drawn by Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

I am glad, my dear Lady G. that your are returned to Grosvenor-square. Be easy, be patient, my Charlotte. We shall have, I hope, many happy days together at Grandison-hall, at Grosvenor-square; at every place where we shall be. You are a dear fretful creature!—But not half so petulant, I hope, in behaviour, as on paper to me. Let us think of nothing grievous, my Charlotte; but of the unhappy situation of poor Lady Clementina: And let us join to pray for her happiness.

LETTER XV.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Saturday morning, Feb. 3.

E MILY and I have had another conversation. She had been more grave and solemn than usual from the time of the last, of which I gave you an account.

Her Anne had taken notice to Sally of a change in the temper of her young mistress. She knew not how to please her, she said. From the best-natured young Lady in the world, she was grown one of the most peevish: and she had taken the liberty to tell her, that she must quit her service, if she found her so hard to be pleased.

Do then, was her answer; I won't be threatened by you, Anne. You seem to have found out your

con-

confequence with me. Go, Anne, as foon as you will. I won't be threatened! Anne. I have enough to vex

me, without being diffurbed by yourd and adding

The honest maid who dearly loves her, and has been with her ever fince the was feven years old, and was much approved, for her fidelity and good behaviour, by her Father, burst out into tears, and would, in a mild and humble manners have expostulated with her. Let me befeech you, madam, faid the, to permit me a word or two by way of dutiful expostulation. But the hurried from her-I won't hear you, Anne. You have begun at the wrong end. You should have expostulated, and not threatened, first. And then going up to her closet, she locked herself in. store gravitors to ward and

I pitied the dear girl. Too well I thought I could account for this change of temper in her: So exceeding good her guardian to her, her gratitude augmented her Love [Don't I know how that might eafily be ?]: Yet, thought I, it would half break her heart, if he were to assume referve-I would not, for her fake, have him imagine there was a necessity for a change of his behaviour to her. And indeed if he were to be more referved, what would that do? So good a man; fo uniform his goodness; the poor Emily must acquit him, and condemn herself; yet have no cure for her malady, sight man, but he

- Sally offered Anne to acquaint me with what had passed: But the good young woman begged she would not. Her young Lady was fo tenacious, the faid (young Lady-like) of her authority, that she would never forgive her, if the were known to make an appeal to me, or to my Aunt. And to complain without a probability of redress, the prudent creature obferved, except to her, as one Lady's woman to another, would expose her beloved young mistress; when, perhaps, the present grievance might be cured. by time, affiduity, and patience.

ed

This was necessary to premise. salies bon and he

Sir Charles, my Uncle, and Mr. Deane, having rode out pretty early this morning to breakfast, at Sir William Turner's; and my Aunt and Lucy retireing after breakfast to write; and I to my closet for the same purpose; Emily came and tapp'd at my door. I instantly opened it.

I intrude, madam. - No my dear.

I had observed at supper last night, and at breakfast this morning, that she had been in tears; tho nobody else did; for the hints privately given me by Sally, made me more observant of her motions.

I took her hand, and would have placed her by me-No, madam, said she, let me stand: Lam not

worthy of fitting down in your presence.

Her eyes were brimful of tears; but as she twinkled in hopes to disperse them, I would not take such sull notice of them, as might make them run over, if they could be dispersed: Yet mine, I believe, sympathized.

In my presence, my Emily ! my Friend! Why this ? I stood up. Your eldest Sister, my Love, fits not,

while her younger stands.

She threw her arms about me, and her tears ranover. This goodness kills me!—I am, I am, a
most unhappy creature!—Unhappy from the grant
of my own wishes!—O that you would treat me
severely! I cannot support myself under the hourly
instances which I receive of your goodness.

Whence, my dearest Emily, these acknowledgments? I do love my Emily: And should be either ungrateful or insensible to the merits of my beloved Sister, did I not do all in my power to make her happy. What can I do for her that is not her due?

She struggled herself out of my embracing arms, withdrawing hers—Let me, let me go, madam!—
She hurried into the adjoining apartment. I sollow-

ed her; and taking her hand, Leave me not, in this perplexity, my Emily! I cannot part with you: If you love your Harriet, as the loves her Emily, you will put me in the way of alleviating this anguish of the most innocent, and most amiable of minds. Open your heart to me, my dear.

O, Lady Grandison! the deserving wife of the best

of men, you ought to hate me!

My dearest Emily ! faid I.

Indeed you ought.

Let us fit down on this Sofa, if you will not re-

turn to my closet.

I sat down. She sat by me, leaning her glowing face on my shoulder I put one arm round her neck; with the other hand, I grasped one of hers. Now, my dear, I conjure you, by the friendship that is between us, the more than fisterly friendship, open your whole heart to me; and renounce me, if it be in my power to heal the wounds of your mind, and I do not pour into them the balm of friendly Love.

What can I say ?—Yesterday, my dearest Lady Grandison, I received answer to a case I put to Dr. Bartlett, of a young creature who—I can't tell

you-

She wept; raifed her head; dried her eyes; again leaned her face on my shoulder; again I put my arm tound her neck—Your case, my Love?

Ah madam? My case-Did you say My case?

I asked, my dear, not as for your case, any other than as for the case you put to the Doctor.

He has not told you, madam !

Indeed he has not faid a word of your confulting

I had rather tell you myself. I am afraid he guesses who the young woman is. O the poor cunning!—I am a weak filly creature!—He certainly guesses—

May I, my Love, see the case?—May I see the

answer to it?

I have

have burnt them both! In a fit of anger at myfelf, that I should expose myself (for he certainly gueffes who the young man is) I threw them in the fire.

But who can tell me the cafe, You can give me the fubstance of the answer.

How can I? You of all women! You, madam, whom I best love of all women; but who ought to hate, to dispiseme! Al ... m . ile ilin haort

Trust me, Love, with your fecret, It shall never without your leave pals this faithful bosom, if it be a fecret that already I do not guess at

She started—Guess at, madam!

Don't flart at what I fay, my Love.

O you cannot, cannot guess at it. If you did--bowhat if Adid to some boa move printing to consor to

Then would you banish from your prefence for ever the justly-hated Emily: Then would you make my Guardian renewace me ! 1111

Shall I, my dear, will you what I guess!

Whilper me then, throwing about me the hand I. held not : But whifper me that I may not hear.

You love your Guardian, my Emily !- He loves brouder place in the fall path of the path of the proportion

dis Ovmedate Let need Leed Leed addance with

He will always leve you; fo will I.

Banish the criminal from your presence for ever; rifing; yet again laying her face on my shoulderand clasping her arms about me, Hide me, hide me from myfelfpear D tybe I savol

No need, my dear. Every body loves your Guardian. You cannot love him but with innocence. Your Love is founded in gratitude. So was mine. Don't I know how to allow for my Emily?

You will banish fear from my heart, madam, by this your goodness to me, I find I may own all my weakness, my folly, to you; and the rather, as I shall intitle myfelf by it to your advice. I wanted to do it; but was afraid you would hate me; In the fame circumstances I doubt I should not be so generous as you are. O that I had not put my cafe to the Doctor!

The Doctor, my dear, is all goodness, He will

keep your fecret-

the fibliance of the andwar. And not tell my Guardian, madam, any thing about it! It would be worse than death to me, if my Guardian should mistrust me. He would hate the poor Emily, if you did not and for I

He never shall know it, my dear. You have already engaged the Doctor to fecrecy, I doubt not a series s

I have.

Sheet ared - Oxcle se march He will inviolably keep your fecret, no fear; especially as your charming ingenuousness to me will be a means of putting you and me, my Love, on finding expedients, that shall equally fecure your honour, and your Guardian's regard for you. It has self and

That, madam, is the very things and maintant var

Open then to me your innocent heart, my dear, Regard me as your friend, your fifter, and as rif I were not the happy wife of your beloved Guardian -And fo I will -I did not madem, miltrust my-

felf till the folemnity had paffed, that made you and my Guardian one. Then I began to be uneasy with myfelf; and the more, as I was for hiding myfelf from myfelf, as I may fay; for I was afraid of looking into my heart: Why to I thought I. Am Linor an innocent girl? What do I with for? What can I hope for? Do I not love Lady Grandison? I do. Yet now-and-then-Don't hate me Madam! I will reveal to you all my heart, and all my weakness.

Proceed, my Emily. This is indeed a token of your love, of your confidence in me. What a compliment does my dearest younger Sifter make me?

Yet now-and-then, something like Envy, I thought, arose in my heart; And can your countenance forbear to change, when I tell you of Envy?

If it did, it would be from compassionate Love to my Emily. You don't know, my dear, how my heart dilates on this your most agreeable considence in me.

God bless that dear heart—There never was such a heart as yours. Well, but I will go on, if you please.

nevince mention of a water

Do, my dear.

Here, thought I, once (that I was refolved to call myself to account) did I ask the favour of being allowed to live with my Guardian and his Lady, when they were married: And what did I mean by it? Nothing but innocence, believe me. Well, and my request is granted! This was all that I thought was wanting to make me happy: But, faid I to myfelf, Am I happy? No. Do I love my Guardian less? No. Do I love Lady Grandison more for granting me this fayour I I admire her more, I think; and I have a grateful fense of her goodness to me: But I don't know how it is -I think, tho I dearly love her, yet I would be fometimes glad I did not, quite fo well. Ungrateful Emily! and feverly I took myfelf to talk Surely, pity, madam, is near akin to Love; for while your suspenses lasted. I thought I loved you better than I loved my own heart: But when you were happy, and there was no room for pity, wicked wretch that I was ! I wanted, methought, fometimes to lower you - Don't you hate me now? 1110 the serve !

No, no, my Emily; my pity, as you fay, increases my Love of you. Proceed, sweet child: Your mind is the unfullied book of nature: Turn to another least. Depend upon my kindest allowances. I knew, before you knew it yourself, that you loved your Guardian.

Before I knew it myself! Why, that might be. So I went on reasoning with myself—"What, Emily, "canst thou love thy Guardian more; and Lady "Grandison, with all her goodness to theey not more—And canst thou mingle envy with admira-

if tion of her?-Ah, filly, and worfe than filly, girl? " where may thus end ?- Lord bless me! If I fuffe' of myself to go on this, shall I not be the most une grateful of creatures? Shall I not, instead of my "Guardian's Love, incur his hatred? Will not all the "world despise me ?-And where may this stop?"-Yet I went on excusin myself; for I knew I had no vile meaning; I knew I only wanted my Guardian to love me, and to be allowed to love him. But what! thought I, at last, can I allow myself in loving a married man, the husband of my friend? and sometimes I trembled at the thought; for I looked back; and faid to myfelf, "Wouldst thou, Emily, a year ago, have allowed in thyself but the same lengths that thou hast now " run?"-No : answered I my own question " Is not this a fair warning of what may be a year "hence?"-So I put a cafe to Dr. Barelett, as of three persons of my Anne's acquaintance, two young women, one young man, living in one house: The young man contracted to one of the young women; the other knowing it; and the a perfon incapable of a criminal thought, yet finding an increasing regard for the young man, the' fhe dearly loved her friend, began to be afraid her heart was not quite as it should be: What I afked, as from my Anne's friend, would he advice in the case? I moon the saw energy but the

And what, my dear, was the Doctor's advice?

I was a filly creature to put it to him. As I faid, he certainly must guess. If you, madam, could, without such a case put, he certainly must. We young girls think, if we put our hands before our eyes nobody can see us. In short, the Doctor pronounced the increasing regard to be a beginning Love. The consequence would be, that the young woman would in time endeavour to supplant her friend; tho at present she might probably shudder at the thought. He bid me tell Anne to warn her acquaintance against the growing slame. He said, she might

her end, render unhappy a couple, who, according to my representation from my Anne, deserved to be happy: And he advised, by all means, that she should leave the contracted couple to themselves, and for her own honour's, her own heart's sake, remove to as great distance from them as possible.

Believe me, madam, I was shocked, I was frighted at myself: I threw my papers in the fire; and have been, ever since I read them, more unhappy than usual. My dear Lady Grandison, thought I, I will, if you give me encouragement, open my heart to you. You will hear of my folly, my weakness, one day or other.—And now, dear good madam, forgive me:

Keep my fecret; and advise me what to do.

What, my dearest creature, can I advise you? I love you. I ever will love you. I will be as careful of your honour as of my own. I will endeavour to cultivate your Guardian's affection to you.

He never, madam, I hope, gueffed at the poor

Emily's folly.

He never mentioned you to me, but with love and tenderness.

Thank God!—But say, advise me, madam; my heart shall be in your hand; guide it, as you please.

What, my dear, did you think of doing yourfelf?
I must not think of living with you now, madam.
Why not? you shall find me ever your true friend.

But I am fure Dr. Bartlett's advice to Anne's acquaintance is right. I tell you, madam, that I must every day, and every hour of the day, that I see his tender behaviour to you; that I behold him employed in acts of beneficence; that I see every one adoring him; admire him more. I see that I am less my own Mistress than I thought it was possible I could be: And if such a girl as I, have so little command of myself, and his merit every hour spreading itself out before me with increasing lustre, my weak eyes will not

not able to hear his glory-O madam, I ought to fly; I am resolved, whatever it cost me, to fly,

How I admired, how I pitied, how I loved, the dear creature! I clasped both my arms about her; and, pressing her to my bosom—What can I say, my Emily? What can I say? Tell me, what would you wish me to say?

You are wife, madam: You have a tender and generous heart: O that I were half as good!—Advise me something—I see the folly of my wishing to live

with you and my Guardian.

And is it necessary, my dear, to a conquest of yourself, that we should not live together!

Absolutely for I am convinced of it.

Suppose, my dear, you go to the London-house, and put yourself under Mrs. Grandison's protection?

What, madam, my Guardian's house still?

I hope a few weeks absence, by a help of a discretion of which you have, in the present conversation, giving shining proofs, will answer all we wish; since you never, my dear, could have thought but of admiring, and that at distance, the great qualities of your Guardian.

I have, 'tis true, but just found myself out: I never could have hoped of being looked upon in any other light, than as his daughter; and I hope, I have made the discovery in time. But I must not be with him in his own house: I must not be in the way of

his constant conversation.

Admiroble discretion ! Amiable innocence !- Well

then, suppose you request Lady L. Lady G.

Ah, no, no ! That would not do, neither. My Guardian would be the continual subject of our conversation; and often, very often, his brotherly goodness would lead him to them; them to him.

Charming fortitude! Heroic Emily! How I admire you! I fee you have thought attentively of this mat-

ter. What are your thoughts?

SUB

Can't

a Can't you guels it work out troud made ne ittel the

I know what I wish -But you must speak first.

Don't you remember what the bleffed Mrs. Shirley (I must call her bleffed!) faid to me on your wedding-day, in the vettry ? went a most main in

I do, my dearest Emily! And are you inclined-Shall I be received, madam, as a fecond Harriet in your family? It would be my ambition to tread in your steps at Selby-house and Shirley-manor; to hear from you; to write to you; to form myfelf by the model, by which you were formed; to be called by Mrs. Shirley, by Mrs. Selby their Emily.

How you would rejoice them all, my Emily! and. if we must part, me, to have my Emily! be to my dearest friends what their Harriet so happily was !

But, madam, will you undertake to procute my Guardian's confent to y ne yel 19 Y and fingful to the

at I will endeavour it. w. him some out man aloue our

Endeavour it! Then it is done. He will deny you nothing. Will good Mrs. Shirley confent?

I have no doubt but the will, if your Guardian do. Will Mrs. Selby, will Mr. Selby, be my Uncle and

We will consult them : They are happily with us, He are g ven to quiet Northemptonline, atworks wor

But, madam, there is one objection; a very great one, har which the very fruit is the heaven

What is that, my Love? not now and and noticer

Your Coufin James Selby! I should respect him as your Cousin, and as the Brother of the two Miss Selby's's But that is alter benindo viscolia avant

I never, my dear, approved of any motion of that kind. Not one of my friends think of it: They wish it not. He has met with discouragement from every one of my family, and his own : He fubmits to the discouragement ist, with I bose will total and her

Then, madam, if you please to break the matter to Mr. and Mrs. Selby, and to Mrs. Shirley, with-SCOLING.

out letting them know the poor girl flies to them as for refuge against himself; and latiefy Lady L. Lady G. and Mrs. Eleanor Grandison, that I mean nothing of flight to them : then will I attend Mr. and Mrs. Selby in their return home; And I shall be in a while a very happy girl, I doubt not. But still remember, madam, I must love my Guardian: But it shall be with a Love that shall not exclude Lady Grandison from a large share of it; the largest, if I can. And now, clasping her arms about my neck, let me beg your pardon for all the strange things I have said. My heart will be the easier for having found a confident; fuch a confident, however, as no girl ever found before-But in this instance of goodness, you more than equal Lady Clementina herself: and a thoufand, thoufand thanks for your patience with me on fuch a subject !-- Yet say, my dear Lady Grandison, you don't hate the poor girl, who has the vanity to emulate you and Lady Clementina!

I wept over her from joy, pity, tendernefs.

Will you not, my dear Grandmamma, love my Emily more than ever? Will you call her your Emily,

and think of her, as your Harriet?

Lady L. Lady G. will you excuse the preserence she has given to quiet Northamptonshire, against noisy London, and its gay scenes, at so young a time of life? Excuse it! I am sure you will think that the reason she has given for the preserence, lifts her up above woman.

Monday)Feb. 5.

I HAVE already obtained my Uncle's and Aunt's, and Lucy's high approbation of Emily's proposal. They, at her request, asked Sir Charles's consent as a favour. He defined to see her upon it. She came in, bathful, her steps unassured, looking down. He took her hand: My good Emily, said he, I am told that you have a define to restone to Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Mr. Selby, the Grand-daughter and Niece

Niece I have robbed them of. They rejoice in your proposal. You will be exceedingly happy in their protection. My Harriet will be loth to part with you; but for their sakes, as well as yours, she will chearfully acquiesce: And, though we wanted it not, we shall have an additional pleasure in visiting Northampton-shire.—It is your deliberate choice, my dear?

It is, Sir: And I hope I may be allowed to accom-

pany Mrs. Selby down.

Settle the matter, Ladies, among yourselves. I have but one thing to add on the subject. You have a mother, my dear. We must not absolutely resolve till we have her consent. She is good now: You must make a compliment to my Sisters, and their Lords also, and to my Aunt Grandison: They love my Ward: And she must preserve every worthy person's love.

The dear girl courtefied; wept-You are all-all

goodness, Sir.

If your mind should change, my dear, don't be afraid to signify the alteration. It will be the business of us all to make each other happy. You will be always dear to my Harriet. Recollect, mean time, if there be any thing further in my power to oblige you.

O Sir! You must not (she ran to me, and in my bosom, weeping, whispered out her sentence) be too

good to me!

I pressed the dear girl's forehead with my lips—Heroic Emily! whispered I, to confirm her in her heroism.

And thus already, my dearest Grandmamma, is this material article settled. My Aunt answers for your approbation; and Lucy for the pleasure that this acquisition, as I may call it, will give to Nancy, and all our other kindred and acquaintance. But how, when the time comes shall I part with her?

What, I wonder, will Sir Edward Beauchamp fay Vol. VII.

to this?—He must get his dear friend's leave to visit with us Shirley-manor and Selby-house, which I hope

we shall do twice a year at least.

My Uncle and Aunt, Lucy and Mr. Deane, are exceedingly rejoiced on this occasion: How fond are they of Emily! She of them! This gives them a relation to each other, that I hope will produce a friend-

ship which will last for ever.

My Aunt and Lucy have been asking my opinion whether Sir Charles did not discover something of the good girl's growing affection for him; so undisguisedly sincere as she always was, and for sometime not suspecting herself; he so penetrating a man? Of this, said Lucy, I am sure, he would have seen it with half an eye, had any other man been as much the object of

her regard.

If any thing would induce me, said I, to think he did, it would be his ready acquiescence with her proposal, and his being so little inquisitive after her motives for leaving us: The case, continued I, is of so nice a nature, that he never will say, even to me, what his thoughts are upon it, if such thoughts he has. And as to myself it would be dealing with Emily less delicately than I was dealt with by the two noble sisters, should I presume to sound him on so nice a subject.

And indeed there never could be a man in the world that had a greater regard than he has to those real delicacies of our Sex, which border not upon what is

called Prudery.

Mr. Lowther is gone to London: He has given in to Sir Charles's wishes to settle in this neighbourhood. He said he liked the country: He had no particular attachment to any place; and made a fine compliment to Sir Cherles on the occasion. I need not say, it was a just one.

My Uncle, my Aunt, write. Lucy has another long letter almost ready. I have only further to

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. 9

fay therefore, at this time, that I am, and ever will be,

Your most dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

Sir Charles intends to write to you, madam, on Emily's proposal—My Uncle and Aunt begin to be weary of us, as Sir Charles and I tell them:

But they call us both unreasonable. God give us good news from Italy!

LETTER XVI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES L. AND G.

Grandison-hall, Tuesd. Feb. 13.

I Write to my dearest Sisters now.

Nor will I ask you to send my Letters to my Grandmamma for the present.

Lucy shall be left to entertain my Northamptonshire

friends.

The inclosed translation of a letter written by Signor Jeronymo, will give you the surprising news—

furprifing indeed-Poor, poor Lady!

I must tell you in my next, how we were all affected on the receiving it: No more at present can I add, but that I am, my dear Ladies,

Your ever affectionate Sister, HARRIET GRANDISON,

and allow L.E. T.T. E.R. XVII.

SIGNOR JERONY MO della PORRETTA, TOSIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Y O U will be furprifed—aftonished—The dear Clementina! How has she tarnished all her glory! A young creature of her nice honour!—Good F 2 God!

driegbel and land he feleral.

God !- And must I her Brother, your Jeronymo.

expose his Sister?

We gave into almost every wish of her heart. The dear Scripturist had requested a month's time to travel from place to place on the other side of the Apennines, partly in imitation of the daughter of the samous Israelitish General (a); and partly on pretence of establishing her health; implying that she considered the meditated marriage as a sacrifice: And we had hopes at the end of it, that she would be brought to give her hand, not unchearfully, to the Count of Belvedere, for whom she owned pity and gratitude.

We had confented to several triffing delays of her return to us before. Yet befought her to excuse us from allowing her to visit Rome and Naples; and the acquiesced with the reasons we gave her. She defired leave to take into her fervice, as a page, an English youth, the Nephew of a gentleman of the English factory at Leghorn, who was well recommended by his Uncle, on the enquiry Mrs. Beaumont, at our desire, made into his character. We, suppoling her metive to be merely an innocent and grateful regard to the Country of a man whom we could allow her to respect, consented. She accordingly took him; and he attended her in her excursions to Pistola, Prato, Pratolina, Pifa, Sienna, &c. to some of which places the was accompanied by Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies her friends. But being desirous to see the fea-coast from Piombino to Lucca, according to a plan she shewed; and talking of stretching to Genoa, when at Lucca; which was to conclude her excursions, and complete her month; she was left by those Ladies to be attended by her own servants: These, all but her Page and Laura, she contrived (the high-foul'd Clementina stoop'd to art!) to fend different ways, ordering them to meet her at Luccas but, inflead of going thither, took a fhort way to it and god in the struct of the wice horners Leghorn; and there embarked on board an English ship ready cleared out, and bound for the Port of London; and it had failed three days, before it was known what was become of her. But then the contents of the following Letter, directed to Mrs. Beaumont, astonished that Lady, and her friends; as you will believe it did us, when it was transmitted to us in a letter written us by Mrs. Beaumont, acquainting us with the particulars of her excursions and slight; and the certainty, upon proper enquiries at Leghorn,

that the was gone to England

" Forgive me, my dearest Ladies; my dearest Mrs. Beaument, particularly, forgive me; I am " embarked in an enterprize, that will be enough " my punishment. Pity me, therefore, as well as se pardon me! The impending evil is always the most terrible. My heart is extremely averse to a married life, Alfortnight of the month is exopired, at the end of which I am expected to give "my vows to a man not unworthy of them, could 46 I think it in my power to make him happy, and " could I be so myself in the prospects before me: But how can that be? Perfuafion, cruel perfua-" fion! a)kneeling Father, a fighing Mother ; gene-45 rous, but entreating Brothers; how can' I re-" fift you, if I go to dear, once most dear Bologna? "All you, my friends, at Bologna, at Urbino, every-" where, forgive me! What have I not suffered be-" fore I came to the resolution that must be pursued, "tho' repentance, when I have attained the pro-" posed asylum, follow! My good Lord of B. forof give me also. Change your attachment. You "deferve a better wife, than conscience, than ho-" nour, than justice (words that mean the same thing) tell me, can be made you, by the unhappy Clementina. She dare not add della Porretta. - Ab 5 my Mother !"

This Letter was left with a person at Leghorn

with orders, not to send it, till the vessel had sailed three days. We are all distracted; but most my Mother.

For the sake of her peace of mind, we are come to a resolution to anticipate our summer's visit to you; and, unpropitious as the season is for such a journey, we shall set out next week accordingly. God give my Mother strength to bear the satigue! Courage she has, on this occasion, who never before could be brought to go by sea any-where: No, not to Naples, to visit her Giacomo and his Lady, tho' in a more propitious season.

It was a long laid scheme we imagine; for she had dismissed her faithful Camilla, on her urging her to a change of condition. I am asraid the good woman was too sedulous in obeying the orders given her by my brother, to make use of every opportunity to inspire her with tender sentiments, in savour of the Count of Belvedere. Laura has for some time been her only

favourtie fervant, it and bou the street et and and the

This youth, by name Antony Dagley, no doubt

has managed this affair for her.

Mrs. Beaumont now recollects several circumfrances, which could she have suspected Clementina to be capable of such an enterprize, might have given her suspicion.

The vessel she is in, is called The Scanderson: Alex-

ander Henderson, master.

How can the dear creature on her arrival in England look You, your Lady, your Sisters in the face? What may she suffer, in such a voyage, at such a season? To what insults may she be exposed! So little as she knows of the English tongue! Laura not a syllable of it! Depending on the sidelity of a stranger boy! So sew changes of apparel as she had the opportunity to take with her; —Whether provided with any considerable sums of money, we know not. England, in her opinion, a nation of heretics!

heretics !- Good Heaven! could Clementina della

Porretta be guilty of fuch a rashness?

But what an averseness must she have to marriage; We have certainly been too precipitating. You cautioned us: Yet, I dare say, could not have believed, that our Clementina could have taken such a step. But, alas! we conclude that it is owing more to the effects of her late unhappy malady, than to any other cause. When once the mind is disordered, there is danger, it seems, of its shewing itself, on extraordinary occasions, even after the cure is supposed to be perfected, capable of extravagance. Again I say, we have been too hasty.—Our brother Giacomo!—But he is the most disinterested of men. He would not otherwise be so urgent as he is for her marriage.

Dear, dear, creature! how my heart bleeds for the distresses she may be thrown into!—But they cannot be equal to those which her Mother seels for her. Clementina knows how much the lives of her Father and Mother are bound up in hers. But I repeat, she must be under the influences of her former malady, or never could she have done an act, that she must know

would wound our very fouls.

From the lights I have held out, we hope you will be able to find her before the can have suffered more than the hardships of the voyage; before the can have wanted money, or other conveniences. If you do, your Sister will give the rash one countenance and

protection till we can arrive.

Our company will be, my Father, Mother, the Bishop, the Count of Belvedere, your Jeronymo, Father Marescotti, and our two Cousins Sebastiano and Juliano. Mrs. Beaumont has the goodness, purely from motives of charity, to accompany my Mother. Poor Camilla, almost as inconsolable as my Mother, attends her Lady.

We must give you the trouble of hiring for us as large a house as you can procure. The circumstances

F 4

we are in, allow us not to think of any thing more than common convenience, and to be incognito.

Our two Coufins above-named m.y be in lodgings.

if room be wanted.

We shall have no more than necessary attendants.

A leffer house, or handsome lodgings, will content

the Count of Belvedere.

These cares for us, my dear Grandison, we must throw upon you: Yet if my Lowther be in England, he will be so kind as to ease you of a part of them. You will have concern enough in sharing ours, for the occasion which carries us to you, so much sooner than we intended, and in an inconvenient season; circumstances that will sufficiently demonstrate the distress we are in.

The vessel we have hired, is called The Leghorn Frigate. The master's name is Arthur Gunning. If we are favoured in our voyage, the master hopes to be in your river Thames in about three weeks from our

embarking.

God give us, my Grandison, a meeting not unhappy! May we find the dear sugitive safe in your protection, r under the wings of one of your noble Sisters!

I hope this unhappy affair will produce no uneafiness between your Lady and you. If it should, what an additional evil would the dear rash one have to answer for!

The General is too much incenfed against the nnhappy Girl, to think of accompanying us, could be

obtain permiffion of his fovereign.

The least reparation the dear creature can make us, the Bishop says, is, chearfully to give her vows to the good Count of Belvedere, who looks forward to the issue of this affair, as to the crisis of his fate.

I hardly know what I have written; nor how to leave off. It is to you, our dear friend, our consoler, our Brother, and, let me add, our resuge, next to

that

that Almighty, who, we hope, will guide us in fafety to you, and give an issue not greatly derogatory to the glory of our Sister, and family. Join, my Grandison, your prayers with ours, to this purpose. Noblest of friends, Adieu!

JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

LETTER XVIII.

floor and all erons one

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADIES L. AND G.

Wedn. Feb. 14.

As we, and our beloved guests, were at dinner on Monday, all harmony, all love; the dear Emily laying out the happy days she hoped to see in Northhamptonshire; Sir Charles using generous arguments to prevail on my Uncle and Aunt to stay a little longer with him; the Letter, the affecting Letter, was given into Sir Charles's hands: "From my Jeronymo!" said he, looking at the superscription. Asking leave, he broke it open, and, casting his eye upon the first lines, he started; and bowing, he arose from table, and withdrew to his study.

We had not half dined. I urged our friends, but could not fet them the example; and we arose by confent, and went into the adjoining drawing room.

Sir Charles foon joined us there: His face glowed. He seemed to have struggled for a composure, for our sakes, which, however, he had not obtained.

I looked upon him with eyes, I suppose, that had speech in them, by his taking my hand, and saying, Be not surprised, my Love: You will soon have guests.

From Italy! From Italy, Sir?—"Yes, my life."—Who? Who? Sir?

Dr. Bartlett was with us. He befought him to

give a translation of that Letter. The Doctor retired to do it: And Sir Charles faid, It is not impossible but Clementina, may be soon in England: Perhaps before the rest of the family. Be not surprised (for we all looked upon one another): Dr. Bartlett will give you the contents of the Letter. Oblige me, my dear, with your hand.

He led me into his study; and there, in the most tender and affectionate manner, acquainted me with

what he had just read.

My dearest Harriet, said he, his arms encircling my waist, will not, cannot doubt the continuance of my tenderest love. I am equally surprised and disturbed at the step taken. God preserve the dear Clementina? Join your prayers with mine for her safety. You can pity the unhappy Lady: She is, I am asraid, defolate and unprotected: You can pity her equally unhappy friends. They are following her: They are all good: They mean well. Yet over-persuasion, as you lately observed, in such a case as hers, is a degree of persecution. In the unhappy circumstances she had been in, she should have had time given her. Time subdues all things.

Let me beseech you, Sir, said I, to give the unhappy Lady your instant protection. Consider me as a strengthener, not a weakner, of your hands, in her fervice. I have no concern but for her safety and honour, and for your concern on the affecting occasion. Dear Sir, let me by participation lessen it.

Soul of my Soul, faid he, clasping me more ardently to his bosom, I had no doubt of your generous goodness. It would be doing injustice to the unhappy absent, and to the knowledge I have of my own heart, as well as to you, the absolute Mistress of it, did I think it recessary, to make professions of my unalterable, my inviolable Love to you. I will acquaint you with every step I take in this arduous affair. You must advise me as I go along. Minds so delicate

delicate as yours and Clementina's must be allied. I shall be sure of my measures when I have the approbation of my Harriet. All our friends (They have discretion) shall he made acquainted with my proceedings. I will not leave a doubt upon the mind of any one of them, that my Harriet is not, as far as it is in

my power to make her the happiest of women.

What, Sir, is the date of the Letter?—It has no date, my dear.—Jeronymo's grief—The Lady, Sir, faid. I, may be arrived. Le we me here at Grandison-hall, with my friends: I will endeavour to engage their stay a little longer than they had designed; and do you hasten up to town: if you can do service to the unhappy Lady, destitute as you apprehend she is at present of protection, and exposed to dissiculties and dangers, your Letters shall be, if possible, more acceptable to me, than even the presence of the man who is as dear to me as my own soul.

I was raised. It was making me great, my dear Ladies, to have it in my power, as I may say, to convince Sir Charles Grandison, that my compassion, my love, my admiration, of the noblest of women, was

a fincere admiration and love.

How happy a man am I? faid he. You have anticipated me by your goodness. I will hasten up to town. You will engage your friends. The man, whose Love is fixed on such a mind as my Harrier's, all loveliness as is the admirable person that thus I again press to my fond bosom, must be as happy as a mortal can be!

He led me back to the expecting company. They all stood up, as by an involuntary motion, at our entrance; each person looking eager to know our

fentiments.

The Doctor had not finished the translation: But Sir Charles sent up for the Letter; and read it in English to us all.

What, my dearest Ladies, was there of Pecularity in

my generosity, as your Brother was pleased to call it?—My Uncle, my Aunt, my Lucy, Mr. Deane, all, before Sir Charles could well speak, befought him not to suffer their being here to be one moment's hindrance to his setting out for London.

He generously applauded me to them for what had passed between us in his Study, and told them, he would set out early in the morning, if they would promise to

keep me company here.

They said, they would stay as long as their convemence would permit; and the longer, that he might

be easier on such a generous call to town.

One thing, dear Sir, said I, let me beg: let not the sweet sugitive be compelled, if you can help it, to marry. Let not advantage be taken, as they seem, by a hint in this Letter, inclined to take it, of this seeming rash step, to make her compliance the condition of their forgiveness and reconciliation.

He called me his generous, his noble Harriet : repeated, that he would be governed by my advice, and

that then he should be fure of his footing.

Your Brother set out early this morning for London: Join your prayers, my dear Ladies, with his and mine, and with those of all our friends here, for a happy issue to the present afflictions of the dear Clementina. How I long, yet half-sear, to see her! Shall. I, do you think, be able to see her, without being apprehensive, that she will look upon me as the invader of her right? She was undoubtedly his first Love.

Your Brother communicated to me his intention of completing the furnishing of the new-taken house in Grosvenor square, which was before in great-forward-ness, and to have it well aired for the reception of his noble friends. He will acquaint his Sisters with his further intentions, as occasions arise. God succeed to him his own wishes—He may be trusted with them.

Adieu, my dearest Sisters! How proud am I, that

I can indeed call you so, by the name of

HARBIET GRANDISON!

LETTER XIX.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY GRANDISON, St. James's Square, Thursday, Feb. 15.

My dearest Life,

N my arrival here last night I found a long Letter, dated Tuesday last, from the unhappy Lady, whom we both so much admire and pity. The contents too well confirm her wandering state of mind, and account for the steps she has taken. I will send you the Letter itself as soon as I have seen her, and can prevail upon her to put herself into my protection. Till the hope of a happier state of mind shall dawnupon us, the contents of it will afflict you.

She has been ten days in England: I wrote to her last night, to beg her to admit me to her presence.

She expresses in her Letter a generous joy in our happiness, and in the excellent character which she has heard of the beloved of my heart; of every heart. In the midst of her affecting wanderings, she preserves the greatness of mind that ever distinguished her. She

wishes to see you; but unknown to us both.

It would not be difficult perhaps to find out the place of her abode; but the depends on my honour, that I will not attempt it: Clementina loves to be punctiliously observed. In the way she is in, she must be soothed, and as little opposed as possible. She thinks too highly of my character, and apprehends that the step she has taken, has lowered her own. She has great sensibility, and only sometimes wanders into minutenesses to which her circumstances, which I find are not happy, oblige her to attend. I have great hopes that I shall be able to sooth, conciliate, and restore her: Her mind seems not to be deeply wounded. God enable me to quiet the heart of the noblest of your Sisters! Forgive me for my two beloved Sisters. They will, if you do.

I hope

I hope our dear friends will make themselves and you happy, at Grandison-hall. This cloud passed away, if God preserve us to each other, and our friends to us, all our future days must be serene: At least as far as it is in my power, they shall be so to my Harriet. Prosessions would disgrace my Love, and your merits. All that your own heart can wish me to be, that, if I know it, will I be; for am I not the happy husband of the best and most generous of women? and, as such,

Wholly Yours,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XX.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

[Mentioned in the preceding.]

Tuesday, Febr. 13. O. S. TY this time, it is very probable, you have heard D of the rashest step that the writer of these prefents (chequer'd and unhappy, as the last years of her life have been) ever took. She knows it to be rash: She condemns herfelf for taking it. She doubts not but the shall be condemned by every-body for it: Nor is the fure, that the shall have the better opinion of your justice, if you are not one of the severest of her cenfurers; for you are a good man. Your Goodness, I hear, fills every mouth in this your own country; and it is not one of your least praises, that you did your duty, in the ffrictelt manner, to a Father who was wanting in his to his whole family. It is, it feems, your principle, that where a duty is reciprocal, the failure in it of the one, acquits not the other for a failure in his. How then can I appear before you? I am covered with blushes at the thoughts of it-I, who am a runaway from the kindest, the most indusgent. of parents-God forgive me !- Yet, can I fav, I re-SOT

pent? I think, I can .- But at best, it is a conditional

repentance only, that I boaft.

I am here in your England; I cannot, cannot, tell you where; in a low condition; my fortune scanty; my lodgings not very convenient; two servants only my attendants; Laura (you remember her) one; weeping every hour after her friends, and our Italy: My other you know not—My page he was called in the days of my state, as I may, comparatively, call them; but now my every thing: Poor youth!—But he is honest, he is faithful. God reward him!—I cannot.

Yet in all this my depression of circumstances, if I. may so express myself, and sometimes (too often indeed) of spirits; I think I am happy in the thought

that I am a fingle woman.

Well, Sir!—And what can I fay further r A thoufand things I have to fay: Too many, to know which to fay first. I had better fay no more. I am not, however, sure I shall fend you this, or any other Letter.

I have been ten days in this great, and as it feems to me, ugly city: A vaftly populous one: People very bufy. I thought your London people were all rich?—But what is this to write to you about?

I have been out but once, and that for an airing in one of your parks. I can't fay, I like England, nor its people much: But I have seen nothing of the one, or the other.

I live a very melancholy life: But that befits me

best.

They tell me, that your churches are poor, plain things. You bestow more upon yourselves than you do upon your God: But perhaps you trust more to the heart, than to the eye, in the plainness of your places of devotion. But, again, what is all this stuff to you?—Yet I am apt to ramble too-soo much!

But do you know how it comes about, that having

the best of Fathers, the best of Mothers, the most as fectionate of Brothers, I should yet think them perfecutors? How it comes about, that I, who love them, who honour them, as much as Daughter ever honoured Parents, or Sister ever loved Brothers, should run away from them all, into a strange land, a land of heretics; yet once be thought a pious kind of creature! Do you know how this comes about?

Once there was a man—But him I renounced—But I had a good reason for it. And do you think I repent it? By my truth, Chevalier, I do not: I never did. Yet I think of nobody half so often, nor with half the pleasure: For, tho' a Heretic, he is a

good man.

But hush! Dare I, in this country, say he is a Heretic? Perhaps we Catholics are looked upon as Heretics here. Idolaters I know we are said to be—I grant that I had like to have been an Idolater once—But let that pass. I believe we Catholics think worse of you Protestants, and you Protestants think worse of us Catholics, than either deserve: It may be so. But to me, you seem to be a strange people, for all that.

Of one thing, my good Chevalier, methinks I should be glad.—Here am I told you are married: That I knew before I left Italy: Else, let me tell you, I never would have come hither: Yet I should have got away rather than be married myself, I believe: But then perhaps it would have been to a Catholic coun-

try.

What was I going to say?—One thing I should be glad of: It is to see your Lady; but not if she were to see me. I came with very sew cloaths, and they were not the best I had at Florence; my best of all are at Bologna. My Father and Mother loved to see me dressed. I dressed many a time to please them, more than to please myself. For I am not a proud creature: Do you think I am? You knew me once better

better than I knew myfelf: But you know little of me now. I am a runaway: And I know you won't forgive me. I can't help it. However, I should be glad to see your Lady. She dresses richly, I suppose, Well she may!

I am told, she is one of the loveliest women in England: And as to her goodness—there is nobody so good. Thank God! You know, Chevalier, I always prayed, that the best of women might be called

by your name.

But Olivia, it seems, praises her; and Olivia saw her when she was a rambler to England, as, God help me! I am now.

But Olivia's motive and mine were very different. Olivia went to England in hopes of a hufband-Poor

woman! I pity her.

. 5.01 (TR)

But, Chevalier, cannot I see your lady, and She not see me? I need not be in disguise to see her. If you were with her, handing her, suppose, to church (I would not scruple to croud myself into some unobserved corner of your church on such an occasion) you would be too proud of her to mind me: And you would not know me, if you saw me; for I would stoop in my shoulders, and look down; and the cloaths I should have on would be only an English linen gown and petticoat, unadorned by ribbands or gew-gaw—Not half so well dress'd as your Lady's woman.

But yet I should thank God, that you had not difgraced the regard I had once for you: I had a great deal of pride, you know, in that hope. Thank you, Sir, that you have married so lovely and so deserving

a woman. She is of a good family, I hope.

It was a great disappointment to me, when I came first to London, to find that you were not there. I thought, some how or other, to catch a sight of you and your Lady, were it but as you stept into your coach; and I to have been in a chair, near, or even on soot! For when I heard what a character you bore,

for every kind of goodness; I, a poor sugitive, was afraid to see you. So many good lessons as you taught me, and all to come to this! Unhappy Clementina!

Where will your Ladyship (but I have forbidden that stile) choose to take up your residence? said Antony when we first landed (My servant's name is Antony; but you shall not know his other name). We landed among a parcel of guns, at the Tower, they

called it, in a boat.

Laura answered for me; for he spoke in Italian; Somewhere near the Chevalier Grandison's, won't you, madam? I won't tell you what was my answer; for perhaps I am near the Thames—I don't want you to find me out. I beseech you, Chevalier, don't give yourself pain for me. I am a sugitive. Don't disgrace yourself in acknowledging any acquaintance with a creature who is poor and low; and who deserves to be poor and low; for is she not a runaway from the best of parents? But it is to avoid, not to get, a husband; you'll be pleased to remember that, Sir.

But, poor Laura—I am forry for Laura; more forry than for myself—My brother Giacomo would kill the poor creature, I believe, if ever she were to come in his way. But she is in no fault. It was with great reluctance she obeyed her mistress. She was several times as impertinent as Camilla. Poor Camilla! I used her hardly. She is a good creature. I used her hardly against my own nature, to make her the easier to part with me. I love her. I hope she is well. It is not worth her while to pine after me; I was an un-

grateful creature to her.

My Antony is a good young man, as I told you. I think to fave half his wages, and give the other half to raife Laura's, to keep her a little in heart. The poor young man hoped preferment in my fervice; and I can do nothing for him. It will behave me to be a good manager. But I will fell the few jewels I have left, rather than part with him, till he can get a better fervice.

fervice. What little things do I trouble you with! Little things to you; but not quite so little to me now, as I have managed it. But so as I can do justice to this poor youth, and poor Laura, I matter not myself. What I have done is my choice: They had no option. I over-persuaded Laura, as my friends would have done me. I feel that sting: It was not doing as I would be done by. Very, very wicked in me! I dare say, you would tell me so, were you to find me out.

But, Chevalier, shall I fend you, yes, or no, this scrawl, written to divert me in a pensive mood? I would not, if I thought it would trouble you. God forbid that your pupil Clementina should give you discomposure, now especially in the early part of your nuptials! Yet if I could so manage, as that you would permit your fecretary (I would not ask the favour of your own pen) to fend a few lines to some particular place, where my servant could fetch them unknown to you or any-body, only to let me know if you have heard from Bologna, or Naples, or Florence (I was very ungrateful to good Mrs. Beaumont and the Ladies her Friends) and how they all do; my Father, Mother (my heart at times bleeds for them) my dear Jeronymo. my two other Brothers, and good Father Marescotti, and my Sister-in-law whom I have so much reason to love; it will be a great eafe to my heart; provided the account be not a very melancholy one: If it should, poor Clementina's days would be number'd upon twice five fingers.

I am put in a way—This shall be sent to your palace in town. You will order your secretary to direct his Letter, To George Trumbull, Esq; to be lest, till called for, at White's Chocolate-house in St. James's-street. I depend upon your honour, Chevalier, that you will acquiesce with my desire to remain incognita, till I shall consent to reveal to you the place of my abode, or to see you elsewhere. I sign

anly

LETTER XXI.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY GRANDISON:

Saturday, Feb. 17,

A LL day yesterday I was in pain that I heard not from Clementina. But I made myself as easy as I could in visiting my Sisters, and their Lords, and my Aunt Grandison. What blessings do they all pour forth on my Harriet? What compassion do they express for the dear sugitive! How do they long to see her!

Yesterday I received a Letter from her.

The copy of that to which her's is an answer; of hers; and of my reply; and her return to that; I inclose. You will read them to our friends in English.

You will find by the last of the four, that I am to be admitted to her presence. I would not miss a possion I should have delayed, till the interview be over, the sending this to my Harriet. Hope the best, my dearest Love. The purity of your heart, and of Clementina's, and the integrity of my own, if I know my heart, bids us humbly hope for a happy dissipation of the present cloud, which, hanging over the heads of a samily I revere, engages our compassion, and mingles sigh with our joys.

Adieu, my best, my dearest Love. Answer for me

to all my friends.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXII,

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA[Under Cover, to GEORGE TRUMBULL, E/q &c.]

St. James's Square, Wed. night, Feb. 14.

TEN days the noble Clementina in England, the native place of her fourth Brother, her equally admiring

admiring and faithful friend; yet not honour him with the knowledge of her arrival !—Forgive me, if I call you crael — It is in your power, madam, to make one of the happiest men in the world a very unhappy one; and you will effectually do it, if you keep from him the opportunity of throwing himself at your feet, and welcoming you to a country always dear to him, but which will be made still dearer by your arrival in it.

I have a Letter from your and my Jeronymo. have a great deal to fay to you of its contents; of your Father, Mother, Brothers-But it must be faid, not written. For God's fake, madam, permit me to attend you in company of one of my Sifters, or otherwise as you shall think best. You have in me a faithful, an indulgent friend. I am no severe man : Need I tell you that I am not? If you do not choose that any-body elfe shall know the place of your abode. · I will faithfully keep your secret. You shall be as much the miftress of your own will, of your own actions, as if knew I not where to address myself to If ever you had a kind thought of your fourth Brother, if you ever wished him happy, grant him the favour of attending you; for his happiness, I repeat, depends upon it.

I received our Jeronymo's Letter but on Monday.

Tender and affectionate are the contents.

I have ridden post, to get hither this night, in hopes of being favoured with intelligence of you. In the morning I should have made enquiries at the proper places: But little did I think my Sister could have been so many days in town. Let not an hour pass after this comes to your hand, before you relieve the anxious heart of,

Dearest Lady Clementina, Your most affectionate Brother, and faithful humble Servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LET-

mid such L EnTaT E R XXIII bas shiring

vice the knowledge of her arm of !-- Pergive me LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Friday Morning, February 16, O. S.

Received yours but this moment. What can I I fay to the contents? I wish to see you; but dare not. Your happiness, you say, depends upon an interview with me. Why do you tell me it does? I wish you happy. Yet, if you wished me so, you would have told me how my dear friends in Italy do. This omission was designed. It was not generous in the Chevalier Grandison. It was made to extert from me a favour, which you thought I should otherwise be unwilling to grant.

But can you forgive the rash Clementina? God is merciful as well as just. You imitate him. But how can Clementina, humbled as the is, be funk fo low, as to appear a delinquent, before the man the respects for a character which, great as the thought it before, has rifen upon her fince her arrival in England !

. But, Sir, can you, will you engage, that my friends will allow me to continue fingle? Can you answer, in particular, for the discontinuance of the Count of Belvedere's addresses? Can you procure forgiveness, not only for me, but my poor Laura? Will you take into your service, or recommend him effectually to that of fome one of your friends, in some manner that is not altogether servile, the honest youth who has behaved unexceptionably in mine? For he wishes not to return to Italy.

Answer me these sew easy and plain questions; and

you will hear further from

and totthful missla Navayant,

CHARLES GRANDISON

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXIV.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY CLEMENTINA.

[Under cover, directed as before.]

Friday-morn. Feb. 16.

TO the questions of dear Lady Clementina, I anfwer thus—I will endeavour to prevail upon your parents, and other friends, to leave you absolutely free to choose your own state, without using either compulsion or over-earnest persuasion.

Who, madam, can forbid the Count of Belvedere to hope? Leave him hope. If he has not the overearnest entreaties of your own relations to give weight to his addresses, it will be in your power to give him

either encouragement or despair.

I will engage for the joyful reconciliation to her of all the dear Clementina's friends. I am fure I can.

Laura shall be forgiven, and provided for by an an-inuity equal to her wages, if the continuance of her fervice be not accepted.

I will myself entertain your young man; and place

and reward him according to his merits.

And now, madam, admit to the honour of your presence,

Your Brother, your Friend, your ever-grateful and Affectionate bumble servant,

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXV.

LADY CLEMENTINA, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Saturday morning, Feb. 17.

I Depend upon your honour, Sir for the performance of the prescribed conditions: Yet on meditating my appearance before you, I am more and more ashamed to see you. It was a great disappointment to me at my first arrival, that you were at your country-seat.

feat. At that time my heart was full. I had much to fay, and I could have feen you then with more fortitude than now falls to my share. However, I will fee you. To-morrow, Sir, about five in the evening, you will find at one of the doors on the higher ground, on the left hand going up St. James's-street, from the Palace, as it is called, the expecting Laura, who will conduct you to

CLEMENTINA.

LETTER XXVI.

GIR CHARLES GRANDISON, TO LADY GRANDISON.

Monday, Feb. 19.

OU requested me, my dearest Harriet, to write minutely to you. Now I have been admitted to the presence of Clementina, and have hopes that she will soon recover her peace of mind, I can the more

chearfuly obey you.

I was exactly at the hour at the appointed place. Laura guessed at my chair, and my servants, as they crossed the way; and stood out on the pavement, that I might see her. When she sound she had caught my eye, she ran into the house wringing her clasped hands—God be praised! God be praised! were her words, as I followed her in, in her own language. Laura can speak no other. Shew me, Shew me, to your Lady, good Laura! said I, with emotion.

She ran up one pair of stairs before me. She entered the dining-room, as it is called. I stopt at the stairs head till I had Clementina's commands. Laura soon came out. She held open the door for me, cour-

tefying in filence!

The drawn window-curtains darkened the room:
But the dignity of Clementina's air and motion left
me not in doubt. She flood up, supporting herself on
the back of an elbow chair.

Taking

Taking the trembling hand; Welcome, thrice wel-

come to England, dearest Lady Clementina !

I pressed her hands with my lips; and seated her: For she trembled; she sobbed; she endeavoured to speak, but could not for some moments.

I called to Laura, fearing the was fainting.

O that well known voice! faid she. And do you, can you bid me welcome?—Me, a fugitive, an ingrate, undutiful!—O Chevalier, lower not your unfullied character, by approving so unnatural a step as that which I have taken!

I do bid you welcome, madam! Your Brother, your Friend, from his foul, welcomes you to England.

Let me know, Chevalier, before another word paffes, Whether I have a Father, whether I have a Mother?

Bleffed be God, madam, you have both.

She lifted up her clasped hands: Thank God! God, I thank thee! Distraction would have been my portion, if I had not! I was afraid to ask after them. I should have thought myself the most detestable of parricides, if either of them had been no more.

They are in the utmost distress for your safety. They will think themselves happy, when they know you are well, and in the protection of your Brother

Grandison.

Will they, Sir? O what a praradox! They so indulgent, yet so cruel—I, so dutiful, yet a sugitive! But tell me, Sir; determined as I was against entering into a state I too much honour to enter into it with a reluctant heart, could I take any other step than that I have taken, to free myself from the cruelty of persuasion? O that I might have been permitted to take the veil!—But answer my question, Chevalier.

Surely, madam, they would not have compelled you. They always declared to me they would not.

Not compelled me, Sir! Did not my Father kneel to me? My Mother's eyes spoke more than her lips Vol. VII.

could have uttered. The Bishop had influenced good Father Marescotti (against the interests of Religion, I had almost said) to oppose the wish of my heart. Jeronymo, your Jeronymo, gave into their measures: What refuge had I?-Our Giacomo was inexorable. I was to be met on my return from Florence to Bologna, by the Count of Belvedere, and all those of his house; the General was to be in his company: I had secret intelligence of all this: And I was to be received as an actual bride at Bologna, or made to promise I would be so within a few days after my arrival. My Sifter-in-law, my only advocate among my Italian friends, pitied me, it is true: But, for that reason, she was not to be allowed to come to Bologna. I was at other times denied to go to Urbino, to Rome, to Naples-Could I do otherwise than I have done, if I would avoid profaning a Sacrament?

My dearest Sister Clementina sometimes accuses herself of rashness, for taking a step so extraordinary. At this moment, does she not receive her Brother in darkness? Whence this sweet consciousness? But what is done is done. Your Conscience is a Law to you. If that accuse you, you will repent: If it acquit you, who shall condemn? Let us look forward, madam. I approve not of the vehemence of your friends persuasions. Yet what parents ever meant a child more indulgence; what Brothers, a Sister more disinterested

affection ?

I own, Sir, that my heart at times misgives me. But answer me this: Are you of opinion I ought, at the instance of my Parents, and Brothers, however affectionate, however indulgent in all other instances, to marry against inclination, against justice, against conscience?

Against any one of these you ought not.

Well, Sir, then I will endeavour to make myself easy as to this article. But will you undertake, Sir, (A woman wants a protector) to maintain this argument for me?

I will, madam; and shall hope for the more success, if you will promise to lay aside all thoughts of the veil.

Ah, Chevalier!

Will my dearest Sister answer me one question; Is it not your hope, that by resisting their wishes, you may tire out opposition, and at last bring your friends to consent to a measure, to which they have always been extremely averse?

Ah, Chevalier !- But if I could get them to con-

fent-

Dear madam! is not their reasoning the same—If they could get you to consent?

Ah, Chevalier!

May not this be a contention for months, for

years? And-

I know, Sir, your inference: You think that in a contention between parents and child, the child should yield. Is not that your inference?

Not against reason, against justice, against conscience. But there may be cases, in which neither ought to be

their own judge.

or wolled

Well, Sir, you that have yielded to a plea of confcience (God has bleffed you, and may God continue to blefs you, for it!

Admirable Clementina!

-Are fit to be a judge between us-You shall be

mine, if ever the debate be brought on.

No confideration, in that case, shall by ass me!— But may I not hope, that the dear Lady I stand before, will permit me to behold a person, whose mind I ever revered?

Laura, faid she, let the tea be got ready: I have been taught to drink tea, Sir, since my arrival. The gentlewoman of the house is very obliging. Permit me, Sir, to withdraw for a few moments.

She fighed as she went out, leaning upon Laura.

Laura returned soon after with lights. She set them.

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on the table; and giving way to a violent emotion. O Milord Grandison, said the poor girl, falling down, and embracing my knees; For the bleffed Virgin's sake, prevail on my Lady to return to dear, dear Bologna!

Have patience, Laura: All will be well.

I, the unhappy Laura, shall be the sacrifice. The General will kill me—O that I had never accompa-

nied my Lady in this expedition!

Have patience, Laura! If you have behaved well to your Lady, I will take you into my protection. Had you a good voyage? Was the master of the vestel, were his officers, obliging?

They were, Sir: or neither my Lady or I should have been now living. O Sir, we were in a dying way all the voyage; exept the three last days of it.

The master was the civillest of men.

I asked after her fellow-servant, naming him from Jeronymo's Letters. Gone out, was the answer, to buy some necessaries! O Sir, we live a sad life! Strangers to the language, to the customs of the country, all our dependence is upon this young man.

I asked her after the behaviour and character of the people of the house (a widow and her three daughters) that if I heard but an indifferent account of them, I might enforce by it my intended plea to get her to Lady L's. Laura spoke well of them. The Captain of the vessel who brought them over, is related to them, and recommended them, when he knew what part of the town her Lady chose.

What rifques did the poor Lady run! such different people as she had to dea, with, in the contrivance and profecution of her wild scheme; yet all to prove honest; how happy! Poor Lady! how ready was she to fly from what she apprehended to be the nearest evil! But she could not be in a capacity to weigh the

dangers to which the exposed herself.

Often and often, said Lauta, have I, on my knees, befought

befought my Lady to write to you. But she was not always well enough to resolve what to do; and when she was sedate, she would plead, that she was asraid to see you: You would be very angry with her: You would condemn her as a rash creature: And she could not bear your displeasure: She was conscious that the act she had done, bore a rash, and even romantic, appearance: Had you been in town, Antony should have made enquiries at distance, and she might have yielded to see you: But for several days her thoughts were not enough composed to write to you. At last, being impatient to hear of the health of her Father and Mother, she did write.

Why stays she so long from me, Laura? Attend your Lady, and tell her, that I beg the honour of her

presence.

Laura went to her. Her Lady presented herself with an air of bashful dignity. I met her at her entrance—My Sister, my Friend, my dearest Lady Clementina, kissing her hand, welcome, welcome, I repeat, to England. Behold your fourth Brother, your Protector: Honour me with your confidence: Acknowledge my protection. Your honour, your happiness, is dear to me as my life.

I led her trembling, tighing, but at the moment

I led her trembling, lighing, but at the moment fpeechless, to a seat; and sat down by her, holding both her hands in mine: She struggled for speech: Compose yourself, madam: Assure yourself of my tenderest regard, of my truest brotherly affection.

Generous Grandison! Can you forgive me? Can you from your heart bid me welcome? I will endeavour to compose myself. You told me I was conscious: Conscious indeed I am: The step I have taken has a disgraceful appearance: But yet will I not condemn, nor consent that you should, my motive.

I condemn not your motive, madam. All will, all must, be happy! Rely on my brotherly advice and protection. My Sisters, and their Lords, every one I G 3

love, admires you. You are come to families of lovers, who will think themselves honoured by your confidence.

You pour balm into the wounds of my mind. What is woman when difficulties furround her? When it was too late, and the ship that I embarked in was under fail, then began my terror: That took away from me all power of countermanding the orders I had given; till the winds that favoured my voyage, opposed my return. Then was I afraid to trust myfelf with my own reflections, left, if I give way to them, my former malady should find me out. But let me not make you unhappy. Yet permit me to observe, that when you mentioned the kind reception I might expect to meet with among your friends, you forbore to mention the principal person-What will she think of the poor Clementina? But be affured, and affure ber, That I would not have fet my foot on the English shore, had you not been married. O Chevalier! if I make you and her unhappy, no creature on earth can bate me so much as I shall hate myfelf.

Generous, noble Clementina! Your happiness is indeed essential to that of us both. My Harriet is another Clementina! You are another Harriet! Sifterexcellencies, I have called you to her, to all her relations. In the Letter you favoured me with, you wished to know her: You must know her; and I am fure you will love her. Your wishes that she would accept of my vows, were motives with her to make me happy. She knows our whole history. She is prepared to receive you as the dearest of her Sisters.

Generous Lady Grandison! I have heard her character. I congratulate you, Sir. You have reason to think, that I should have been grieved, had you not met with a woman who deserved you. To know you are happy in a wife, and think yourfelf fo, that no blame lies upon me for declining your addresses,

will

will contribute more than I can express, to my peace of mind. When I have more courage, and my heart is eased of some part of its anguish, you shall present me to her. Tell her, mean time, that I will love her; and that I shall hold myself everlastingly bound to her in gratitude, for making happy the man, whom once, but for a superior motive, I had the vanity to think I could have made so.

She turned away her glowing face, tears on her cheek. My admiration of her greatness of mind, so similar to that of my own Harriet, would not allow me to pour out my heart in words. I rose; and takeing both her hands, bowed upon them. Tears more plentifully flowed from her averted eyes; and we were

both for one moment speechless.

It would be injurious to a mind equally great and noble as that which informs the person of this your Sister-excellence, to offer to apologize for faithfully relating to you those tender emotions of hearts, one of them not less pure than my Harriet's; the other all

your own.

I broke silence, and urged her to accept of apartments at Lady L's. Let me acquaint the gentle-woman of the house, I beseech you, madam, that to-morrow morning the Sister I have named, and I, will attend you to her house. We will thank her for you, as you have almost forgotten your English, for the civilities which she and her daughters have shewn you: And I will make it my business to find out the honest Captain, who, Laura tells me, has been very civil to you also, and thank him too in the names of all our common friends, for his care of you.

I will think myself honoured, now you have encouraged me to look up, by a visit from either or both your Sisters. But let me advise with you, Sir: Is the kind offer you make me, a proper offer for me to accept of? I shall be ready to take your advice— Little regard as I may seem, by the step I have taken.

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to have had for my own honour; I would avoid, if possible, suffering a first error to draw me into a second. Do you, Sir, as my Brother and friend, take care of that honour, in every step you shall advise me to take.

Your honour, madam, shall be my first care. I sincerely think this is the rightest measure you can

now purfue.

Now purfue !- fighing.

This argument admitted of a short debate. She was scrupulous from motives too narrow for a Clementina to mention. I made her blush for mentioning them; and, in a word, had the happiness to convince her, that the protection of the Sister of her fourth Brother was the most proper she could choose.

I went down, and talked to the gentlewomen be-

low.

I requested them to make my compliments to Captain Henderson, and desire him to give me an opportunity to thank him in person for his civility to a lady beloved by all who have the honour of knowing her.

I went up again to the Lady; and fat with her most

of the evening, Laura only attending us.

I talked to Clementina of Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies of Florence; and intimated, that her Mother had prevailed on that Lady to come to England, in hopes, as she is an English woman, that her company would be highly acceptable to her. She blessed her Mother. What an instance of forgiving goodness was this! she said, with tears of gratitude; and blessed Mrs. Beaumont for her goodness to her; and the Ladies at Florence for parting with one so dear to them.

I was happy throughout this latter conversation in her ferenity; not one instance of wandering did I ob-

ferve.

I chose not, however, so early, to acquaint her with

with the intention of the dearest and nearest of her friends, to come over with Mrs. Beaumont; tho' I expressed my earnest hope, that if we could make England agreeable to her, I should have the honour of the promised visit from some of the principals of her family, before the left it.

This, my dearest life, is a minute account of our interview. One of the greatest pleasures I can know, is to obey the gentle, the generous commands of my Harriet.

This morning I attended Lady L. to breakfast with the excellent Lady, as proposed. My Sister and her Lord are charmed with their guest : Their guest the is: And Lady Clementina is as much pleased with them. She is every hour more and more fenfible of the dangers she has run; and censures herself very freely for the raft step, as she calls it herself.

She longs, yet is ashamed to see you, my dearest life; and liftens with delight to the praifes my Lord

and Lady L. fo justly give to my Harriet.

Monday afternoon.

THAVE introduced Lord and Lady G. to Lady Clementina, at her own request; being assured, she faid, that the place of her refuge would be kept fecret by all my friends. Both Sisters occasionally joining in praising my angel: How happy, said she, are those marriages which give as much joy to the relations on both fides as to the parties themselves?

Adieu! my dearest Love. With the tenderest af-

fection I am, and ever will be,

and advisor built is received in a fact.

Your most faithful and obliged

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVII.

SE CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Thursday, Feb. 22.

W E are as happy here, as we can expect to be; Lady Clementina in her state of suspense and

apprehension; I without my Harriet.

, You hinted to me once, my Love, something of our Beauchamp's regard for Emily. He just now, after more hefitations than I expected from my friend. opened his heart to me, and asked me to countenance his addresses to her. I chid him for his hesitationand them faid, Is my Beauchamp in his proposition fo right as he generally is?-Emily, tho' tall and womanly, is very young. I am not a friend to very early marriages. You know as well as any man, my dear friend, the reason that may be urged against such. Methinks I would give Emily an opportunity, as well for her husband's fake, whoever shall be the man, as for her own, to look round her, and make her own choice. The merit of Sir Edward Beauchamp. his personal accomplishments, and character, to say nothing of his now ample fortune, must make his addresses to any woman acceptable. You would not. I presume think of marrying her, if you might, till the is eighteen or twenty: And would my Beauchamp fetter himself, by engagements to a girl; and leave ber, who at present can hardly give him the preference he deserves, no chance of choosing for herself when at woman's estate?

He waved the discourse: and lest me without refuming it. I am grieved on recollection; for I am afraid he is not satisfied with me, for what I said.

My dearest Lise, you must advise me. I will not take any important step, whether relative to myself or friends, but by your advice, and if you please, Dr. Bartlett's. Whenever heretofore I have had time to

I stood upon. His has been of infinite service to me, as you have heard me often acknowledge. Yours and his will establish his judgment in every case: But in this of Emily's, yours, my dear, for obvious reasons, I must prefer even to bis. In the mean time I will seek Beauchamp. He shall not be angry with his Grandison!—But, good young man! Can it be, that he is really in love with such a girl as to years?

This I dare fay; Beauchamp's principal regard cannot be to her fortune: His estate is unincumbered. I should think myself, as well as Emily, happy, and that I had performed all my duty by her, were I to marry her to such a man. But, methinks I want him to be fooner married, than I could wish my Emily to be a wife. I think you told me, that Emily at present has no thoughts of him—But you, my dear, must advise me.

Thursday afternoon.

SIR Edward has just left me. He hoped I would excuse him he said, for having mentioned the above subject to me: It is at present in your power, Sir Charles said he, to silence me upon it for ever. It might not have been so some time hence, I thought, therefore, on examining the state of my heart, it was but honourable to open it to you. Forbid me this moment to think of her, and I will endeavour to obey her Guardian.

My dear friend! You know Emily's age-Would

you willingly-I flopt that he might fpeak.

Stay for her? I would, Sir Charles, till you and she—He paused—Then resuming: My Love for her is not an interested Love. I would, if I might have your permission to make my addresses to her (and that should be by honest assiduities, before declaration) be wholly determined by your advice for the good of both. I would make your conduct to Lady G 6

Clementina, when you last went over my pattern. I would be bound, she should be free. I never would be so mean as to endeavour to engage her by promises to me. My pride will set her free, whenever I perceive she balances in favour of another man.

But what, my excellent friend, shall we do? Can you condescend to court two women, Emily so young,

for her distant consent.

What means Sir Charles Grandison?

I will read to you, without referve, what I had just written to my Harriet, on this topic; reciting to her what passed in the conversation between you and me,

a little while ago.

I read to him accordingly, what I wrote to you. He heard me with great attention, not interrupting me once (nor did I interrupt myself; no not by apologies for the freedom of my thoughts on the subject.). And when I had done, he wrung my hand, and thanked me for my unreservedness, in terms worthy

of our mutual friendship.

You see, my dear Sir Edward, said I, how I am circumstanced: What I have promised to my wife, is a law to me, prudence and after-events, not controuling. She loves Emily: She has a high regard for you. Women know women. Go hand in hand with her. I will fave you the trouble of referring to me, in the progress of your application to my wife and Emily. My Harriet will acquaint me with what is necessary for me, as Emily's Guardian, to know. I build on your hint of affiduiries, in preference to an early declaration. You, my Beauchamp, need not be afiaid of giving time to a young creature to look round her. Let me add, that Emily shall give signs of preferring you to all men, as I expect from you demonstrations of your preferring her to all women; or I shall make a difficulty, for both your fakes, of giving a Guardian's confent: And remember also, that Emily has a Mother; who, the' fhe has not greatly merited coninderation. -mamal J

sideration, is her mother. We must do our duty, you know, my Beauchamp, in the common relations of life, whether others do theirs or not. But the address of a man of your credit and consequence cannot give you any difficulty there, when that of Miss Jervois's tender years is got over.

He was pleased with what I said. I asked him, Is he approved of her motion to go down with Mrs. Selby and Lucy? Highly, he said; and as it came from herself, he thought it an instance of prudence in her, that sew young creatures would have been able to shew.

Instance of prudence! my Love! How so! When, wise as our Northamptonshire relations are, Emily would have wanted no benefit that her choice can give her, were she to remain with us, in the instructions and example of my Harriet.—But, my dear Life, does Emily hold her mind to attend Mrs. Selby and Lucy into Northamptonshire? Let it be with her whole heart.

My cousin Grandison believes himself to be very happy. His wife, he fays, thinks herfelf the happiest of women. I am glad of it. She has a greater opinion of his understanding than she has of her own: This feems to be necessary to the happiness of common minds in wedlock. He is gay, fluttering, debonnaire; and the thinks those qualities appendages of family. He has presented her with a genealogical table of his ancestors, drawn up and blazoned by heraldry art. It is framed, glazed, and hung up in her drawingroom. She shews it to every one. Perhaps she thinks it necessary to apologize, by that means, to all her vifitors, for bestowing her person and fortune on a ruined man. But what, in a nation, the glory and strength of which are trade and commerce, is gentility? What even nobility, where descendants depart from the virtue of the first ennobling ancestor?

Lord and Lady G. have invited Lady Clementina to dinner to morrow. She has had the goodness to

TOO III

accept of the invitation. Lord and Lady L. and my

Aunt Grandison, will attend her.

What, my dear, makes Charlotte so impatient (so petulent I had almost said) under a circumstance which, if attended with a happy iffue, will lay all us, her friends, under obligation to her? I asked once my Harriet, if Lord G, were as happy in a wife as Charlotte is in a husband? You returned me not a direct answer. I was afraid of repeating my question. because I knew you would have chearfully answered it, could you have done it to my wishes. I see in my Lord's behaviour to her, respect and affection even to fondness; but not the polite familiarity that becomes a wedded Love. Let her present circumstance be happily over, and the will find her Brother's eye as more observant one, than hitherto she has found it. . But be not, my dear, over-folicitous for the friend you fo greatly value : True brotherly love shall ever hold the principal feat in my heart, when I fit in judgment upon a Sister's conduct.

My fond heart throbs in expectation of foon prefenting a Sister to each of the two noblest women on earth. Allow for the perplexity of Clementina's mind; and for the impolitic urgency of her friends; and you will not, when you see her, scruple to hold out to a Sister-excellence, not happily situated, the

hand that bleffed

DING YOUR LEADING TO FIRST HELD

Your ever-faithful.

CH. GRANDISON.

LETTER XXVIII.

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON. In Continuation;

Saturday, Feb. 24.

THE arrival of the Leghann frigate is every day expected. The Merchants have intelligence, that it put into Antibes. If the journey by land from thence

thence to Paris, and so to Calais, could be made favourable to my dear friend Jeronymo, I have no doubt but our respected friends landed there, at this season of the year, so unpropitious to tender pas-

sengers.

The house in Grosvenor-square is now, thanks to good Lord G. quite ready for their reception. There will be room, I believe, as they propose to be here incognito, and with only necessary attendants, for the Marquis and his Lady, for Mrs. Beaumont (who will be both their comforter and interpreter) for the two Brothers, and Father Marescotti. Saunders has already procured handsome lodgings for the Count of Belvedere. I wish with you, my Love, that the Count were not to accompany them. The poor Lady must not know it, if it can be avoided. The two young Lords, whom I invited when I was in Italy, must be more immediately our own guests, if my dearest Life has no objection.

Assure yourself, my generous Harriet, that the Lady shall not be either compelled, or too urgently persuaded, if I have weight with the samily when they arrive. They shall not know where she is, nor see her, but by her own consent, and as I see their disposition to receive her as I wish. Excellent creature! what a noble solicitude is yours for her tranquillity of

mind!

I have not yet been able to break to her the daily expectation I have of feeing in England her parents and brothers: Yet am uneasy, that she knows it not. I want courage, my Harriet, to acquaint her with it. I have more than once essayed to do it. Dear creature! she looks with so much innocence, and so much reliance upon me; and is, at times, so apprehensive!—I know not how to break it to her.

She depends upon my mediation. She urges me to begin a treaty of reconciliation with them. I defer writing, I tell her, till I have feen Mrs. Beaumont.

Little

Little does she think they are upon their journey, and that I know not where to direct to them. She longs for Mrs. Beaumont's arrival; and hopes, she says, she will bring with her the poor Camilla, that the may have an opportunity to obtain her excuse for the harsh treatment she gave her. And yet Camilla,

faid she, was a teazing woman.

Were you ever sensible, my Harriet, of the tender pain that an open heart (yours is an open and an enlarged one) seels; longing, yet, for its friend's sake, as a fraid to reveal unwelcome tidings, which, however, it imports the concerned to know? How loth to disturb the tranquillity which is built upon ignorance of the event! Yet that very tranquillity (contemplated upon) adding to the pain of the compassionating friend; who resects, that when the unhappy news shall be revealed, Time, and Christian philosophy, only, will ever restore it to the heart of the sufferer!

Lord and Lady L. are endeavouring to divert their too thoughtful guest, by carrying her to see what they think will either entertain or amuse her. To-mortow (Lady L. contributing to the dear Lady's proper appearance there) they purpose to attend her to the drawing-room. But hitherto she seems not to have a very high opinion of the country. If her heart could be easy, every-thing would have a different appearance.

to her.

I HAVE this moment the favour of yours of yester-day. If your kind friends will stay no longer with you at the Hall, do you, my dearest Love, as you propose, accompany them up. They are extremely obliging in proposing to give me here two or three days of their company, before they return to North-amptonshire.

My consent, my Harriet!—Why, if you have a choice of your own, do you ask it? I must approve of whatever you wish to do. Could I have been certain,

tain, I would have met my Love. But you will have

many dear friends with you.

Tell my Emily, that I have had a visit from her Mother and Mr. O-Hara; and was so much pleased with them, that I propose on Monday to return their

visit at their own lodgings.

Now I know I am to be foon blessed with the prefence of my Harriet, I have given way to all my wishes: One of them is, never to be separated from the joy of my heart. Such, I trust, will she ever be, to

Her grateful, ever faithful,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXIX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

London, Friday, March 2.

AGAIN, my ever-honoured Grandmamma, does your Harriet resume the pen. Lucy and my Aunt, between them, have given you an account of every-thing that passed since my last.

We arrived last night. With what tenderness did the best of men, and of husbands, receive his Harriet,

and her friends!

This afternoon at tea, I am to be presented to Lady Clementina at Lord L's. Don't you believe my heart throbs with expectation? Indeed it does. Sir Charles says, her emotions are as great on the occasion.

What honour does my dear Sir Charles do to his Harriet! He consults her, as if he doubted his own judgment, and wanted to have it confirmed by hers. What happiness is hers, who marries a good man! Such a one will do obliging things for principle's sake: He will pity involuntary failings: He will do justice to good

good intentions, and give importance to all his fellowcreatures, because he knows they and he are equally creatures of the Almighty. What woman, who thinks, but will prefer a good man to all others, however diffinguished by rank, fortune, or person? But my Sir Charles is a good man, and diffinguished by all those advantages. What a creature should I be, blessed with a husband of a heart so faithful, and so wellprincipled, if I were not able to let my love and compassion flow to a Clementina, tho' once (and indeed for that very reason) the only beloved of his heart!-Why are not real calls made upon me, to convince fuch a man, that I have a mind emulative of his own, at least of Clementina's? The woman who, from motives of Religion, having the heart of a Sir Charles Grandison in her hand, loving him above all earthly creatures, and all her friends confenting, could refuse him her vows, must be, in that act, the greatest, the most magnanimous, of women. But could the noble Lady have thus acted, my dear Grandmamma, had the not been stimulated by that glorious Enthusiasm, of which her disturbed imagination had shewn some previous tokens; and which, rightly directed, has heretofore given the palm of martyrdom to Saints?

We have just now been welcomed to town by Sir Edward Beauchamp. Sir Charles, on presenting him to me, thus expressed himself: You remember, my dearest Life, what I wrote to you of the last part of the conversation between Sir Edward and me, in relation to my Emily. Your prudence, my Harriet, and love of the good girl; your discretion and generosity, Sir Edward; will join you together as counsellors and advisers of your Grandison. My Wife and my Friend cannot err in this instance, because you will both consider what belongs to the characters of a Guardian, and a ward so beloved by you both; and, if you doubt, have Dr. Bartlett at hand.

My Uncle, Aunt, and Lucy, are determined to set out next Wednesday for Northamptonshire. Sir Edward desired to know of Sir Charles, If he had any objection to his attending them down? None at all, surely, was Sir Charles's answer.

Mr. Dean accompanies them, in order to adjust fome matters at Peterborough, preparative to the favour he does of fettling with us, or near us, for the remainder of his days. May that remainder be long

and happy!

Sir Charles asked Emily just now, If she held her mind, as to going down? Indeed she did, she said: Her heart was in it; and she would go that instant to acquaint her Mother with her intention, and to buy some things preparatory to her journey: She would take it for a great favour, she told Lucy, if she would

go with her on both occasions.

Lucy has made to herself a great interest in Emily's heart. They are both sure they shall be happy in each other. My Aunt loves her: So does my Uncle, Who does not? I am sure you will, my dear Grandmamma, and pitty her too. Dear pretty soul! She costs me now-and-then a tear. But had I not been in her way, it would have been worse. She could have no hope. I am sure she knows she could not. But what a sad gradation is there in that Love, which, tho' begun in a hopelesness of succeeding, rises by self-stattery, to possibility, then to a probability, to hope; and, sinking again to hopelesness, ends in despair!—But how cooly I write on, for one who is by-and-by to see a Clementina.

I AM waiting Sir Charles's kind leifure to carry me to Lady L's. He has Mr. Lowther with him just now; who, however, finding us engaged, will not stay.

Sir Charles approved my dress, as he passed by me to go to Mr. Lowther in the Study. He fnatched my hand, and pressed it with his lips: My ever lovely,

my ever-considerate Harriet, you want no ornaments: But I was sure you would not give yourself any but those that slowed from a compassionate and generous heart, when you were to visit a Lady who at present is not in happy circumstances; yet is intitled by merit, as well as rank, to be in the happiest.

My Aunt and Lucy long for my return, to have an account of the Lady, and what passes between us. How my heart—What is the matter with my heart?

LETTER XXX.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Saturday, March 3.

ADY Clementina, my dearest Grandmamma, must not, shall not, be compelled. If I admired, if I loved her before, now that I have feen her, that I have conversed with her, I love, I admire her, if possible, ten times more. She is really in her per-fon, a lovely woman, of middle stature; extremely genteel: An air of dignity, even of grandeur, appears in her aspect, and in all the says and does : Her complexion is fine without art: Indeed the is a lovely woman! She has the finest black eye, hair, eyebrows of the same colour, I ever saw; yet has sometimes a wildish cast with her eye, sometimes a languor, that, when one knows her story, reminds one that her head has been disturbed. Why, taking advantage of her Sex, is such a person to be controuled, and treated as if the were not to have a will; when the has an understanding, perhaps, superior to that of either of her wilful Brothers? .

When we alighted at Lady L's, I begged Sir Charles to conduct me into any apartment but that were she was. I sat down on the first seat. Lady L, hastened to me—My dearest Sister, you seem disordered—

Fie!-Lady Grandison, and want spirits?

Sim

Sir Charles (not observing my emotion) had lest me? and went to attend Lady Clementina. She, it seems, was in some disorder. My Harriet (said he to her, as he told me afterwards) attends the commands of his Sister-excellence.

Call be not Excellence! Call me not her Sifter! Am I not a fugitive in her eye, in every-body's eye?—I think, Chevalier, I cannot see her. She will look down upon me. I think I am as much afraid to see her, as I was at first to see you. Is there severity in her virtue?

She is all goodness, all sweetness, madam. Did I not tell you, that she is the Clementina of England?

Well, Sir, you are very good. Don't let me be unpolite. I am but a guest in this hospitable house—Else would I have attended her at the first door. Is she not Lady Grancison? Happy, happy woman!

Tears were in her eyes. She turned away to hide them. Then flepping forward; I am now prepared

to receive her: Pray, Sir, introduce me.

She is not without her emotions, madam—She is preparing herself to see you. Love, compassion, for Lady Clementina, fills her bosom—I will present her to you.

Lady L. went to her. Sir Charles came to me.— My dearest Love, why this concern? You will see a woman you cannot sear but must love. She has been in the like agitations—Favour me with your hand.

No, Sir-That would be to infult her.

My dearest Life! forget not your own dignity [I started]; nor give me too much consequence with a Lady, who, like yourself, is all Soul. I glory in my wife: I cannot desert myself.

I was a little awed at the time; fearing he was displeased; but the moment I got home, and was alone with him, I acknowledged his goodness and greatness,

both in one.

He led me in. Lady L. only (at Sir Charles's request, for both our fakes) was present. The noble Lady

Lady approached me. I hastened to meet her, with trembling seet. Sir Charles, kissing a hand of each, joined them together. Sister-excellencies. I have often called you! Dearest of women, love each other, as I admire you both.

She tenderly saluted me: Receive, O receive to your Love, to your friendship, a poor desolate! Till within these sew days, a desolate indeed! a sugitive! a rebellious! an ingrate to the best of

parents!

visi.

I embrace her—Mistaken parents, I have called them, madam—I have pitied them; but most I have pitied you—Honour me with you sisterly Love. This best of men had before given me two Sisters. Let us be four.

Be it so, my dear Lady L. said Sir Charles, bringing her to us: And, classing his arms about the three; you answer for the absent Charlotte and yourself; a

fourfold cord that shall never be broken.

Sir Charles led us to one settee, again putting a hand of each together, and sitting down over-against us; Lady L. on the other hand of him. We were both silent for a few moments, each struggling with her tears.

My Harriet, madam, said Sir Charles, as I have told you, knows your whole story. You two are of long acquaintance. Your minds are kindred minds, Your griefs are hers: Your pleasures she will rejoice in as her own.—My Harriet, you now see, you now know by person, the admirable Clementina, whose magnanimity, you so much admired, whose Character, you have so often said, is the first among women.

We both wept. But her tears seemed tears of kindness and esteem. I put the hand which was not in hers, on her arm. I wanted courage; my reverence for her would not allow me to be so free, or it had again embraced the too conscious Lady. Believe me, madam (excuse my broken Italian) I have ever re-

vered

vered you. I have faid often, very often, that your happiness, happy as I am, is necessary to complete

mine, as well as Sir Charles Grandison's.

This goodness to me, a fugitive, an alien to your country; not a lover of your religion! O Lady Grandison, you must be as much all I have heard of you, in your mind as I see you are in your person. Receive my thanks for making happy the man I wished to be the happiest of men; for well does he deserve to be made so. We were Brother and Sister, madam, before he knew you. Let me be his Sister still, and let me be yours.

Kindred minds, Sir Charles Grandison calls ours, madam. He does me honour. May I, on further knowledge appear to as much advantage in your eye, as you, from what I know of you, do in mine; and

I shall be a very happy creature!

Then you will be happy. I was prepared to love you. I love you already, methinks, with a passion that wants not further knowledge of your goodness to augment it. But can you, madam, look upon me with a true sisterly eye? Can you pity me for the step I have taken, so seemingly derogatory to my glory? Can you believe me unhappy, but not wicked, for taking it? O madam! my reason has been disturbed; Do you know that?—You must attribute to that, some of my preversenesses.

Heaven, dearest Lady Clementina, only knows how many tears your calamity has cost me: In the most arduous cases, I have preferred your happiness to my own. You shall know all of me, and of my heart. Not a secret of it, tho yet uncommunicated to this dearest of men, will I conceal from you. I hope we shall be true Eisters, and true Friends, to the

end of our lives.

My noble Harriet! faid the generous man—Frankness of heart, my dear Clementina, is her characteristic. She means all the fays; and will perform more than than she promises. I need not tell you, my Love, what our Clementina is: You know her to be the noblest of women: Give her the promised proofs of your confidence in her; and, whatever they be, they must draw close the knot which never will be untied.

Already, thus encouraged, said the noble Lady, let me apply to you, madam, to strengthen for me the interest I presume to have in the friendship of Sir Charles Grandison. Let me not, Sir, let me not, I entreat you all three, be compelled to give my vows to any man in marriage. All of you promise me; and I shall with more delight look before me, than for a long, long time past, I thought would fall to my lot.

You, madam, must concede a little, perhaps: Your parents must a little relax. Their reason, if you will not be too unconceding, shall not, if I am referred to, be mine, unless it is reason in every other impartial judgment. Would to heaven they were at hand to

be consulted!

What a wish! Then you would give me up! You are a good man: Will a good man resist the authority of parents in favour of a run-away child? Dear, dear madam, clasping her arms about me, prevail upon your Chevalier Grandison to protect me; to plead for me: He can deny you nothing: He will then protect me, tho' my Father, my Mother, my Brothers, should all join to demand me of him.

My dear Lady Clementina, said I, you may depend on your own interest with Sir Charles Grandison. He has your happiness at heart, and will have, as much

as I wish him to have, mine.

Generous, noble, good Lady Grandison! how I admire you! May the Almighty shower upon you his choicest blessings! if you allow me an interest in his services, I demand it of you, Chevalier.

Demand it, expect it, be affured of it, my dear Lady Clementina. I want to talk with you upon your expectations,

pectations, your wishes. As much as is practicable, whatever they are, they shall be mine.

Well, Sir, when then shall we talk?-To-morrow

will be too foon for my spirits.

Do my Harriet then the honour of passing the day on Monday with her. The dear friends we have for our guests will choose to pass it with Lord and Lady G.—Yourself, Lady L. my Harriet, and I, will be all the company: You shall declare your pleasure, and that shall be a law to me. At present, this affecting interview has discomposed us all; and we will retire.

Kindly considered! said she: You are in England what you were in Italy—I am discomposed. I have discomposed you madam; to me. I was born to give trouble to my friends. Forgive me! I once was happy—I may hope, madam, to Lady L. your supporting presence at your Brother's on Monday?

Lady L. bowed her affent. She understands Italian,

but speaks it not.

The Lady stood up, yet trembling. I will withdraw, Ladies, Sir, if you please. My head seems as if bound round by a tight cord (putting her hand to her forehead). Then clasping her arms round me, thus in a high strain spoke she—Angel of a woman, gracious as the blessed Virgin Mother, benign, all that is good and great, I attend you on Monday, Adieu!

She kissed my cheek, I clasped my arms about her. Revered Lady Clementina!—I could say no more. Tears, and tenderness of accent, interrupted my speech. Lady L. conducted her to her own apartment, and

left her to her Laura.

We fat down, admiring, praising her. Dear Sir, faid I, taking Sir Charles's hand, Lady Clementina must not be persuaded. Persuasion is compulsion. Why comes over the Count of Belvedere? If she knows it, I will not answer for her right mind.

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My Uncleand Aunt, Lacy, Emily, were very curious after particulars, when we came home, as we

bir, when then thall we tal

did, to supper.

Sir Charles left it to Lady L. to manage with Lady G. who, he knew, expected a day of our beloved guests; and he himself apologized to them for the freedom he had taken of so disposing of them. They had the goodness to thank him for his freedom. They long, however, to see the admirable Lady, who could remounce the man of her choice from religious motives, yet love him still; say to him for protection, yet be able to congratulate him on his marriage, and love his wife. She is great indeed! said my Aunt,—Lucy praised my generosity—But what is that which is called generosity in me, who am in full possession of all my wishes, to that of Clementina?

Join, my dear Grandmamma, in prayers for her happiness; the rather, as in it, from true affection, is

included that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXI.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Monday, March 5,

ADY L. and Lady Clementina came just as we

were preparing for breakfast.

Lady L. had given her fuch an account of my friends, that the was defirous to fee them, and, as the was pleased to fay, to be speak their favour to the poor, sugitive. After the first falutations, she addressed my Aunt Selby in French, being told that she spoke not Italian: You are happy, madam, said she, in a Niece, who may challenge the world to shew her equal; and still more happy in her being blessed with such a husband. Merit is not always so well rewarded—My Aunt was struck with the manner as well as with the words.

She made a very pretty compliment to my Uncle; who, having forgot his French, could only bow, and feem pleafed, at the state of account that and the

When Lucy was presented to her, as my Uncle's Niece, and my favourite correspondent, You must not, mademoiselle, said she, be angry with me, if I envy you. " said seed bisso soy it is abstract with the

To Emily, Happy young Lady I faid she, I have heard of you in Italy. Mrs. Beaumont spoke honourably of you to me, more than once. We both

called you happy in fuch a guardian.

I hope, my dear Grandmamma, you don't think I forget my Coulins Reeves's, though I mentioned them not before. I have already called in upon them twice: And they have, with the kind freedom of relations. dropt in upon us feveral times. They are invited to Lord G's. I won't fay Lady G's, though every-body elfe does. contrae that said dim motton at and

This is what I stole time to write, while Sir Charles is engaged in discourse with the Lady; and our guests are preparing to be gone to Lord G's. Lady G. requefting my Aunt's company early. She is the verieft coward! Thefe brave spirits, she has faid, are but flash. Indeed the very delicate, as well as very ferious, and even folemn circumstances, which attend her case, must make the liveliest woman, when the time approaches, think !- The enclosed note of her to my Aunt, brought late last night, is, however, in her ufual file: "141 up her valueumand all u san vel

TOU and Lucy must be here early to-morrow morning.

What wretched fimpletons are we women! Daughters of gew-gaw, folly, oftentation, trifle |- First, we fhew our forry fellow, when not disapproved, to our friends and relations; and take all their judgments apon him. If he has their opinion in his favour.

H 2

every-body, be he what he will, will praise him; and give him riches, sense, ancestry, and I cannor tell what of qualities that perhaps we shall never find out. Then we shew our presents, our jewels, our laces; and a smile spreads the mouth, and a sparkle gladdens the eye, of every maiden that hangs admiring over them. Ah filly maidens! if you could look three yards from your noses, you would pity, instead of envying, the milk-white heifer dressed in ribbands, and just ready to be led to sacrifice.

Well, then, what comes next? Why, the poor foul, in a few months, by the time perhaps her gratulatory visits are half paid her, begins to find apprehension take place of security. Then is she and all her virgins employed in the wretchedest trisses—If I thought you had forgot them, I would give you a list of them—And the poor fools, wrapping up their jewels in cotton, with sighs that perhaps they have worn them for the last time, and doubtful whom they may next adorn, cover the decked-out-milk-white bed with their baby-things. See here! and, See here! and, What is the use of this, and of that? asks the curious, and perhaps too searless maiden. "Why, this is for—" and, That is for—" answer the matrons who have passed the Rubicon.

And to this is your Charlotte reduced!—Aunt Selby, Lucy, come early, that I may shew you my babythings!—O dear! O dear! —and that you
may be able to testify, that I had no design to overlay the little Marmouset. Adieu till ten to-morrow
morning.

C. G.

The moment our company were gone, Sir Charles came to me; and leading me into my drawing-room, where the Lady was, Comfort, my Love, faid he, your Sifter.

to him the has their equipment for the party of

2 × 579 : 1 = 6

I haffened to her (poor Lady! she was in tears, and even fobbing); and clasping my arms about her, Be comforted, be confoled, my dearest Lady Clementina. mentaal lastic was and be along a steering

O madam! my Father, my Mother, my Jeronymo, are every day expected; who befide, I know not; How shall I look my Father, my Mother, in the face literary who damaged to be best by the passe who is

Sir Charles withdrew. He was troubled for her.

He fent in Lady L. In the state to the state of the

Your dear friend, madam, faid I, and my dear friend, will protect you. Your Father and Mother would not have had the thoughts of taking so long and troublesome a voyage, had they not resolved to do every-thing in their power to restore you to peace, But confide in me test and frie method bas

So the Chevalier tells me.

At this time of the year, madam, fuch a voyage! Your Mamma fo tender in her health! Such a diflike to the fea! Her whole motive is tenderness and Love. She prefers your health, your tranquillity, to her own.

And is not this confideration enough to digress a grateful spirit?-Unworthy Clementina ! To every relation, in every action, of late unworthy! What trouble haft thou given thy parents! I cannot cannot bear to fee them !- O my Lady Grandison, I was ever a perverse creature! Whatever I fet my heart upon, I was uneasy, till I had compassed it. My pride, and my perverieness, have cost me dear. But of late I have been more perverse than ever. My heart ran upon coming to England. I could think of nothing till I came. I have tried that experiment, I am fick of it. I do nor like England, now, I ice I cannot be unmolested here. But my favourite for years, was another project. That filled my mind. and helped me to make the facrifice I did .- And here I am come to almost the only country in Europea which could render my darling with impracticable, H 3 icol)

Why went I not to France? I had with me fufficient to have obtained my admission into any order of nuns: And had I been once professed!—I will get away still, I think. Befriend me, my Sister! I cannot, I cannot.

fee my Mother !

Sir Charles came in just then. I heard what you last said, madam, said he: Compose yourself, I befeech you. I dreaded to acquaint you with the expected arrival of your parents. But are they not the most indulgent of parents? You have nothing, you shall have nothing to fear, and you will have everything to hope, from their presence.

Will you engage for their allowing of a divine dedi-

eation, Sir? Will you plead that cause for me?

I cannot fay, what will, what can be done, till I fee them. But confide in my zeal to ferve you, madam, Lord L's, house, I repeat, shall be your asylum, till you shall consent to see them. I cannot be guilty of a prevarication: I will own to them, that I know where you are; but, till you give leave, you shall be as much concealed from their knowledge, as if you were still at your first lodgings, and I myself ignorant of your abode.

A man of honour, said the, her hands listed up, is more valuable to a woman in trouble, than all the riches of the East! But tell me now, tell me upon your never-forfeited honour, whom besides my Fasther, Mother, and your Jeronymo, do you expect?

My Lord the Bifhop, madam-

Oh! Oh! faid the, clapping her hands together, with an inimitable grace and eagernes—I am afraid—
But whom else?

The good man! will he think it worth his while— But for my Father and Mother's fake he will—Whom elfe?

Mrs. Beaumont, madam, never intended to fet her foot on English ground again: But she has broken thro' her resolution, to oblige your Mother.

Good

Good Mrs. Beaumont!—But I am half afraid of her. Well, Sir.

Camilla, your poor Camilla, madam.

Poor Camilla! I used her hardly: But teazing never yet did good with me. Remember, Sir, they are not to know where I am. Your house, madam, to Lady L. is to be my asylum.—Then seeing me assected, Gentlest of human hearts, said she, what right have I thus to pain you? Well, Sir, drying her eyes, with looks too earnest for her health of mind; tell me, is any-body else expected?

Your Coufins Sebastiano and Juliano, madam; but

not the General.

Thank Heaven for that !- I love my Brother Giacomo: But he is fo determined a man! His own Lady

only can foften his heart.

Sir Charles, by his admirable address, made her tolerably easy by dinner-time, on the subject of her friends expected arrival: And she once owned, that she should be transported with joy to see her Father, Mother, and Jeronymo, could she assure herself that the could see them with forgiveness in their counternances.

Sir Charles would only be attended at table by Saunders, whom the had feen in Italy. She was much pleased to have it so; but defired Laura might be permitted to attend at the back of her own chair.

I addressed myself to Laura three or four times, as she stood. The Lady was pleased: And Laura seemed

proud of my notice, a solid and I have bell add

Now-and-then an involuntary tear filled the Lady's eye, as she sat. It was easy to enter into her thoughts, poor Lady! on her situation. She was grieved, she said, at the trouble she gave me; and frequently sought to suppress a sigh. Once, after a reverie of a sew minutes: And am I here? said she; In England? At the house of the Chevalier Grandison? Can it be?

After dinner, Lady L. and the and I, retiring to H 4 my

my drawing-room! What a generous Lady, faid the, are you! I was afraid to fee you, before I faw you: But the moment I beheld you, I embraced a Sifter. You will allow of my efteem of your Grandison?

Of your Love, dear Lady Clementina, and thank you for it. A good man has an interest in every good

person's affections.

Such generosity, snatching my hand with both hers, would confirm a doubtful goodness. But indeed my esteem for him always soar'd above person. You know I am a zealous catholic. You know our doctrine of merits. I would have laid down my life to save his soul. But surely God will be merciful to such a man: And no less so to such a woman, as (putting her arms about me) I have now the honour to embrace.

Mercy, madam, said I, is the darling attribute of the Almighty. He is the God of all men.

True-But-And was going to fay fomething fur-

ther; but stopt on Sir Charles's entrance, but state

Sir Charles, after fitting with us a little while, afked leave of absence for an hour, to look on his friends at Lord G's. We had a charming conversation in the mean time. Our subjects were various. The customs of Italian Ladies, and their surprising illiteratenels in general, were parts of it. A woman there, it feems, who knew more than her own tongue, was a miracle till within these few years, that the French customs seem prevailing there. Why, madam, the Ladies of Italy with genius's as fine as that clasfic climate ever produced, are immerfed in the pleafures of fense: Singing, dancing, and conversationgallantry, take up their whole time. One would imagine, that their Husbands and Fathers thought them only children of this world, and not heirs of a better hope, by the little care taken in improving their understanding: And were it not for the religion of the country, which we call superstition, half the Italian

world of women, would be looked upon merely as temporary idols, for men to worthip for temporary gratifications only. Yet in their conversation assemblies, men fee what they are capable of. But their country, it feems, is in the same uncultivated state as the minds of their women. The garden of the world, as Italy is called, is over-run with weeds: And, for want of cultivation, the very richeft of its foll becomes it difeafe. But these resections I draw rather by deduction from what Lady Clementina faid, than from any direct confession of hers. She is fond of her country in its prefent fate: But sensible English travellers-speak of it as I have written.

Sir Charles returned within his time. He is kind! to be every-where! for he is the life of every company, and of every individual. The the think the

We passed a sweet evening together, and till hear eleven o'clock. Were Lady Clementina happy, how

happy should we all be?

Sir Charles waited on the Ladies home. Lord L. was by that time returned from Lord G's; but was the first of the friendly company that withdrew. Bady G. it feems, was all alive in every part of the entertainment. My Uncle Selby and the spared not each other. Her Lord, I fancy, fared the better for the presence of the Earl and Lady Gertrude, and for her Having my Uncle to shoot at.

God preferve my Grandmamma, and all my dear

friends in her neighbourhood, prays

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Her ever dutiful companion of the late that the second second the second

HARRIET GRANDISON. and the arriver was great the warmen to the tenter to desire

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world of vicuosoparate to looked upon melitiples LETTER XXXII.

the ground organized by a West wind a ground fall of the LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Wedn. March 7. UR grief will be your joy, my dearest Grandmamma! My Uncle, my Aunt, Lucy, Emily, Mr. Deane !- They are just gone: Just left me.

What a parting !- But Emily! Dear creature! what was her grief, her noble struggle with herself, to

conceal her anguish from her guardian!

She will now be yours, and my Aunt Selby's? and, when once fettled, will, must, be happy; for she is good, and you all love her, and will love her the more

for this great instance of her nobleness of mind.

About half an hour before we parted, she begged to speak a few words to me in my closet. I led her thither. When we entered it, she shut the door, and dropt down on her knees. I would have raised her; but the would not be raifed. I clasped my arms about her neck. I have revealed all my folly to you, faid the. Forgive the weakness of a poor girl. A thousand, thousand thanks to you, madam, for your indulgent goodness to me. I longed to live with you and my guardian. I placed my whole happiness in the grant. You gave me an opportunity to try the experiment. What I little expected happened: I was more unhappy than before. I revere my Grandmamma: She is a bleffed Lady! How good was the on your wedding-day, to wish me, poor me! to supply to her the loss of her Harriet! Her goodness, her condescension, that of all your family, overcame me: It would not, perhaps, had I not tried the other experiment. All that I have now to beg of you, is to pardon me for the trouble I must have given to your noble heart: It is a noble heart, or it could not have borne with me as it has done. But promise to write a

Letter to me once a fortnight—and permit me to write to you once a week; and I shall think myself a happy creature. Not a thought of my heart but I will reveal to you.

I do promise, my Love, my Emily. The correspondence between us will delight me. Nobody shall

fee any of our Letters, but at your choice.

Lady L. Lady G. may, madam: They love the poor Emily. Nobody else may, I believe; I shall write so poorly!—But I shall improve as I have more years, and more sense. But my present concern is more for Lady Clementina than for myself. Poor Lady! Pray write something of her friends behaviour to her, and hers to them, to me particularly, besides what you write to your Grandmamma: I shall take it for such a savour! And it will make me look so important! You don't know how proud it will make me; and it will induce your Lucy, and every-body, to shew me every-thing you write to them; and I shall have it in my power to read out of your Letters to me something in return; which will look like an acquital of obligation.

All that the wished me to do, and still more, as

occasions offered, it promised a skit town in U the

she arose from her knees; called me by many tender names; killed one cheek, then the other; then one hand, then the other. I folded her to my fond heart: My Sister, my Friend, my Emily, I called her. We wetted each other's bosom with our tears; and both

went down with red eyes.

Extremely tender, but delicate, was the leave the took of her guardian. The Brother, the affectionate Friend, and Father, I may say appeared in his unreferved tenderness to her. She hurried into my Uncle's coach, which stood ready, when she parted with him, that her emotion might not be too visible. I hastened in after her, lest she should be too much H 6

affected; while my Aunt, Lucy, and my Uncle, were taking their leaves in the half.

My dearest Emily, Ladmire you! said I.

Do you, do you!—Best of wives, of women, of friends, of Sisters, do you say so?—I behaved not amis, then?

Amis! No, my dear: Charmingly, my Love !

You are great as ever woman was.

How you comfort me ! 111 your !!

Lady Grandison! said she: Both in a breath, as from one heart, embracing; and quitting each other with regret; her arms folded about herself, when I lest

her; as if I were fill within them.

I gave my hand to Sir Edward Beauchamp on Repping out of the coach; for he was ready to attend them; and hurrying into the hall, threw myfelf into the arms of my Aunt. My Love, faid she, take care of yourfelf: Emily shall not need to be your concern: She will be our Harriet.

be mine: And, thank God, I now have two Harriets

inflead of one one cours on billion ett sud die

My Uncle wept like a child at parting with me. He would have carried it off, smiling in his tears. What, what, sobbed he, shall I do for my girl! I shall miss, I shall miss, your sau-sau-sauciness sometimes—Was I ever angry with you in my life?

Mr. Deane comforted himself, that he should but fettle his affairs at Peterborough, and then would make

our refidence his, where-ever we should be.

hoping for a speedy meeting in Northamptonshire.

Every one expressed their folicitude for the happiness
of Lady Clementina, as well for her own sake as for Sir Charles's and mine.

God give you, and my dearest, dearest friends, now

felicity that on this earth can fall to the lot of persons fo dear to the heart of

Your over-dutiful GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

SEGNOR JERONYMO, TO SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

Dover, Monday night, March 12. O. S.

II ERE we are, my Grandison; my Father and Mother so indifferent in their healths, that we shall have time to wait for your direction. My Mother was so incommoded, that we put in at Antibes; and by slow journies, stopping a few days at Paris, proceeded to Calais, where we hired a vessel to bring us hither. My Brother, and Father Marescotti, are indisposed. Camilla is not well. Mrs. Beaumont, to whom we owe infinite obligations, is the life of us-all.

Have you heard of the dear fugitive, who has given us all so much disturbance, and, at this season of the year, fo much fatigue? God grant that the may be fafe in your protection, and in her right mind! Had the been to at the time, the had never meditated fuch a wild, such a disgraceful flight. The heart of the Count of Belvedere is torn in pieces by his impatience. He will foon follow the man and horse whom we difpatch with this. Signor Sebastiane will accompany him. Juliano will stay with us. The fatigue has been rather too much for your Jeronymo: But he rejoices, that he has his foot on English Ground ; the country that gave birth to his Grandison; and in his hopes of feeing his kind and skilful Lowther. God grant us a happy meeting; and that no interruption may have been given to your nuptial happiness, by the extravagance of a young creature, which can only

only be accounted for in her, by the unhappy diforder of her mind! Adieu, Adieu, my Grandison! IERONYMO della PORRETTA.

LETTER XXXIV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Tuesday Morning, Eleven, March 13. BOUT two hours ago, Sir Charles received 2 Letter from Signor Jeronymo. The man had

rode all night. They are all at Dover.

Sir Charles is already fet out; gone, with four coaches and fix, of our own and friends, for them. and their attendants; Mr. Lowther with him. Saunders is left to attend the Count of Belvedere to the lodgings taken for him.

The house in Grosvenor-square is ready for the re-

ception of the reft.

As foon as I can get quieter spirits, I will attend Lady Clementina, in order to re-assure her, if I find The has presence of mind enough to hear the news. Sir Charles has already induced her to with the crifis over. It is a crisis. I am almost as much affected for her, as the can be for herself. Yet the has not cruel friends to meet. May the dear Lady keep in her right mind!

her right mind!

In what a hurry of spirits I write. You will not. wonder. I have not my Grandmamma's steadiness of mind. Never, never, shall I be like my Grand-

mamma.

as this are the opping . mil. Tuesday, two o'clock.

In Lady L's closet. I have, as gently as I could, broken the news of their fafe arrival at Dover to Lady Clementina. She began the subject; and said. She had been praying for the fafety of her friends. What will become of me, faid the, thould mifhap befal any one of them? Should the fatigue be too

too much for either my Father or Mother, their healths fo precarious; or for my Jeronymo, fo lately ill.

After proper prefacings, I hoped, I said, her cares on that subject would soon be over. Sir Charles had some intimation of the likelihood of their arrival at a particular port; and was actually set out with coaches, in hopes of accommodating them, when they did arrive, and to bring them to the house which had been (as she knew before) got ready for their reception.

She looked by turns on me, and on Lady L. in speechless terror: At last, Then I am sure, said she, you know they are come. Tell me, tell me, are they

indeed arrived ! And are they all well ?

I owned they were, and at Dover; and waited there to refresh themselves, and to be informed of her health and safety, before they would proceed further.

She wept even to fobbing; inveighed against herfelf: Her tears were tears of duty and tenderness. She comforted herself, that Sir Charles would be able to fosten their resentments against her; and she was sure he would make the best conditions for her, that could be obtained.

Lord L. is all goodness, all compassion, to her. He greatly admires her. But we observe, that there are some little traces of wildness now-and-then in her talk, which carries her into high language and exclamation. May her mind be quieted! May her intellects be preserved entire, in the affecting scenes before her!—I am sent for home in haste.

of homes and solutions where the

. Tuefday night.

METHINES I am half afraid of telling even you, my Grandmamma, at this distance, to whom I was fent for. It was to the Count of Belvedere. Signor Sebastiano was with him. Lord G. happened to call in at St. James's-square, when they arrived; and fending for me, entertained them till I came.

I asked Lord G. half out of breath with fear, at my first alighting, If he had said any-thing of the Lady! Not a syllable, said he: I avoided answering questions. The gentlemen were full of impatience to know something about her: And this made me send for you: For, tho cautioned, I was assaid of blundering.—Honest, modest, worthy Lord G.—I prevailed on them to stay supper with me. Lord G. was so obliging, as to send home to excuse himself to his Lady, at my request.

They are both fine young gentlemen, extremely

polite. The the the control of the sense are reds would now.

We have been told, that the Count is a handfome man. Indeed he is. Any Lady, with such
a character as he has, if she were not prepossessed,
might like him. He is certainly a gentle dispositioned and good-natured man. He looks the man of
quality. He seems not to be above five or six-andtwenty: Has a foreign aspect, and a complexion a
fallowish brown; yet has a healthy look. His eyes
however, as I knew his case, appeared to me to
have a cast like those of a man whose mind is disturbed.

I behaved to them with the greatest frankness Is could shew. I told them that Sir Charles set out in the morning, on the receipt of a Letter from Dover, for that port, and with what equipages. They gave but a poor account of the health of the Marchioness But if she could but hear good tidings, he said, and stopt—

Sir Charles, I answered, would do his utmost to.

fet their hearts at eafe.

May I not ask a question, madam? said the Count; I find your Ladyship knows every thing of us, and our affairs. We heard in Italy, that you were all goodness; and find you to be an angel. I make no compliment, said healthing laying his spread hand on his heart.

I'an-

I answered in French, the language in which he spoke to me—That I had the pleasure of informing him, that Letters had passed between Lady Clementina and Sir Charles. The account she gives of herfelf, said I, makes us not quite unhappy.

Makes Us! faid the Count to Signor Sebastiano, in Italian, his hands lifted up: Heavenly goodness!

I imagined that he thought I understood not that tongue; and that I might not mislead them into undue compliments, I said, in my broken-accented Italian, We all here, Signors, are as much interested in the health and happiness of Lady Clementina, as any of her friends in Italy can be,

They applauded all of us, who were, as they faid, fo generously interested in the happiness of one of the

most excellent of women.

I told the Count, that Sir Charles had, as defired, provided lodgings for him. I hoped he would find them convenient, tho' Sir Charles thought them not befitting his quality. He had, before he fet out this morning (hearing that their Lordships were then probably on their journey from Dover to London) ordered his gentleman to attend him to them: You, Signor, said I, are, if you please, with Signor Julianos, to be Sir Charles's own guests. We have another house will be honoured with the residence of the Marquis and Marchioness, their Sons, the good Father Marescotti and their other friends.

Good Father Marescotti! repeated the Count-Excellent Lady Grandison! But you say well: Father

Marescotti, is indeed a good man.

I have by heart, my Lord, faid I, the characters of all my dear Sir Charles's Italian friends.

Again the two Lords looked upon each other, as in

Pity, my dear Grandmamma, that different nations of the world, the of different persuasions, did not, more than they do, consider themselves as the creatures

creatures of one God, the Sovereign of a thouland worlds!

The Count expressed great impatience to know some particulars of Lady Clementina. I took this opportunity to say, that as I had been informed of the transcendant piety of the Lady, and of her great earnestness, from her earliest youth, to take the veil; I presumed it would forward the good understanding hoped for, if it were not at present known, that his Lordship was arrived; and the rather, as several tender scenes might be expected to pass between her and her other friends, which perhaps her present (easily to be supposed) weak spirits, and turn of mind, might with difficulty enable her to support.

The Count fighed: But, bowing, faid, He came with a very small retinue, because he would be as private as possible. He had been for many months determined to visit England: The family della Porretta, Signor Jeronymo, in particular, had promised to visit Sir Charles in it likewise: They should indeed have chosen a better season for it, had not their care and concern for one of the most excellent of women induced them to anticipate their intentions. He was entirely of my opinion, he said, that his arrival in England should not at present be known by Lady Clementina.

He then, in a very gallant, but modest manner, owned to my Lord G. and me his passion for her; and said, that on the issue of this adventure of the dear Lady hung his destiny.

I told him I had been the more free in giving my humble advice, as to the keeping fecret his arrival, as, but for that reason, I could assure him Sir Charles would not have permitted his Lordship, or any of his train, to go into Lodgings: And I mentioned the high regard which I knew Sir Charles had for the Count of Belvedere.

I ordered supper to be got early, as I supposed the

two Lords would be glad to retire foon, after the far tique of their journey; for they had fet out early in the morning. I fent a note, begging the favour of my Cousins Reeves's company to supper; apologizing for the short notice. They were so kind as to come. They admire the two young noblemen; for Signor Sebastiano. as well as the Count, is a fensible modest young man. Mr. Reeves and they entered into free conversation in French, which we all understood, on their country. voyage, and journey, by land. Both gentlemen spoke of Sir Charles, and his behaviour in Italy, in raptures.

My Coufin Reeves was fo good as to conduct the Count to his lodgings, in his coach; Sir Charles hav-

ing all our equipages with him.

and a comment

You will foon have another Letter, my dearest Grandmamma, from

Your ever-dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON Establish accessed by Northern Confidence

LETTER XXXV.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Wedn. Morn. March 146

MR. and Mrs. Reeves were fo kind as to break-fast, and intend to dine, with me.

They brought with them, as agreed upon overnight, the Count of Belvedere, who has affumed the name of Signor Marfigli. After breakfast, Mr. Reeves, dropping my Cousin at Lady G's, carried the two noblemen thro' feveral of the great streets and squares of this vast town: To Westminster-hall; the houses of Parliament, &c.

I went in my chair, mean time, to pay my fincerest compliments to Lady Clementina: I affured her, that the was, and should be, the subject of our choicest cares.

Poor Lady! She is full of apprehensions. I owned

to her the arrival of Signor Sebastiano, and his prayers for her safety and health; and told her what I had

answered to his enquiries after her.

She was for removing to some distance from town, where she thought she could be more private. Lord and Lady L. both assured her, it was impossible she could be any-where so private as in this great town; nor so happily situated (should she think sit, on a reconciliation, to own where she had been) as in the protection, and at the house, of Sir Charles Grandison's Brother and Sister.

God be praised for the happy meeting you all have had. Lucy is very good to be so particular about my Emily (a)! Dear girl! She is an example to all young Ladies! Let Clementina be made easy, and who will

be so happy as your Harriet?

Thursday, March 15.

Sir Charles has been so good as to let me know that he and Mr. Lowther arrived yesterday morning at Dover. He sound the Marchioness, Signor Jeronymo, and the good Camilla, as he calls her, very much indisposed from the satigues they had undergone, both in mind and body. The whole noble samily received him with inexpressible joy. Jeronymo told him, that his arrival, and Mr. Lowther's with him, had given them all spirits; and health must sollow to those who were indisposed.

Sir Charles supposes, that they will be obliged to continue at Dover all this day. To-morrow, if the Marchioness is able to bear the journey, they propose to set out, and proceed as far on their way to London as her health will permit; and to get to town as early

on Saturday as possible want of a new this and to

The dear man thought his Harriet would be uneasy, if he had not written to her, as he shall be two days longer out than he had hoped. To be fure she

(a), This Letter of Miss Lucy Selby appears not.

hould.

should. If he had not thought so justly of her, as she knows no other method of valuing herself than by his value of her, she must have been extremely sunk in

her own opinion.

He bids me assure Lady Clementina, that she will find every one of her friends determined to do all in their power to make her happy. Resentment, he says, has no place in their bosoms: They breathe nothing but reconciliation and Love.

I will not, my dear Grandmamma, dispatch this Letter to you, till I can inform you that this worthy family are settled with us, and at Grosvenor-square.

Saturday Evening, March 17.

I HAVE just received the following billet from Sir Charles.

MY dearest Love will rejoice to know by this, that Marchioness bore the journey better than we expected. My Jeronymo is in fine spirits. I thought it would give my Harriet as well as them less fatigue, if I put them into immediate possession of this house, than if I brought them to pay their compliments to her, as they were very desirous to do, at St. James's fquare. Mrs. Beaumont has allotted to them their respective apartments. There is room enough, and they are pleafed to fay, handsome room. Signor Juliano will attend you with me. What an amiable forecast in my dearest Life! A repast so elegantly, prepared (as your Murray informs me) by your personal direction, to attend their hour. She tells me you have borrowed a female fervant of each of our Sisters, and one of Mrs. Reeves, to join with two of your own in the fervice of this house. In every-thing, on every oc-casion, you delight by your goodness and greatness of mind.

Your ever-devoted CH. GRANDISON.
I shall

I shall stay supper with them. But shall break away as soon as I can, to attend the joy of my heart.

Am I not a happy creature, my dear Grandmamma? By what little offices, if done with tolerable grace, may one make a great and noble spirit think itself under obligation to one!—But had I known they would not have called first in St. James's-Square, I would not have contented myself, as I did, with a visit to the other house in the middle of the day, to see everything was in order, against they came: They should have found me there to receive and welcome them.

Signor Sebastiano is slown to them. I should have told you, that the Count, at my request, dined and supped with me and Signor Sebastiano, (they choosing to comply with our English customs) every day of this week from that of his arrival. They are really good young men. They improve upon me every hour. How do they admire Lady Clementina! The Count yesterday complimented me, that for piety, reading, understanding, sweetness of manners, frankness of heart, she could only be equalled in England. Italy knew not, he said, nor had known of modern times, her Mother excepted, such another woman. If I knew Lady Clementina, he added, I would not wonder at his perseverance, he having besides the homour of all her family's good opinion.

How I long to see every individual of this noble family!—I know how sincerely I love them all, by this one instance—I have not now, for near a week that my dearest friend has been absent from me, in their service, wished once for his company; tho' had he not written to me on Thursday, I should have been

anxious for his health and theirs.

May they be indulgently, and not ungraciously, forgiving!—Then will I dearly love them.—Poor Lady Clementina! How full of apprehensions has she been all this week! She has not stirred out of her chamber fince Wednesday morning, nor designs it for a week or two to come.

My Sir Charles left his noble friends for their fakes early last night, and he was pleased to tell me, for his own take, longing to fee, to thank, to applaud his Harriet. He brought with him the two young noblemen, who are our own immediate guests.

He gave me last night, and this morning, an account of what paffed between the family and himfelf. from his arrival at Dover, to their coming to town who were given to constant.

last night. a or ordinar or

They confessed the highest obligations to him for attending them in person; and for bringing Mr. Lowther with him. But when, on their eager questions to him after their Clementina, he told them, that he had heard from her, and that she had owned herself to be in honourable and tender hands, the Marquis lifted up his eyes in thankful rapture: The Marchioness, with clasped hands, seemed to praise God; but her lips only moved: All the rest expressed their joy in words dictated by truly affectionate hearts.

Sir Charles found them all most cordially disposed to forgive the dear fugitive, as the Bishop called her: But depend upon it, added the Prelate, nothing will fecure her head, but our yielding to her in her long wished-for hope of the convent, or our prevailing on her to marry: And if you, Grandison, join with us,

I question not, but the latter may be affected.

Sir Charles blamed them for having precipitated her

as they had done.

That, faid the Bishop, was partly the fault of our well-meaning Giacomo; and partly her own; for more than once the gave us hope that the would comply with our wiffies.

I befought Sir Charles that he would not be prevailed upon to take part with them, if the continued

averse to a change of condition.

I waved the subject, my dearest Life, replied he, at the time. I have continued to do so ever since. I want only to see them settled, and Lady Clementina composed, and then I shall know what can be done. Till then, arguments on either side will rather

ftrengthen than remove difficulties.

The Bishop, with great concern, told Sir Charles. that when the first news of Clementina's flight was brought to Bologna, her poor Mother was for two days as unhappy in her mind, as ever her Daughter had been; and when it was found likely that Clementina was gone to England, the infifted so vehemently on following her, that they had no other way to pacify her, but by promising that they would out of hand pay to Sir Charles the vifit they intended, and fome of them had engaged to make him. Nor would the, when the grew better on their promise, acquit them of it. This determined them to this winter excursion, forely against the will of some of them: And it was in compassion to this unhappy state of the poor Mother's mind, that Mrs. Beaumont confented to accompany her.

Sir Charles is gone to attend Lady Clementina. He then proposes to welcome the Count of Belvedere into England; and afterwards to wait on the noble family, and know when I shall be permitted to pay my

devoirs to them.

Sunday Two o'Clock.

SIR Charles has found it very difficult to quiet the apprehensions of Lady Clementina. He is grieved for her. God grant, he prays, that she keep in her right mind. Lady L. thinks the poor Lady is already disturbed.

Sir Charles was joyfully received by Signor Marfigli. He ned to that Lord, that he knew where to fend fend Letters to Lady Clementina. He is to introduce me by-and-by to his guests at Grosvenor-square.

Sunday Night.

Sir Charles presented me to this expecting family, I admire them all.

The Marquis and Marchioness are a fine couple. There is dignity in their aspects and behaviour. A fixed kind of melancholy sits upon the seatures of each. The Bishop has the man of quality in his appearance; but he has something more solemn in his countenance than even Father Marc cotti; who, at a glance, is not unlike our Dr. Bartlett: The more like, as goodness and humility both shine in his countenance.

But Signor Jeronymo is an amiable young man: I could almost at first sight (and his winning grace confirmed me) have called him Brother. With signal kindness did my Sir Charles present me to this his dear friend; and with equal kindness did Signor Jeronymo receive me, and congratulate Sir Charles. They all joined in the congratulation.

The amiable Mrs. Beaumont!—She embraced me! She felicitated me with fuch a grace, as made her man-

ner furpals even her words.

The good Camilla was presented to me. She has the look of a gentlewoman. How many scenes did the fight of this good woman revive in my memory!

Some of them painful ones!

Lords, dined with them. This being a first visit on my part, we made it a short one. We went from them to Lady G's, and drank tea with her and her Lord. Sir Charles could not bear, he said to go immediately from the sighing parents to the sorrowing Daughter; they not knowing, nor being at present to know, she was so near them.

Vol. VII. I whimfical, when her

Brother's back was turned, that I could not forbear blaming her: But I let her go on her own way: She stopt my mouth—"So you think you shall behave more patiently, more thankfully, in the same cir-

" cumstance !- Look to it, Harriet !"

Here, my dearest Grandmamma, I will conclude this Letter. Pray for the poor Clementina; for a happy reconciliation; and that the result may be tranquillity of mind restored to this whole noble family; so necessary to that of your dear Sir Charles, and

His and Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVI.

LADY GRANDISON, In Continuation.

Thursday March 21.

Othing decisive yet, my dear Grandmamma.

There have been some generous contentions between the family and Sir Charles. He has befought them to make their hearts easy, and he will comply with all their reasonable desires.

They think not of dining with, or visiting us, till they can hear some tidings of their beloved Daughter.

Lord G. Lord L. and Lady L. as also Mrs. Eleanor

Grandison have been introduced to them.

Sir Charles has begun to enter into treaty, as I may call it, with a Lady on one part, her Family on the fecond, and the Count of Belvedere on the third. Lady Clementina, it feems, infifts upon being allowed to take the veil; and that in a manner that sometimes carries wildness with it. The Bishop, Sir Charles thinks, seems less fervent in his opposition to it, than formerly. Father Marescotti, in his heart, he believes, savours her wishes. But the Marquis and Marchioness, and Signor Jeronymo, plead their own inclinations, the Son their General's unabated servor,

in behalf of the marriage, were it but to secure the performance of the Grandsather's will, and to be an effectual disappointment of the interested hopes of Lady Sforza and her Daughter Laurana. The Count of Belvedere's passion for the Lady (notwithstanding her unhappy malady past, and apprehended) makes a great merit with him with the family: and the two young Lords think so highly of him for his perseverance, that they are attached to his interest; and declare that the Count della Poretta their Father is as strongly on the same side as the General himself.

In the mean time, the fond mother is so impatient to see her Daughter, that they are afraid of the consequences, as to health both of mind and body, if a speedy determination be not come to: On the other hand, the young Lady grieves to find herself, as she says, in such a situation, as to be obliged to insist on conditions with her parents, before she can throw herself at their feet; which she longs to do, the she dreads to see them. Sometimes (and they are when she is calmest) she blames herself for the step she has taken; at others, she endeavours to find excuses for it.

all and an indiana may . Sunday Morning, March 25.

SIR Charles has drawn up a paper at the request of all parties. He last night gave a copy of it to the Lady; another to the Count; a third to the Bishop, for each to consider of the contents; and he will attend them to-morrow for their answer. He has given me also a copy of it; which is as follows:

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I. That Lady Clementina in obedience to the will of her two deceased Grandfathers, in duty to her Parents and Uncle, and in compliance with the earnest supplications of the most affectionate of Brothers, shall engage her honour to give up all thoughts of withdrawing from the world, not only for the present, but for

1 2

all future time, fo long as she shall remain in her maiden state.

II. She shall be at liberty to choose her way of Lise; and shall be allowed, at her own pleasure, to visit her Brother and his Lady at Naples; her Uncle at Urbino; Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; and be put into the immediate possession of the profits of the estate bequeathed to her, if she chooses it: that she may be enabled to do that extensive good with the produce, that she could not do, were she to renounce the world; in which case, that estate would devolve upon one, who, it is too probable, would make a very different use of it.

III. She shall have the liberty of nominating her own attendants; in the case of death, or removal by promotion, of Father Marescotti (whose merits must at last render him conspicuous) to choose her own consessor: But that her Father and Mother shall have their negative preserved to them, in either case, while she continues in their palace: Nor will the dear Lady think this a hardship; for she wishes not to be independent on parents, of whose indulgent goodness to her she is most dutifully sensible; and it is reasonable that they should be judges of the conduct of every one who is to be a domestic in their family.

IV. As Lady Clementina, from some late unhappy circumstances, thinks she cannot marry any man: and as a late extraordinary step taken by her, has shewn, that there is at present too much reason to attend to the weight of her plea; it is hoped that the Count of Belvedere, for his own sake, for the sake of the composure of the mind of the Lady so dear to all who have the honour of knowing her; will resolve to discontinue his addresses to her, and engage never to think of resuming them, unless some hopes should arise,

in course of time, of his succeeding in her favour

by her own confent.

V. Her ever-honoured parents, for themselves, and for their absent Brother the Count of Poretta; her right reverend Brother for himself, and, as far as he may, for his elder Brother; Signor Jeronymo for himfelf; will be fo good as to promife, that they will never with earnestness endeavour to perfuade, much less compel, Ilady Clementina to marry any man whatever; nor encourage her Camilla, or any other friend or confident, to endeavour to prevail upon her to change her condition: Her parents, however, referving to themselves the right of proposing, as they shall think fit, but not of urging; because the young Lady, who is by nature sweettempered, gentle, obliging, dutiful, thinks herfelf (however determined by inclination) less able to withstand the persuasions of indulgent friends, than she should be to resist the most despotic commands.

VI. These terms conceded to, on all sides, it is humbly proposed, that the young Lady shall throw herself (as she is impatient to do) at the feet of her indulgent parents; and that all acts of disobligation shall be buried in everlasting ob-

livion.

The proposer of the above fix article takes the liberty to add, on the presumption that they may be carried into effect, a request that his noble guests will allow him to rejoice with them on their mutual happiness restored, for months to come, in his native country.

He hopes that they will accept of his endeavours to make England as agreeable to them, as they

heretofore made Italy to him.

He begs that they will consider their family and his

as one family, ever to be united by the indiffoluble ties of true friendly Love.

He hopes for their company at his country feat.

He will feek for opportunities to oblige and accommodate them in every article, whether devotional or domestic.

And when they will be no longer prevailed upon to stay in England, he will (no accidents, no events, preventing, of which themselves shall be judges) attend them to Italy; and if his beloved Wife and Sifters, and their Lords shall have made to themselves, as he hopes they will, an interest in their affections, he questions not to prevail on them to be of the party.

CH. GRANDISON.

Monday Morning, Ten o'Clock,

SIR Charles is gone to attend the Count at his Lodgings, in pursuance of his request signified by a note last night

THE following Billet is just now brought to me. I Y dearest Harriet will have the goodness to excuse my dining with her this day. Signor Marsigli, and I, are hastening to Grosvenor-square; where we shall dine. This worthy nobleman deserves pity. Adieu, my de rest Life!

CH. GRANDISON.

I am all impatience for the iffue of these conferences: But I will not dine by myself, when I can sit down at table with Lady L. Lady Clementina, and Lord L. fo much my Brother and friend. Here therefore will I close this Letter. Forgive, my ever honoured Grandmamma, the abruptness of

Your ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXVII.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Monday, March 26.

LADY L. when I was fet down at her house, told me, That Lady Clementina had been in great agitations on the contents of the proposals left with her. She kept her chamber all day yesterday, and this morning. Lady L. had but then just left her. I fent up my compliments to her. She defired me to walk up. She met me on the stair-head in tears; and led me into her dreffing-room-Have you feen the Chevalier's proposals, madam?-I owned I had.

-Give up for ever, faid she, my scheme, my darling scheme, for the sake of which, I-There she Stopt.

It was easy to guess what the poor Lady was going to fay, The subject was too delicate for me to help her out.

Dearest Lady Clementina, said I, be pleased to consider the good it will be in your power to do hundreds, according to the second article, if you can comply. How much has our dear friend confulted your beneficent spirit! All my fear is, that your parents will not subscribe to their part of it. If they will, what a favourite scheme of their own will they give up!

She paused—Then breaking filence—And is it your opinion, Lady Grandison? Your opinion, joined to the Chevalier's-Let me confider-

She took two or three turns about the room: Then thinking of Sir Charles's intimation of a tour to Italy -With what foothing, what confoling hope, faid the, does the next-to-divine man almost conciliate my mind to his measures !- And could you, would you, madam, think of going with us to Italy! O how flattering are these hints! I fhould I should rejoice in such a tour, replied I: Love me but in your Italy, if I should be allowed to go, as I do you in our England, and I shall be happy in so since a country, as I am told it is. But, dearest Lady, what shall we do to obtain your friends compliance with these-articles? Shall I cast myself on my knees before your Father and Mother to beg theirs? You in my hand, I in yours?

Ever good, ever noble Lady Grandison!—But how first shall I pacify my own heart on yielding to my

part of them?

Let it not stick there, madam. Will not Lady Clementina meet them one fourth of the way? It is not more.

Well, I will consider of it. I shall hear what they will do. Your advice, my dear Lady Grandison, shall have all the weight with me, that a Sister's ought.

I attended the summons to dinner. She excused herself. I took leave of her for the day, declaring my intention of going home as soon as I had dined.

Monday Night.

SIR Charles returned with a benevolent joy brightening his countenance. He hopes to bring this affair

to an iffue not unhappy.

He was first with the Count of Belvedere, who received him with great emotion. I apprehended, said he, that I was to be the sacrifice. O Grandison, did you but know the hopes, the assurances, given me by the General, by every-body!

Sir Charles expatiated on every argument that could

compose his mind.

Will she promise, will she engage, that if ever she marry, it will be the man before you, Chevalier ? Why did you not make that a stipulation in my favour?

I think fuch a stipulation would be of disadvantage

to your Lordship: You would be kept by it in suspense, whatever had offered, whether in Italy or Spain; in both which countries you have considerable connexions. If Lady Clementina can be brought to give up the veil, it may not be impracticable to induce her in time (but time must be given her) to favour with her hand a man of your Lordship's merit and consequence. If otherwise, your Lordship (unsettered either by hope or obligation) will be free to make another choice.

Another choice, Sir! This to a man, who has so long adored her; and, thro' the various turns of her unhappy malady, still preserved for her a love that never any other woman shared in!—But, if you please, we will hear what her Father, her Mother, and other friends, say to the articles you have drawn up.

They went to them. After dinner the important

subject had a full and solemn consideration.

Signor Jeronymo and Mrs. Beaumont only at first espoused the proposed plan in all its articles; but every-body came into it at last. God be praised! Now surely the dear Lady must be happy. But the poor Count of Belvedere! He has not, in giving up his inclination, such a noble triumph of self-conquering duty, as she had to support her in the same arduous trial. But then he cherishes a hope, that there remains a possibility; the Lady still unmarried.

Noblest of women! Is Harriet a bar!-No! She

is what you generously wished her to be.

and this since in protect of month. Thursday, March 27.

Sin Charles excused himself to Lady Clementina, by a sew lines last night, for not waiting on her yesterday; and just as he was setting out to attend her this morning, the following note was brought him from Signor Jeronymo; the contents designed to strengthen his endeavours to prevail on the Lady to accept his plan.

and the standed bluew of a configure My dearest Grandison, Tuesday Morn;

TOU will make us all happy, if you can prevail I upon our beloved Clementina to accept, and fubfcribe to, your generous plan, as we all most chearfully are ready to do. " Restore yourself, my dearest Sister, " this day, or to morrow at furthest, to the arms " of the most indulgent of Parents, and to those of 46 the most affectionate of Brothers, two of us, who will answer for our third. How impatiently shall " we number the hours, till the happy one arrives, "that we all shall receive from the hand of the dearest of friends, and best of men, a Sister so "much beloved!"-Ever, ever, my dear Grandison beer where I was been been a serie with the

Your grateful JERONYMO.

seems to them. The en dinner the important O my dearest Lady Clementina! let your Sister Harriet prevail upon you not to refuse the offered olivebranch!

Tuesday, two o'clock.

SIR Charles has just now acquainted me, that he has prevailed with Lady Clementina. To-morrow afternoon the will throw herfelf at the feet of her Father and Mother. Rejoice with me, my dear Grandmamma! All my friends, rejoice with me! congratulate me!-Is it not I myself that am going to be restored to the most indulgent of Parents, Brothers, Friends!

Let me gratefully add, from the information of his Aunt Granditon, whom he brought home with him, that he was fo good as to refilt an intreaty to dine at Lord L's. And why? Because, as he was pleased to give the reason (and was generously commended for it, by Lady Clementina) that I was alone. Lord L. proposed to send to request my company : He was fure his Sifter Grandison would oblige them. And I, my Lord, faid Sir Charles, am fure the would too: But the time is so thort, that it is not giving one of the most obliging women in the world an option— Tenderest of husbands! Kindest and most considerate of men!—He will not subject a woman to the danger of being a refusing Vashti; nor yet will give her reason to tremble with a too-meanly appr hensive Esther.

I want to be a strong of build

Tuesday Evening.

As Sir Charles and I were fitting at supper, sweetly alone; the whole world, as it feemed, to each other (for Mrs. Grandison chooses to be at present at Lord L's, and was gone th ther); the following billet was brought me written in Italian; which thus I English: O-morrow, my dearest Lady Grandison, as the Chevalier has no doubt told you, the poor " fugitive is to be introduced to her Parents. Pray " for her. But if I am to have the honour of being "looked upon as indeed your Sister, you must do " more than pray for me. Was you in earnest yester-day, when you offered your comforting hand to " suffain me, if I consented to cast myself at the feet of my Father and Mother? Lady L. is so good as to consent in person to acknowledge the protection the has given me. Will you, my Sifter, be my Sister on this awful occasion ?—Will you lend me your supporting hand?—If you, as well as Lady L. credit the run-away penitant with your appearance in her favour, then will she, with more courage than can otherwise fall to her share, look up to those Parents, and to those Brothers, whose induler gent bosoms the has filled with so much anguish. Till to-morrow is over, the dare not fign the re-" spectable addition to the name of Tuesday Evening. " CLEMENTINA."

Will I! repeated I, as foon as I had read it: Was I in earnest yesterday!—Indeed I was: Indeed I will Read it my dearest Sir, and give me leave to answer its contents, as my amiable Sitter wishes.

He had looked benignly at his servants, and at the boor; and they withdrew, as soon as the billet was

drought, on my faying, From the Lady!

Scenes that may be expected to be tender, said he, will not, I hope, affect too much the spirits of my angel—But it is a request as kindly made by Clementina, as generously complied with by you. I will tell you, my dear, how, if the Lady please, we will order it. After dinner you shall call upon your worthily adopted Sister, and take her and Lady L. to Gresvenor-square. I will be there to receive her, and present her to her striends, tho' I doubt not but she will meet with a joyful welcome. I will acquaint her with this to-morrow morning.

Wednesday Morning, March 28.

LADY Clementina approves of my calling upon her and Lady L. and of Sir Charles being at Grosvenor-fquare, ready to receive her. I am to attend her about five in the afternoon. She is, it seems, full of apprehensions.

Wednesday Night, Ten o'clock.

WE are just returned from Grosvenor-square— Dear Sir, I obey you. Sir Charles in tenderness to me, infists upon my deserring writing till to-morrow. The first command he has laid upon me.

LETTER XXXVIII.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Thursday Morning, March 29.

NOW for particulars of what passed yesterday. Sir Charles is gone to Grosvenor-square, to enquire after the health and composure of the family there.

When I called upon Lady Clementina yesterday, five o'clock, I found her greatly distressed with her

own apprehensions. I must, said she to me, be a guiltier creature than I had allowed myself to think I was: Why else am I so ashamed, so asraid, to see Parents whom I ever honoured, Brothers and Friends whom I ever loved?—O Lady Grandison! What a dispiriting thing is the consciousness of having done amiss! And to a proud heart too!

Then looking upon the written plan, Let me fee, faid she, what I am to sign. These were the remarks

she made upon them, as she read:

(1.) Hard, hard article, the first! But your Grandison, madam, my fourth Brother, my friend, my protector, tells me, that I shall discharge all the obligations he ever laid upon me, if I will sign it. I submit.

(2.) How flattering to my pride; to my hopes of

doing good to the indigent and unhappy!

(3.) Nominating my attendants—my confessor—Kind, considerate Grandison! If I give up the first wish of my heart, I shall not insist upon these stipulations in my savour. My parents shall have, in these cases, affirmative and negative too. Indeed I desire not in any article to be independent of them.

(4.) A grateful article! I acknowledge, Chevalier, your protection with gratitude, in this stipulation.

(5.) If my friends promite, they will perform. Ours is a family of untainted honour. I hope my Brother Giacomo will be answered for by bis Brothers in these

articles: But he will hate me, I fear.

Generous Grandison! what tempting proposals do you conclude with! And you, Lady Grandison, are so good as to say, that my happiness is wanting to complete yours—That is a motive, I assure you. Lead me, madam, and do you, my dear Lady L. (my hospitable other protectress) oblige me with your countenance too. A woman of your honour and goodness, Sister of the Chevalier Grandison, acknowledging me your guest, and answering for my behaviour, will

will credit the abject Clementina in the eyes of her forgiving relations—Sir Charles Grandison there before me, to prepare them to receive graciously the sugitive!—Lead me on, while I can be led: I will attend you.

She looked wild and disordered; and, giving each of us a hand, we led her to the coach. But, at stepping in, she trembled, faltered, and seemed greatly

difturbed.

We confoled her all we could; and the coach drove to Grosvenor-square. When it stopt, she threw her arms about Lady L. and, hiding her face in her bosom, called upon the Blessed Virgin to support her—How, how, said she, can I look my Father, my Mother, in the face!

Sir Charles, on the coach stopping, appeared. He faw her emotion. It is kind, my Harriet; it is kind, Lady L. to accompany Lady Clementina.—Your goodness will be rewarded in being eye-witnesses of the most gracious reception that ever indulgent parents gave to a long absent daughter.

Ah, Chevalier! was all the could fay.

Let me conduct you, dearest Lady Clementina, into a drawing-room, where you will see no other person but whom you now see, till your recovered spirits

shall rejoice the dearest of friends.

I was afraid she was too much discomposed to attend to this considerate expedient. I repeated, therefore, what Sir Charles last said. She was visibly encouraged by it. She gave him her trembling hand; and he led her into the prepared drawing room. Lady L. and I followed. Our offered salts, and soothing, with difficulty kept her from fainting.

When she was a little revived—Hush! said she, with her finger held up, and wildness in her looks, casting her eyes to the doors and windows in turns:

They will hear us!—Further recovering hersels—O

Chevalier

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Chevalier! said she, what shall I say? How shall I look? What shall I do?—And am I, am I, indeed, in the same house with my Father, Mother, Jeronymo? Who else? Who else? with quickness.

It is so ordered, my dearest Clementina, said Sir Charles, in love and tenderness to you, that you shall only see your Mother first; then your Father—At your own pleasure, your Brothers, Mrs. Beaumont, Father Marescotti.

Sir Charles was sent for out—Don't, don't leave me, Sir. Then looking to Lady L. and then to me—You are all goodness, Ladies—Don't leave me.

Sir Charles instantly returned: Your mamma, madam, all indulgence, is impatient to fold you to her heart. What joy will you give her?

He offered his hand. She gave him hers; motioning for our attendance. Sir Charles led her, we following, into the room where was her expecting Mother.

The moment each saw the other, they ran with open arms to each other. O my Mamma!—My Clementina!—was all that either could say. They sunk down on the floor, the Mother's arms about the Daughter's neck; the Daughter's about the Mother's waist.

Sir Charles lifted them up, and feated them close to each other—Pardon! Pardon! Pardon! faid the dear Lady, hands and eyes lifted up, sliding out of her Mother's arms on her knees—But at that moment could say no more.

The Marquis, not being able longer to contain himself, rushed in—My Daughter! My Child! my Clementina! Once more do I see my Child!

Sir Charles had half-lifted her up, when her Father entered. She funk down again, prostrate on the sloor, her arms extended: O my Father! forgive!—Forgive me, O my Father!

He raised her up, by Sir Charles's affistance; and, seating her between himself and his Lady, both again wrapt

wrapt their arms about her. She repeated prayers for forgiveness in broken accents: Bleffings, in accents as broken, flowed from their hearts to their lips.

After the first emotions, when they could speak, and she now-and-then could look up, which she did by snatches, as it were, her eyes presently falling under theirs, Behold, madam, Behold, my Lord, said she, the hospitable Lady to whom—Looking at Lady L. Behold, looking at me, a more than woman; an Angel—More she would have said; but seemed at a loss for words.

We have before seen and admired, said the Marquis, in Lady Grandison, the noblest of all women.

He arose to approach us: Sir Charles led us both to

them.

Lady Clementina friatched first my hand, and eagerly pressed it with her lips: The Lady L's: Her heart was full: She seemed to want to speak; but could not: And Lady L. and I, with overslowing eyes, congratulated the Father, Mother, Daughter; and were blessed in speech by the two former; by hands and eyes

lifted up by Lady Clementina, out and no areab.

Sir Charles then withdrawing, returned with the Bishop, and Signor Jeronymo. It is hard to say whether these two Lords shewed more Joy, than Clementina did shame and consusion. She offered at begging pardon: But the Bishop said, Not one word of past affictions! Nobody is in fault. We are all happy once more; and happy on the conditions prescribed to both by this friend of mankind in general, and of our family in particular.

My ever noble, my venerable Brother, faid Jeronymo (who had clasped his Sister to his fond heart, his
eyes running over) how I love you for this uncalled for
assurance to the dear Clementina! Every article of my
Grandison's plan shall be carried into execution. We
will rejoice with the Chevalier in his England—And
he, and all who are dear to him, shall accompany us to

Italy. We will be all one family.

Sir Charles then introduced to the Lady his greatly and justly esteemed Mrs. Beaumont. Clementina threw herself into her arms. Forgive me, my dear Mrs. Beaumont! If you forgive me, Virtue will. Pardon the poor creature, who never, never, would have so much disgraced your lessons, and her Mamma's example, as she has done, had not a heavy cloud darkened her unhappy mind. Say you forgive me, as the best and most indulgent of Parents, and the kindest of Brothers, have done.

It was not your fault, my dear Lady Clementina, but your misfortune. You never was so much to be blamed as pitied. All here are of one sentiment. We came over to heal your wounded mind: Be it healed, and every one will be happy; yes, more happy, perhaps (for now we all understand one another) than if you had not left us to mourn your absence.

Bleffed be my Comforter, my Friend, my beloved Mrs. Beaumont! You always knew how to blunt the keen edge of calamity: What a superior woman are

vou!

Father Marescotti was introduced by the Marquis himself, with a respect worthy of his piety and goodness. I submit, Father, said Lady Clementina, before he could speak, to any penance you shall insict.

His voice would not befriend him; His action, however, shewed him to be all joy and congratulation.

I have been wicked, very wicked, continued she— But Mrs. Beaumont says, and she says justly, that I merited pity, rather than blame. Yet if you think not so, you, who are the keeper of my conscience, spare me not.

Who, who, said the good man, shall condemn, when Father, Mother, and Brothers, so zealous for the honour of their family, acquit! God forgive you,

my dearest Lady! And God forgive us all!

My dearest Chevalier Grandison, said Jeronymo, what gratitude, what obligations do we owe to you,

and your admirable Lady and Sifters! Again I acknowledge the obligation for a whole family, from this

hour a happy one, I hope.

It had been agreed between the family and Sir Charles, that not a word should be mentioned to Lady Clementina of the Count of Belvedere. They requested Sir Charles to take upon himself the breaking to her, that he was in England, in his own man-

ner, as opportunity should offer.

Every one having been greatly affected, Sir Charles proposed to take leave; and that Lady Clementina should return to Lady L's. for that night, as preparation might not have been made for her stay in Grosvenor-square: But all the family, with one voice, declared they could not part with the restored Daughter and Sifter of their hopes: And she herself chearfully confented to flay; gratefully, however, thanking Lady L. for her fifterly treatment.

Who, in the general joy, faid Sir Charles, has remembered the good Camilla? Let Camilla congratulate her Lady, and all of us, on this happy oc-

cafion.

Every-one called out for Camilla. In ran the worthy creature. On her knees fhe embraced her young Lady's, and wept for joy. Ah! my Camilla, my friend Camilla! faid Clementina, clasping her arms about her neck, I have been cruel to you: But it was not I-Alas! alas! I was not always myself-I will endeavour to repair your wrongs.

Thank God that I once more clasp my dear young Lady to my heart !- I have no wrongs to complain of.

Yes, yes, you have, kind Camilla: I wanted to elude your watchful duty; and was too cunning to be

just to my Camilla.

Sir Charles forgot not to commend Laura to-forgiveness and favour. Laura, said Lady Clementina, is blameless. She obeyed me with reluctance. If I am myfelf forgiven, forgive Laura.

My

My dearest Love, said the Marchioness, we have agreed, that you shall choose your own servants. The Chevalier, we have no doubt, had Laura in his thoughts, when he made that stipulation; the English youth too. You, my Clementina, must have it in your power to do with these as you please.

May I be permitted, my Lord, said Sir Charles, to make one request for myself to Lady Clementina; a request which shall be consistent with the articles

you will all fign.

I will agree to a request of yours, Chevalier, said

the Lady, be it almost what it will.

I will not, madam, make it to-day, nor to-morrow. After the hurry of spirits we have all sustained, let to-morrow be a day of composure. Permit me to expect you all at dinner with me on Friday. The articles then may be figned: And then, but not before, I will mention my request, and hope it will be granted.

Sir Charles's invitation was politely accepted; and

to-morrow-

Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont below !-

Sir Charles had been out, and was just come in when the two Ladies alighted. I was overjoyed to see them, and to see Lady Clementina serene, and seemingly not unhappy. We are come said Mrs. Beaumont, to make our earliest acknowledgements for the happiness restored to a whole samily. Lady Clementina could not be easy till she had paid her personal thanks to Lady Grandison, for the support her presence gave her yesterday.

Gratitude, said the Lady, fills my heart: but how, Chevalier, shall I express it? I beseech you, let me know your request. Tell me, dear Lady Grandison,

wherein I can oblige my fourth Brother ? 3 - 11 30 303

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Sir Charles, fortify your heart against a gentle (hope it will then be but a gentle) surprize. You have not yet signed, your Relations have not, I presume, the articles to which you have mutually agreed.

Sir! Chevalier! Sir! hadreson and works and work

Let me not alarm you, madam.

He put one of her hands in mine; and took the

other, in a very tender manner, in his.

You intend to fign them?—They do, I am fure, To-morrow, when we are all together, they will be figned on both fides.

I hope fo-They will not, Chevalier, be receded

the line is a series of the first of the fir

from?

They will not, madam: And hence you will be affured, that the Count of Belvedere will never be proposed to you with any degree of urgency.

I hope not, I hope not, faid the with quickness

Should you, madam, on your return to Italy, be unwilling to fee the Count as a friend to your family, as a respecter of your great qualities, as a countryman?

I shall always regard the Count of Belvedere, as a man of honour, as a friend of my Brother Giacomo, of all our family—But I cannot place him in any other light. What means the Chevalier Grandison? Keep not my mind in suspense.

I will not. Your Father, your Mother, your Brothers, came over, in hopes that you might be prevailed upon in the Count's favour. They have given

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up that hope-

They have, Sir!

And will absolutely leave you to your own will, to your own wishes, on the condition to which you have agreed to fign—But shall I ask you—Were the Count to be in France, would you allow him to come over, and take leave of your family and you, before he sets out for the Court of Madrid?

What, Sir! as a man who had hopes from me of

more than my good wishes?

No,

No, madam; only as a friend to the whole familynot requesting any other favour, now he fees you fo determined, than your good wishes, your prayers, for him, as you will ever have his for you.

I can confent in that view: But were any other fayour to be hoped from me; were my generolity to be expected to be prevailed upon -O Chevalier! Lady Grandison! Mrs. Beaumont! Let me not be attempted in this way: The articles would be broken. This

would be persuasion, and that compulsion.

Nothing, madam, of this kind is intended. The articles will be inviolably observed on the part of your relations. But here Mrs. Beaumont, who never intended to fet her foot on the English shore, to oblige and comfort your Mother, is come to England: And in the general grief that was occasioned by your absenting yourfelf, if the man, who was always defervedly effeemed by your family, had accompanied, had attended, your Father, your Brothers-

Sir Charles stopt, and looked at the apprehensive Lady with fach a sweet benignity, and, on her eye meeting his, with fuch tender and downcast modesty

(all the graces of gentle perfuation are his!)

O Chevalier! your request! your request! Tell me in what I can oblige the most obliging of friends, of men! A Dato da 18 state that we de translate

I will tell you, madam—bowing on the hand he held-Confent, if it be not with too much pain to

yourself, to see the Count of Belvedere.

See him, Sir! How? When? Where? As what? As a friend to your family—a well-wisher to your glory, and happiness; and as a man ready and defirous to promote the latter at the expence of his own. He withes but, while he stays here—

" Stays here," Sir!

To be allowed to visit your family, and to see you once, twice, thrice, as you please-but entirely under the conditions of the articles to be figned to-morrow. And ... And

And is then the Count in England?

He is, madam. He attended his and your friends over. He has not once defired to appear in your prefence: He keeps himself close in private lodgings. Hence judge of his resolution not to disturb or offend you. He will depart the kingdom without an interview, if you will have it so: But I could not bear, that so good a man should be obliged to depart disgrace-fully, as I may say, and as if he were undeserving of pity, though he could not obtain sayour.

O Chevalier !

Secured, madam, by the articles, though his emotion may be apprehended to be great, yours cannot—There is not the same reason for the one as for the other: I make it my request, that the Count of Belvedere may be allowed, as one of the chosen friends of your house, but as no more (more the articles forbid) a place at my table to-morrow.

bord a da to continue a miles

To-morrow, Sir! and I present!

He bowed affirmatively. The man action of the

O how the penetrating man looked into the heart of the Lady at her eyes!—As fure as you are alive, madam, he thought of guessing by her then emotion, whether any hopes could distantly lie for the Count, by the consequence his presence or absence would give him with her.

She paufed-At last-And is this, Chevalier, the

request you had to make me?

It is, madam; and if my Harriet had not had the honour of this vifit, I should have made the same request for his admission in the evening to-morrow—as now I do to dinner.

Well, Sir; I can suspect no double-dealing from

Sir Charles Grandison. The on he will be of all

Talk for no favour for the Count more than I have mentioned, madam: I am bound by the articles I have drawn, as if I were a party to them. Well, Well, Sir, I consent to see the Count. He will be prudent, I hope I shall be so. In Italy, more than once, after you had left it, I saw him: And I always wished him happy.

Now, my dearest Sister, said Sir Charles, my everto-be-respected friend, I am easy in my mind. I could not bear in my thoughts, that any thing I knew, which it concerned you to know, should be concealed

from you.

Tears stood in her eyes. O madam, said she to me, God and you only can reward this excellent man for his goodness to me, and all the world that know him. You see your influence, Chevalier. In every way do I wish to shew my gratitude. But never, never, ask me to give him my hand in marriage.

Ah! my dear Lady, thought I; a tear stealing involuntarily down my cheek; the less the less, I doubt, must you be asked, for having before you a man, who having no equal, you cannot think of any

other.

LETTER XXXIX.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Thursday Evening, March 29.

LADY G. has fent to me in all hafte. She is taken ill. God give her a happy hour.

O'my Grandmamma! there are folemn, there are awful, circumftances in the happiest marriages.

She begs to fee her Brother as well as me.

I wait for him. The Count of Belvedere is with

They have parted-I am gone.

Thursday Night.

Yet tho' a fine one, how are the Earl and Lady Gertrude trude disappointed!—Poor mortals! how hard to be pleased!

The brave are always humane. Sir Charles's tender and polite behaviour on this occasion—How does every

occurence endear him to every-body!

How dearly does Lord G. love his Charlotte! Till all was over, he was in agonies for her safety. His prayers then, his thankfulness now, how ought they to endear him to his Charlotte! And so they must, when she is told of his anxiety, and of his honest joy, or I will not own her for my Sister. But in her beart, I am sure she loves him. Her past idle behaviour to him was but play. She will be matronized now. The Mother must make her a Wife. She will doubly disgrace herself, if she loves her Child, and can

make a jest of her Husband.

I have just now asked Sir Charles, whether, if he could prevail on Lady Clementina, while they were all with us, to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere, he would? By no means, said he, and that for both their fakes. Lady Clementina has, on many occasions, shewn that she may be prevailed upon by generous and patient treatment: Let the Count have patience. If the recover her mind, a train of chearful ideas may take place of those melancholy ones, which make her desirous of quitting society. She will find herfelf by the articles agreed to, in a fituation to do more good, than it is possible she could do, were her inclination to take the veil to be gratified. The good the will do will open and enlarge a mind which is naturally noble; and she will be grateful for the indulgence given her, which will be the means of fo happy a change: But if the poor Lady's mind be not curable (which God forbid) who will pity the Count for not being able to obtain her hand ?- I think, my dear, I have made him, tho' not happy, easy; and I hope he will be able to fee her without violent emotions. a fine one, but are the hard and Friday,

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Friday Morning.

SIGNORS Sebastiano and Juliano are come back, rejoicing that they have been introduced to, and kindly received by, Lady Clementina

Sir Edward Beauchamp has just left me. How happy does the account he gives of my Emily's chear-fulness make me! I knew you would all love her.

Sincerely do I rejoice in the news which my Nancy confirms, that Lucy has absolutely rejected the addresses of Mr. Greville, She startled me once, I can tell her! A naughty girl! what could she mean by it?

Won't the give me the particulars under her own _ hand? I shall be afraid of her till she does; so much was I impressed by her warmth in the argument she once held with me, in his favour, as I thought. Yet I cordially with Mr. Greville well; but my Lucy better. Pray, madam, let me privately know, if the proposals for the young Irish peer (a), whom Nancy praises so much for his sobriety, modesty, learning, and other good qualities, were made before or after the rejecting of Mr. Greville? I half-mistrust the girls who have been disappointed of a first Love. Yes Lucy's victory over herself was a noble one. She is in the way, I hope to be rewarded for it. God grant it!-Think you, my dear Grandmamma, I can be folicitous (as I am from the bottom of my heart) for the happiness of a new-adopted Sister, and not be inexpressibly anxious for that of my Lucy, the faithful, the affectionate friend of my earlier years?

Our guests are entering.—May the same gracious Providence, which has more than answered every wish of your Harrier's heart in her own situation, shower down its blessings on Lucy, on you, and all the revered, the beloved circle I prays, my dear Grandmamma,

Your and their ever dutiful and affectionate,

Vol. VII. HARRIET GRANDISON.
LET-

(a) Reresby, mentioned Vol. VI. p. 312.

LETTER OXL. AS SENIOR

ellered that it is being been about the state of the stat LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Saturday, March 31.

TOW, my dear Grandmamma, let me give you some account of what passed yesterday.

The articles figned and witneffed, were put into Lady Clementina's hand, and a pen given her, that the might write her name, in the presence of all

her furrounding friends here. I the said the

Never woman appeared with more dignity in her air and manner. She was charmingly dreffed, and became her dress. A truly lovely woman! But every one by looks-feemed concerned at her folemnity. She figned her name; but tore off, deliberately, their names; and, kiffing the torn bit, put it in her bosom : Then, throwing herself on her knees to her Father and Mother who flood together, and prefenting the paper to the former; Never let it be faid, thatyour Child, your Clementina, has presumed to article in form with the dearest of Parents. My name stands. It will be a witness against me, if I break the articles which I have figned. But in your forgiveness, my Lord, in yours, Madam, and in a thousand acts of indulgence, I have too much experienced your past, to doubt your future goodness, to me. Your intention, my ever-honoured Parents is your act. I pray to God to enable your Clementina to be all you wish her to be. In the fingle Life only indulge me. Your word is all the affurance I wish for. I will have no other.

They embraced her. They tenderly raifed her

between them; and again embraced her.

I would not, methinks, Sir, faid the, turning to Sir Charles, for the first time fee the Count of Belvedere before all this company, though I revere every one in it. Is the Count in the house? W to T was track profession () The tell He

He is in my Study, madam.

Will my Mamma, faid she, turning to her, ho-

nour me with her presence?

She gave her hand to Sir Charles, and took mine.—
Jeronymo followed her; and Sir Charles led her into
the next room. Too great folemnity in all this! whifpered the Marquis to Father Marefcotti. She courtesied, invitingly, to Mrs. Beaumont. She also followed her.

Sir Charles, seating her and the Marchioness, by the young Lady's silent permission, went into his Study; and, having prepared the Count to expect a solemn and uncommon reception, introduced him. He approached her, profoundly bowing: A sweet blush overspread her cheeks: You, my Lord of Belvedere, said she, are one of those my friends, to whom I am, in some measure, accountable for the rash step which brought me into this kingdom; because it has induced you to accompany my brothers, whom you have always honoured with your friendship.—Forgive me for any inconveniences you have suffered on this occasion.

What honour does Lady Clementina do me to rank me in the number of the friends to whom the thinks

herself accountable !- Believe me, madam-

My Lord, interrupted she, I shall always regard you as the friend of my family, and as my friend. I shall wish your happiness, I do wish your happiness, as my own; and I cannot give you a stronger proof that I do, than by with-holding from you the hand which you have fought to obtain with an unshaken, and, my friends think, an obliging perseverance, quite thro an unhappy malady, which ought to have deterred you, for many takes, and most for your own.

My dear Mamma, throwing herfelf at her feet, forgive me for my perfeverance. It is not altogether owing (I hope it is not all owing) to perverteness, and to a wilful refusance of the wills and wishes of all

K 2

my friends, that I have withflood your Two reasons influenced me, when I declined another hand; Religion and Country, a double reason, was one; when inhappy malady which had feized me, was another. Two reasons, rising with dignity, and turning from her weeping Mother, also influence me with regard to the Count of Belvedere; though neither of them are the important articles of Religion and Country. I own to you, before these my dearest friends, and let it be told! to every one whom it concerns to know it, that justice to the Count of Belvedere is one-What a wretch should I be, if I gave my hand to a man who had not the preference in my heart, which is a husband's due !- And should I, who had an unhappy reason to refuse one worthy man for his own fake, perhaps for the fakes of the unborn (I will speak out on this important occasion) not be determined tondo as much justice to another?-In one word, I refused to punish the Chevalier Grandison [Madam, to me, you know my flory]: What has the Count of Belvedere done, that I should make no scruple to punish him? My good Lord, be satisfied with my wishes for your happiness. I find myself, at times, very, very wrong. I have given proofs but too convincing to all my friends, that I am not right .- While I fo think, conscience, honour, justice (as I told you once before, my good Chevalier) compel me to embrace the Single Life.-I have, in duty to my nearest friends, given up the way I should have chosen to lead it in .- Let me try to recover myself in their way. My dearest, dearest Mamma (again dropping on her knees to her) I will endeavour to make all my friends happy in the way they have agreed to make me for Pray for me, all my friends !- looking round her, tears in big drops trickling down her cheeks. Then rifing, Pray for me, my Lord of Belvedere : I will for you; and that you may do justice to the merit of some worthier woman who can do justice to yours.

She hurried from us, in a way which shewed she was too much elevated for her bodily powers. Sir Charles befought Mrs. Beaumont to follow her-Mrs: Beaumont took my hand.

We found the Lady in the Study: She was on her knees, and in tears. She arose at our entrance. Each of us haftening to give her a hand, O my dear Lady Grandison, said the, forgive me-Am I, am I wrong, my dear Mrs. Beaumont?-Tell me, Have I behaved through who all articles as mountain the strength

We both applauded her. Well we might. If her greatness be owing to a raised imagination, who shall call it a malady? Who, but for the dear Lady's own fake, would regret the next-to-divine impulle, by which, on feveral occasions, the has thewn herfelf actuated? of send and new thook and there to

She suffered herself to be led to her mother, who embracing her (Clementina again kneeling to her) My dearest child, my blessed daughter, we all of us. while such are your apprehensions; must acquiesce with your reasons. Be happy, my Love, in your own magnanimity. I glory in my child.

And I in my Sifter, faid the noble Jeronymo-Saint! Angel! kneeling to her on one knee, notwithstanding his lameness, I next to adore my Sister.

She called him her brother, her true brother. Then, taking my hand: And will you, Lady Grandison, said the, be my Sifter: Shall Sir Charles Grandison be my Brother? Will you return with us into Italy? Shall we cultivate on both fides a family-friendship to the end of our lives hard to the thousand

I threw my arms about her neck, tears mingling on the cheeks of both: It will be my ambition, my great ambition, to deferve the distinction you give me -My Sifter, my Friend, the Sifter of my best Friend, love him as he honours you; and me for his fake, as I will you for your own, as well as for his, to the end of my life and the partion of a publication of the

- K 3

Sir Charles clasped his arms about us both. His eyes spoke his admiration of her, and his delight in each. Angels he called us. Then seating us, he took the Count's hand; and, leading him to her, Let me, madam, present to you the Count of Belvedere, as a man equally to be pitied and esteemed. He yields to your imagnancity with a greatness of mind like your own. Receive then, acknowledge, the friend in him. He will endeavour to forego a dearer hope.

Then will I receive him as my friend. I thank you my Lord, for the honour you have so long done me. May you be happy with a woman who can deferve you!—See that happy pair before you!—May you be as happy as Sir Charles Grandison!—What

greater felicity can I wish you?

He took her hand: On one knee he lifted it to his lips: I will tear from you, madam, a tormentor. I must ask nothing of you; but, for myself, I can only promise, in the words of the Chevalier Grandifon, to endeavour to forego, a dearer the deares,

hope

The Count arose, bowing to her with prosound respect; his eyes sull; as his heart seemed to be. Signor Jeronymo motioned to return to the company. Lady Clementina wished to retire with me, till what had passed was related to the rest. I led her to my closet. There did we renew our vows of everlasting triendship.

to the Count, withdrew with him into his Study.

Mrs. Beaumont and Signor Jeronymo, told those
who were not present at the affecting scenes, what

had paffed. The self live at : From to Mendo Into to

When we were summoned to dinner, every one received Lady Clementina as an Angel. They applauded her for her noble behaviour to the Count, and blessed themselves for having taken the resolution of coming to England; and, most of all, they blessed my dear

dear Sir Charles; to whom they ascribed all their opening happy prospects; and promised themselves that his samily and theirs would be as much one, as if the alliance, once so near taking place, had actually done so.

Sir Charles, at and after dinner, urged the carrying into execution the latter part of his beneficent plan. He offered to attend them to the Drawingroom, to the Play, to the Oratorios (and took that opportunity to give the praises which every-body allows to be due to Mr. Handel); and to every place of Public Entertainment which was worthy the notice of Foreigners; and left it to their choice, whether they would go first to Grandison-hall, or satisfy their

curiofity in and about town.

The Marquis said, that as Sir Charles and I were brought out of the country by the arrival of their Clementina, and our expectation of them, he doubted not but it would be most agreeable to us to return to our own seat; adding, politely, that the highest entertainment they could have, would be the company and conversation of us, and our friends; and that rather at our own seats, than any-where else. The public diversions, he was pleased to say, might take their attention asterwards. Now they were here, they would not be in haste to return, provided Sir Charles and his friends would answer the hope he had given of accompanying them back to Italy.

There is no repeating the polite and agreeable

things, that were faid on all fides.

Well then, my dear Grandmamma, to cut short,

thus it was last agreed upon :

The Count of Belvedere, who, all the afternoon and evening, received the highest marks of civility and politeness from the admirable Clementina (which, by the way, I am afraid will not promote his cure) proposes, with Signors Sebastiano and Juliano, to pass a month or six weeks in seeing every-thing which they shall think worthy of their notice in and about this

K 4

great city; and then, after one farewel-vifit to us, they intend to fet out together for the Court of Madrid; where the Count intends to flay some months.

We shall all set out, on Monday next, for Grandi-

fon-hall.

Lord and Lady L. will follow us in a week or

fortnight.

How will the poor dear Charlotte mutter! whifpered Lady L. to me: But the and her Lord will join

us as foon as poffible; the state of or the

Mrs. Eleanor Grandison loves not the Hall, because of the hardships she received from the late owner of it, Sir Thomas; and thinks herfelf bound by a rash vow, which she made the last time she was there, Ne-

again to enter its gates.

Lady Clementina whispered to me more than once, how happy the fhould think herfelf in these excurfions; and hoped all their healths would be established by them. She faid the sweetest, the most affectionate things to me. Once she faid, bidding me call her nothing but my Clementina, that she should be happy if the were fure I loved her as much as the loved me. I affured her, and that from my very heart, that I dearly loved her.

Surely it was a happy incident, my dear Grandmamma, that Lady Clementina took a step, which, though at first it had a rash appearance, has been productive of so much joy to all round (the poor Count

of Belvedere excepted) and in particular, to

Your ever-dutiful, ever-grateful,

agreed Corties and Landon to the land the department of the total of t am se comis to accept the opening the second could be the course and all the execution determines.

HARRIET GRANDISON.

but as folial Her hideed we all withed for you A STATE OF THE ROUND OF THE REAL PROPERTY OF THE RE I he reduce their was an incirclination of the sall as girls.

LADY GRANDISON, TO LADY G.

Grandison hall, Monday, April 9.

TTOW happy, my dear Lady G. are we all of us here, in one another! How happy is your Harriet?-And yet when you can come, and partake of

my felicity, it will be still enlarged.

I have just now received a Letter from Lucy. The contents, as you will fee (for I shall enclose it) are a conversation that passed a few days ago at Shirleymanor, upon a subject of which you are a better judge than your Harriet. In short, it is a call upon you. as I interpret it, to support your own doctrines; by which, in former Letters, you have made fome of the honest girls in England half-ashamed to own. a first passion. You know how much I am at present engaged. I would not have the dear girls neglected. Answer the Letter therefore for me, and for yourself : yet, remember, that I do not engage to abide implicitly. by your determination. Ever, ever, my Charlotte, Your most affectionate,
HARRIET GRANDI

with the produced not an are the control to the training CITTOR LETTER XLII.

MISS LUCY SELBY, TO LADY GRANDISON.

[Inclosed in the preceeding.]

the poredo broods and sense Thursday, April 10

VERY hour in the day some circumstance or Other makes me wish my dear Lady Grandisonin Northamptonshire. Emily charms us all-But fill every object reminds us of our Harriet. Not that Harriet alone would content us now. Nor could Six Charles and Lady Grandison be at this time spared by their noble guests. After all therefore, every-thing K 5

yesterday evening, most particularly, at Shirley-manor. The conversation was an interesting one to all us girls; and Emily, Nancy, and our cousins Holles's, have brought me to give you an account of it, and to appeal to you upon it; and through you to Lady G. And yet we are all of us more than half asraid of a Lady, who has already treated but lighty a subject that young women think of high importance.

The conversation began with my cousin Kitty's greatly pitying Lady Clementina; describing, in her pathetic way, the struggles she had had between her first duties and her inclination; the noble preference she had given to the former; and the persecution, as she called it, of all her friends to induce her to marry when she chooses to live single all her life. Every one of us young solks joined with my cousin Kitty.

But your Grandmamma Shirley could not, she said, perfectly agree with us in the hardship of Lady Clementina's situation; who having from noble motives spontaneously rejected the man of her choice, was, from reasons of samily convenience, and even of personal happiness, urged to marry a nobleman, who, by all accounts, is highly deserving and agreeable, and every-way suitable to her: A man, in short, to

whom she pretended not an aversion; nor hoped nor wished to be the wife of any other man; proposing to herself only the Single Life, and having given up all thoughts of taking the veil.

Personal happiness! cried out Miss Kitty Holles: Can the woman be happy in a second choice, whose

first was Sir Charles Grandison? Word Y 9

And whom, for noble motives, she refused, said my Aunt Selby, remember that, Kitty; and whom she wished to be, and who actually is, the husband of another woman.

The girls looked at one another: But Mrs. Shirley speaking, they were all filent.

The

The happiness of human Life, my dears, replied your Grandmamma, is at best but comparative. The utmost we should hope for here, is such a fituation, as, with a felf-approving mind, will carry us best thro' this present scene of trial: Such a finuation, as, all circumstances considered, is, upon the whole, most eligible for us, tho' some of its circum stances may be difagrecable.

Young people fet out with fa'fe notions of happiness; gay, fairy-land imaginations; and when there schemes prove unattainable, sit down in disappointment and dejection. Tell me now, Kitty Holles, and speak freely, my Love [She would not address herself to some of us for a reason I, your Lucy, for one need not give] we are all friends; the gravest of us bave been young; tell us, Kitty, your ideas of happinels for a young woman just fetting out in Lite.

Poor Emily answered only with a sudden blush, and a half-stifled figh : But all the rest, as with one voice, cried out, Harriet, our Harriet, is the happy woman-To be married to the man of her choice : the man chosen by her friends, and applauded by all the world. And fo, faid Mrs. Selby, as there is but one Sir Charles Grandison in the world, were his scheme of Protestant Nunneries put into execution, all the rest

of womankind, who had feen him with diffinction; might retire into cloisters.

Were men to form themselves by his example, said Emily [No unfavourable hint for Sir Edward] - There

the Ropt, of Separatoring drive by a confe Belides, faid I, (my own case in view) when our eye has led our choice, imagination can eafily add all good qualities to the plaufible appearance. But to give our hand where we cannot give a preference, is furely, madam, acting against conscience in the most important article of Life, the stall was self-

A preference we ought to give, my Lucy : But need this be the preference of giddy inclination? No Ailes 1909 K-6 9 W avertion aversion pre-supposed, will not reason and duty give this preference in a fecurer and nobler way to the man who, upon the whole, is most suitable to us? It is well known, that I was always for discouraging our Harriet's declarations, that the never would be the wife of any other man than him the is now to happy as to call hers. If (as we all at one time apprehended) our hopes had been absolutely impracticable, the noble Countels of D. who gave such convincing reafons on her fide of the question (a), would have had my good wishes for the Earl of D. So, before him. had not ill health been an objection, would Mr. Orme. You all know, that I wished but to live to see my Harriet the wife of some worthy man. A single woman is too generally an undefended, unfupported creature. Her early connexions, year by year, drop off; no new ones arise; and the remains solitary and unheeded, in a bufy buftling world; perhaps foured to it by her unconnected state. Is not some gratitude due to a worthy man, who early offers himself for her guide and protector through life? Gratitude was the motive even of Harriet's inclination at first.

Nancy smiled. Why smiles my Nancy? asked your smiling Grandmamma, I am sure you think,

child, there is weight in what I faid.

Indeed, madam there is—Great weight—But just as you gave us an idea of the dreary unconnected Life of a fingle woman in years, I thought of poor Mrs. Penelope Arby. You all know her. I saw her in imagination, surrounded with parrots and lap dogs!—So spring-like at past fifty, with her pale pink Lustring, and back head—Yet so peevish at girls!—

And she, resumed Mrs. Shirley, resuled some good offers in her youth, out of dread of the tyranny of a husband, and the troublesomeness of a parcel of Brats!—Yet now she is absolutely governed by a favourite maid, and as full of the Bon-mots of her par-

rots, as I used to be of yours, my Loves, when you

were prattlers.

Yet let us not, said Mrs. Selby, with the insolence of Matrons or Brides-expectant, be too severe upon Old Maids. Lady G. surely is faulty in this particular. Many worthy and many happy persons in that class have I known: Many amiable and useful in society, even to their latest age—You, madam, to Mrs.

Shirley, had a friend-Mrs. Eggleton.

I had, my dear Mrs. Selby-Never has any length of time, any variety of scene, at all effaced the dear idea, tho she died many years ago. She never married; but that was not her own fault. She was addressed, when hear twenty, by a young gentleman of unexceptionable character. She received his addresses, on condition that both their friends approved of them. She was a vifitor in town. The relations of both lived in the country. The young couple loved each other : But neither of their family, when consulted, approveing the match, to the great regret of both, it was broken off. The gentleman married, and was not uphappy. In three or four years another worthy man made his addresses to Mrs. Eggleton. All her friends approved. She found him deferving of her affection. and agreed to reward his merit. He was to make one voyage to the Indies, on prospects too great to be neglected; and on his return they were to be married. His voyage was profperous to the extent of all his wifnes. He landed in his native country; flew to his beloved miftress. She received his visit with grateful toy. It was his last visit. He was taken ill of a violent fever; died in a few days, delirious, but blef-

She and I have talked over the subject we are upon a hundred times. In those days I was young, and

had my romantic notions.

Indeed, madam! said Patty Holles. Indeed, madam! said Emily—Dear, dear madam, said Kitty Holles. Holles, if it be not too bold a request, let us hear

what they were.

and the property of the second The reading in fashion, when I was young, was Romances. You, my children, have, in that respect, fallen into happier days. The present age is greatly obliged to the authors of the Spectators. But till I became acquainted with my dear Mrs Eggleton, which was about my fixteenth year, I was over-run with the absurdities of that unnatural kind of writing.

And how long, madam, did they hold?

Not till I was quite twenty. That good Lady eured me of so false a taste: But till she did; I had very high ideas of first impressions; of eternal constancy; of Love raised to a pitch of idolatry. In these dispositions, not more than nineteen, was my dear Mr. Shirley proposed to me, as a person whose character was taultless; his offers advantageous. I had feen him in company two or three times, and looked upon him merely as a good fort of a man; a fenfible man-But what was a good fort of a man to an Oroondates? He had paid no addresses to me : He applied to my friends on a foot of propriety and prudence. They laid no conftraint upon me. I confulted my own heart-But, my dear girls, what a temptation have you thrown in the way of narrative old age!

All of us most eagerly belought her to go on.

The excellent Mrs. Eggleton knew my heart better than I did myself. Even now, said she, you dislike not this worthy man. You can make no reasonable objection to his offer. You are one of many Sisters [We were then a numerous family-Alas ! how many dear friends have I out-lived !] A match fo advantageous for you, will be of real benefit to your whole family. Lifteem, heightened by Gratitude, and enforced by Duty, continued the, will foon ripen into Love: The only fort of Love that fuits this imperfect state; a tender, a faithful affection. There

only to be exercised by us mortal creatures in humble devotion. My dear Henrietta, concluded she, condiscend to be happy in such a way as suits this mortal state.

I replied to her, with a distress of mind, proceeded Mrs. Shirley, that I could not depend on my own sentiments. I had seen little of the world. Suppose, after I had vowed Love to a man quite indifferent to me, I should meet with the very one, the kindred soul, who must irresistably claim my whole heart? I will not suspect myself of any possibility of misconduct, where the duty and the crime would be so glaring; but must I not, in such a case, be for ever miserable?

The mild Mrs. Eggleton did not chide: She only argued with me. Often afterwards did I, with delight, repeat this conversation to the best of men, my dear Mr. Shirley, when a length of happy years had verified all she said.

Dear madam, cried Kitty, tell us how she argued, or we shall all remain on your side of the question.

O my children! faid the venerable parent, in what

talkativeness do you engage me !

I fear, Henrietta, said Mrs. Eggleton, that the you are a good Christian, your opinions in this point are a little heathenish. You look upon Love as a blind irresistable Deity, whose darts sly at random, and admit neither desence or cure. Consider the matter, my dear, in a more reasonable light. The passions are intended for our servants, not our masters, and we have, within us, a power of controuling them, which it is the duty and the business of our lives to exert. You will allow this readily in the case of any passion that poets and romance writers have not set off with their salse colourings. To instance in anger; Will my Henrietta own, that she thinks it probable, anger should ever transport her beyond the bounds of duty?

bus I inleaded, that I was not naturally of an angry semper; and was asked with a fmile, whether I meant, -by that distinction, to own myself of a loving one.

stil could not be angry with my good Mrs. Eggleton:

yet I remember I was vexed to the heart.

But why then, rejoined the, thould you think yourfelf more likely to fall in Love after you are marpied, than before?

At least, said I, a little previshly, let me stay till I am in love, as you are pleased to call it, before I marry, delette are a stayled then her see first

- I would not by any means, replied the, have you -marry a man for whom you have not a preferable in--clination; but why may you not find on admitting Mr. Shirley's addresses, young, agreeable, worthy, and every way fuitable to you, as he is, that he is that man whom your inclination can approve?

I never faw him yet, faid I, with the least emotion. I have no aversion to him: I might esteem him: But what is that to the Love one is fo folemnly to vow a Husband? And should I, after that vow. behold an object whom I could indeed have lov-

Of any indicates the few entereds process, in the

A Duke de Nemours! faid she, taking up the Princels of Gleves, that unluckily lay on my table-Ah my Henrietta, have I found you out !- That pincess, my dear, was a filly woman. Her story is written with dangerous elegance; but the whole foundation of her diffresses was an idle one. To fansy herfelf in Love with a mere stranger, because he appeared agreeable at a Ball, when the lived happily with a worthy hufband, was miftaking mere Liking for Love, and combating all her life after with a chimera of her own creating. I do not tell you it is impossible for you to meet hereafter with persons in fome external accomplishments fuperior to the defery. ing man whose wish is to make you happy: But will you fuffer your eye to lead you into milery then, when

I must suppose, it would equally missed you mw.
Tell me, Henrietta, What think you of those girls, who blast all the hopes of their fond Parents, by cloping with a well-drest captain, a spruce dancing master, or a handsome player?

She ftruck me dumb with fhame.

You see then, my dear, the filial duty, the duty of a reasonable and modest woman, were she even without parents or friends, forbids fancy to be her guide, as much as the sacred engagement of marriage forbids it to be her tormentor.

But have there not been instances, said I; do not you and I know one [We did] in this neighbourhood, where a truly good woman was made miserable for years, by having her heart and hand differently en-

gaged ?

Mrs. Eggleton reminded me, that there were, in that case, such extremely particular circumstances, as made it absurd to form from thence a general judgement. In almost every thing, said she, we act but upon probabilities; and one exception out of a thousand ought never to determine us. Even this exception, in the case you hint at, is owing, in some measure, to a pitiably misguided imagination. Let us, take our rules, my dear, from plain common sense, and not from poetical refinements.

Say, my children, faid the condescending parent,

did my friend argue well ?

Love out of doors. She did not feem to allow the possibility of any persons being in Love at all.

I told her so, replied my Grandmamma.

So far from it, faid the, with a figh, and a look expressive of the sostest tenderness, that my own affections, as you know, were deeply engaged. The amiable youth, to whom I was to be united by marriage, died. His memory will ever be dear to my heart.

heart. Love authorized by reasonable prospects; Love guided and heightened by duty, is every thing excellent that poets have faid of it: Yet even this Love must submit to the awful dispensations of Providence, whether of death or other disappointment :: and fuch trials ought to be met with chearful refignation, and not to be the means of embittering our lives, or of rendering them useless: And every-thing we ought to do, be affired, my dear, we shall be enabled to do, if we fet about it rightly, and with equal humility and truft. And for that kind of Love, which in its very beginning is contrary to Duty, to suppose that unconquerable, is making ourselves wretched indeed: And for first-fight impressions, and beginning inclinations, though always dangerous, and often guilty to indulge, they are absolutely trifles to overcome and suppress, to a person of prudence and virtue.

How we dwelt upon every fweet document that

fell from the lips of the dear Mrs. Shirley.

But now, Harriet for the appeals. After all, were you, or were you not, a romantic girl, when you declared, that you never would be the wife of any man living, if you were not Sir Charles Grandison's; even at the time when neither you nor we thought there

could be any hopes of fuch a happy event?

But had we not however, better appeal to Lady G. than to you? You were always so wise!—Yet you could not be contented with the worthy Orme. You knew instinctively, as I may say, that your kindred mind dwelt in St. James's Square. And Lady G. forty years hence, will be looking back, I suppose, with wonder, on the time when she gave her then sair hand of swan-skin, changed to buff [Her own slighty idea!] with reluctance to her deserving Lord. So, perhaps, we had best make no appeals at all. If we did, neither you nor she are at leisure now to answer them. Yet we have one appeal more to make; but

even our venerable parent a little too severe upon Old Maids? That wicked Nancy fell a laughing—Does she know what may be her own case? Here is a great parcel of girls of us—Have not I, her elder, been crossed in Love already? But if no proper match ever offers, must we take an improper one, to avoid the ridicule of a mere name? An unsupported state is better than an oppressed and miserable one, however: And how many rashly-chosen husbands, and repentant wives, could I set against Nancy's Mrs. Arby?—But the post is just going out; so that, sar from entering on so copious a subject, I have barely time to add, that I am, with the truest affection, my dearest creature,

Your faithful Lucy.

LETTER XLIII.

LADY G. TO LADY GRANDISON.

Thursday, April 12.

AM very well—What's the matter with the women!—I will write! Fifteen days control and caudle—Why furely!—

They are impertinent, my dear, and would take

my pen and ink from me!-

You de well, Harriet, to throw upon me your felf-

condemning talk. was wire at it is well a ben't

How conscious you are, when you tell me, before you know my opinion of the contents of Lucy's Letter, that you will not subscribe implicitly to my determination!—But I will not spare you. In my condemnation of them, read your own. I have written my answer, and shall inclose it; and no more at present trouble myself about them.

But here, I, Charlotte G. who married with in-

difference the poor Lord G. who made the honest man, whenever I pleased, foam, sume, fret, and execute the hour that he first beheld my face, now stand forth, an example of true conjugal felicity, and an encouragement for girls who venture into the marriage state, without that prodigious quantity of violent passion, which some hare-brained creatures think an effectial of Love.

You, my dear, left us telerably happy. But now we are almost in-tolerably fo. I had begun to recover my fpirits, depressed as they had been, for near a month before, on finding myfelf, like any common woman, confined to my chamber, while every other mouth fang O be joyful; and one was preparing, another had fet out, and half a score more were actually got to dear Grandison-hall. I bit my lip, and raved at the wretch to whom I attributed my durance: When, yesterday, (after à series indeed of the most obliging and most grateful behaviour, that a man ever expressed for a present made him, which he holds invaluable) he entered my chamber; and furprised me, as I did him (for I intended that he should know nothing of the matter, nor that I would ever be fo condescending); surprised me, as how? Ah, Harriet! In an act that confessed the mother, the whole mother !- Little Harriet at my breaft; or, at my neck, I believe I should say—should I not?

The nurse, the nursery-maids, knowing that I would not for the world have been so caught by my nimble Lord (for he is in twenty places in a minute) were more affrighted than Diana's nymphs, when the goddess was surprised by Acteon; and each, instead of surrounding me in order to hide my blushes, was for running a different way; not so much as attempt-

ing to relieve me from the Brat.

oterano A'S

arms—O wretch! fcreamed I—Begone—begone!
Whence the boldness of this intrusion?

Never

Never was man in a greater rapture. For Ladyn Gertrude had taught him to wish that a mother would be a mother: He threw himself at my feet, claspings me and the little varlet together in his arms. Brute I faid I, will you smother my Harriet-I was halfashamed of my tenderness-Dear-est, dear-est, dearest Lady G .- Shaking his head, between every dear and eff, every muscle of his face working; how you transport me! Never, never, never, saw I so delightful a fight! Let me, let me, let me (every emphatic word repeated three times at least) behold again the dear fight. Let me fee you clasp the precious gift, our Harriet's Harriet too, to that lovely bosom-The wretch (trembling however) pulled afide my handkerchief. I try'd to scold; but was forced to press the little thing to me, to supply the place of the handkerchief-Do you think, I could not have killed him? -To be fure I was not half angry enough. I knew not what I did, you may well think-for I bowed my face on the fmiling infant, who crowed to the preffure of my lip.

Begone, Lord G. said I-See! see! How shall I hold the little Marmouset, if you devour first one of

my hands, then the other?

He arose, took the little thing from me, kissed its forehead, its cheek, its lips, its little pudsey hands, first one, then the other; gave it again to my arms; took it again; and again resigned it to me.

Take away the pug, faid I, to the attendants—Take it away, while any of it is left—They rescued the still

fmiling babe, and run away with it.

My Lord then again threw himself at my seet—Pardon, pardon me, dearest creature, said he, that I took amiss any thing you ever said or did—You that could make me such rich amends—O let not those charming, charming spirits ever subside, which for a fortnight together, till yesterday, I missed. I loved you too well, preceeded he, to take any usage that was

not quite what I wished it, lightly. But for some time past I have seen that it was all owing to a vivacity, that now, in every instance of it, delights my soul. You never, never, had malice or ill-nature in what I called your petulence. You bore with mine. You smiled at me: Hencesorth, every thing you say, every thing you do, I will take for a savour. O my Charlotte! Never, never more shall it be in your power to make me so far sorget myself, as to be angry!

My dear Lord G.! I had like to have faid—I believe I did say—Then will you ruin absolutely ruin,

me?—What shall I do -for my Roguery?—
Never, never part with what you call so!—

Impossible, my Lord, to retain it, if it lose its wonted power over you. I shall have a new lesson to learn. O my Lord! why began you not this course before Harriet and Caroline set out for Grandisonhall? I might, by a closer observation of their behaviour, have made myself mistress of lessons that would have far more delightfully supplied the old ones, than can be done without their examples. But, my Lord, the time will soon come, when we shall be allowed to sty to that benefit at Grandison-hall. Our little Harriet shall go with us: The infant is the cement between us; and we will for the suture be every day more worthy of that, and of each other.

My Lord hurried from me in speechless rapture; His handkerchief at his eyes—Nurse, said I, bring me again our precious charge. I will be all the mother. I clasped it in my bosom. What shall I do, my little Harriet! Thy sather, sweet one! has run away

with my Roguery-

What a scene is here!—I will not read it over. If it requires a blush, do you, my dear, blush for me: I am hardened—And shall not perhaps, were I to reperuse it, my maternity so kindly acknowledged, so generously accepted, by my Lord G, be able to blush for myself.

But,

But, that I may feem only to have changed the bbjett, not only to have parted with my levity, read
the inclosed here, in answer to the appeal of the
young people; directed thus:

LADY G. TO MISS LUCY SELBY.

And the rest of the Girls at Selby House.

The place of the second of the best of the second of the s

smallow a day and a seed and and the Greeting.

You appeal to Harriet, and revoke your appeal:
You appeal to me, and withdraw it in the same
Letter—A parcel of chits! You know not what you
would have: what you would be; and hardly what
you are: You can have the sauciness in more places
than one, to resear upon me your judges. But are
you not convinced by the solid arguments of Mrs. Shirley! and her Mrs. Eggleton? If you are not, what
strange creatures are girls from sixteen to twenty-two!
Don't boys read romances as well as girls? Yet, in
these latter days, do the glasing absurdities influence
them so much in Love-matters, or last so long? Foolish
things! would you give a preference against yourselves to the other Sex?

Harriet, I think, was a romantic girl, when the made her declarations of one man only, or no one, for a husband. I did let her know my mind at the time by hints: But had my brother actually married Clementina; not only I, but her Grandmother Shirley, and Aunt Selby, and Uncle too, (odd soul as he is in some things) would have spoken out in favour of the young Earl of D. And had it not been with success, after a proper time had passed, I, for my part, would have set her down as a very silly girl; inserior, in this respect, to you, Eucy, and to twenty more I could name: For how sew of us are there, who have their first Loves? And indeed how sew first Loves are set to be encouraged? You know my thoughts, Lucy,

of a beginning Love, in a young bosom (a)—A very, very filly and childish affair, believe me.

Let me enumerate a few chances that may render a

first Love impracticable.

A young woman may fix her affections on a man, who may prove perfidious-On a man, who may be engaged to another woman; as had like to have been my brother's cafe-On a man who may be superior to her in degree or fortune; or who may be greatly inferior to her in both.—If love be not a voluntary passion, why not upon a hostler, a groom, a coachman, a footman-A grenadier, a trooper, a foot-foldier?—She may be in Mrs. Eggleton's case: Her Lover may be taken from her by death. In either, or any, of these cases, what is to be done? Must a woman fit down, cry herfelf blind, and become ufeless to the principal end of her being, as to this life, and to all family connexions, wheh, probably, the has not lived one third of her time ?- Silly creatures !- to maintain these nonsenses at their own expence, in fayour of a passion that is generally confined to the days of girlhood; and which they themselves would laugh at in a woman after the was arrived at honest thirty; or at years of difcretion-Thus narrowing their own use and consequence-I, for my part, am, and ever will be, a friend of my Sex,

But, hark ye, girls—Let me alk you—Do you find many of these constant nymphs, when they have had their soolish way given them, and they have buried the honest man of whom they were once so dotingly fond, resuse to marry again?—Do they wish, like the wives of some Pagan wretches, to be thrown into the suneral pile, with the dead bodies of their Lords?—No! They have had their whimsey out. Their Fit of constancy is over; and, quite good souls as they are by that time become, they go on without Runtipoling; in the ordinary course of reasonable creatures.

(a) Vol. VI. p. 162, 163, 251100 10 50 01

Not but Harriet was in earnest: I am fure she was. She believed, the certainly believed, HERSELF. And were it given to us women always to be in one mind, the would have made all her friends, the good Mrs. Shirley at the head of us, despair of succeeding with her in our endeavours to induce her to change it. But Harriet, with all her wisdom, could not know what Time would have done for her. Time is the pacifier of every woe, the qualifier of every disappointment-Pity for the man I the Earl of D. Suppose—He would have thought it worth his while to feign dying for her]; the entreaty of her friends :- You fee what arguments her excellent Grandmamma could have produced-Pho, pho, never fear but Harriet would have married before my Brother and Clementina had feen the face of their fecond boy-No girls shall he have, for fear they should be Romancers.

And, do you think, that Clementina and the Count of Belvedere, a year or two hence-I have no fear of the matter; if they do not teaze, torment, oppose her. If they do-Why then, I will not be answerable for their fuccess. For, with excellencies that none but she and Harriet among women ever boasted, there is a glorious perverseness, which they miscall constancy and perseverance, in the mind of that noble Lady [and indeed in the minds of most of us that will probably, as it has already done, carry her thro' all opposition-In thort, no more teazing, tormenting from friends, no more heroics from Girls-Is not opposition, is not refistance, the very soul and essence of all forts of heroism ?- My life therefore for Clementina's, admirable creature as the undoubtedly is-Leave her fearoom, leave her land-room, and let her have time to

consider; and she will be a Bride.

ris to most office Did I ever mention to you a trick that an honest guardian put upon his ward? Many a one have you heard of from dishonest ones. This briefly was it.

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The girl was of an heroic stamp; as good a girl as an heroic girl could well be. A match was proposed for her, much more considerable than she could have expected, as to fortune; and as to the man's person and qualities of mind, absolutely unexceptionable—Young, handsome, gallant, and most ardently in Love with her: But, impolitic! he had let her know as much, before he had made himself sure of the shadow of a return, or acceptance. Her guardian, from pure Love of his ward, and a sense of the advantage-ousness of the offer, heartily espoused the interests of the young gentleman. This was another unhappiness to him. She gave him an absolute denial: Nor youchsafed she to assign a reason for it; having, indeed, no other man either in her head or heart.

Her guardian was a man who knew the world, and a little of the Sex: He faw that Miss was in the very meridian of her heroics; and that the grievance most probably was, that there was no likelihood of difficulty or opposition. He took another courié. He acquainted the young Lady, that he had altered his mind: That he had objections to the address of Sir Arthur Poinings (the young gentleman's name) and declared, that he never would give his confent. He defired that the would by no means fee him, or receive Letters from him; and he talked of carrying het down to his country-feat in a full town-feafon; [The girl had a tafte for pleasure-What girl has not?] not doubting, he faid, that the young Baronet would perfecute her with his addresses while she remained in London. He then actually forbid Sir Arthur his House; and, more than once, read Mifs a Lecture on the Authority of a guardian, and the Duty of a ward. Words that natural incite young girls to rebellion.

Sir Arthur found means to write to the minx, as if unknown to her guardian. Darts, flames, and diffresses, were suggested in his Letter. The girl began to relent; the guardian to suspect: He renewed

his prohibition; cunning ereature! The affair now wore a face of difficulty. She answered the young gentleman's Letters. It became a regular Love-affair. of the heroic kind. And, at last !- What at last !-Why, the young Lady, attended only by her faithful DELIA, who had been affistant to the Lovers in their correspondence, ran away from an inexorable guardian, to Sir Arthur; married him; and, in a few days, writing an humble Letter for her cloaths, acknowledged rashness, which she laid at the door of Love. and fo-forth. The guardian defired a meeting with the Love-yers; now no more Love-yers, but man and They met, with trembling on her fide, with pretended apprehension on Sir Arthur's, for having disobliged so good a guardian. The guardian was in high good humour. He forgave them both, at the first word, and surrendered up his trust with plea-The girl was surprised at his unexpected goodness; and had she not been actually nailed down by the Solemnity, would very probably have again refumed her heroics.

Well; but I am charmed with Mrs. Shirley's Eggleton, as well as with her account of herfelf in her heroic days. Little did I think that the ever was girl enough to be infected: But, as the fays, romances were the fashionable reading of her youthful

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Tell Aunt Selby that I am not an enemy to old maids; but only to those ill qualities which I should equally diflike in old or in young Any-bodies. I love Lady Gertrude, and even Aunt Eleanor, for those qualities that are love-able in them. But you fee that your Nancy, the mild, good-natured Nancy, could not forbear laughing at the idea of the young old Penelope Arby: Yet knows the not, fays the malicious Lucy, what may be her own case. But I have appealed for you; and to whom? To Lady Gertrude. I was writing to her on a particular occasion, when your L 2 pacquet pacquet was brought me; and, in order to enliven my subject, transcribed three lines of Lucy's query open defending the single state. She was but at Enfield, and returned me the following by the same messenger; the other part of my Letter requiring an immediate answer.

"Your question, my dearest niece, is whimsically asked: You tell me that a whole room-full of young country ladies wait only the success of an appeal you have referred to me, to know whether they shall out of hand dispose of themselves to recruiting officers, mountebanks, and fox-hunters; or venture to live on with the melancholy title of old maids.

in an unsupported, undefended state.

"One or two queries to be put, proceeds the Sage, are, Whether the worthy matches you have mentioned, or any unfuitable matches whatsoever, would be a support and defence! Whether the woman who makes a rash and improper choice, does not throw herself out of that protection and defence which every one may depend upon in the state of life marked out to them by Providence! And whether the fingle state is not thus marked out to the woman who never has it fully in her choice to change it?

"I, my dear, who am an old maid, must not write partially on that side of the question. In general, I will fairly own, that I think a woman is most stikely to find her proper happiness in the married state. May you, my dear niece, experience it every day more and more!—But there are surely many exceptions: Women of large and independent fortunes, who have the hearts and understanding to use them as they ought, are often more beneficial to the world, than they would have been had they bestowed them on such men as look for fortune only. Women who have by their numerous relations many connexions in the world, need not

feek out of their own alliances for protection and " defence. Ill health, peculiarity of temper or fen-" fiments, unhappiness of situation, of person, afford often fuch reasons, as make it a virtue to refuse what it would otherwise be right to accept.

"But why do I write feriously to such a lively

" greature? Only, my dear-"

But, girls, I will give you no more of Lady Ger-

trude. I have not done with you myself yet.

Much to the same purpose, I remember, as Mrs. Shirley's, were the exposulations of Lady D. in one

of her Letters to Harriet; who only answered her, (I also remember) like a girl. What could she say!
"You, my Harriet," (wrote that Lady,) "are pious, dutiful, benevolent—Cannot you, if you " are unable to entertain, for the man who now with " fo much ardour addresses you, were you married to " him, the passion called Love, regard him as Gratitude would oblige you to prefer any other man who 44 is affiduous to do you service or pleasure? Cannot you shew him as much good-will, as you could any other man, whom it was in your power to make happy? Would you esteem him less than a person " absolutely a stranger to you? The exertion of your " native benevolence, of your natural obligingness, " of your common gratitude, of your pity, is all that " is asked of you. You have no expectation of the only man, who is dearer to you than he. This ex-" ertion will make my Lord happy; and if you retain that delight, which you have hitherto taken, inor promoting the happiness of others who are not un-" deferving, yourfelf not unhappy."

You have now before you, girls, the opinion of Mrs. Shirley, and the Countess of D. on the case you put. They both fit enthroned on the ferene hill of wisdom, which hardly one in fifty of their Sex attains. From thence they look down with pity, and with beckoning finger, to the crowds below them, who fered

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with aching eyes, and despairing hearts, emulate their flarry heights; but in too faintly attempting to gain the afcent, tumbled down, fome (shameful!) head over-heels, immerfed in the miry puddles of fenfe; and others taking a supposed more easy, tho visibly round about way, are missed by mazy paths into dreary defarts, till they loofe even the distant fight of the facred hills. The car any dang the Lating Alder,

There, chits, I end romantically, figuratively at least, in compliment to your fanciful tastes. And thus much as to you, girls, young Lady-expectants, whimficals, and fo-forth, from w & thinish on earthell and to

Your CHARLOTTE G.

Friday, Saturday, April 13, 14.

My women are so impertinent, and my Marmouset is so voracious, that I have been forced to take two days for what once I could have performed in little more than two hours.

distance the stant when we want your power to make

LETTER XIIV.

Grandison-hall, Monday, April 16. A ND must I, my dear Grandmamma, be more A particular in relation to ourselves, our guests, our amusements, diversions, conversations-Why then does not Lucy write as usual, every tender, every engaging, every lively occurrence that happens at Selby-house, and Shirley manor? Is the so much taken up with her agreeable Peer, that the must leave the obliging task wholly to Nancy and Emily? I don't care. They shall be my best girls; and I will put down my Lucy as a woman of mere quality before the has the title. Yet let me tell her, that could honest Mr. Fowler have courted for bimself, have suffered

fered his heart to rife to his lips, I should have wished, by her means, to have been related to him and Sir Rowland. But that matter, it seems, is as good as over; and I will proceed to do my duty, whether she does hers or not.

I have told you, madam, how much our guests are pleased with us and the place. How much we are charmed with them, I need not tell you. Every praise you have heard of them, is confirmed and heightened, on a more intimate knowledge of them.

Lord and Lady L. are with us. Lord and Lady G. will come as foon as they can. Lady L. has her sweet infant with her. And I hope Lady G. will not come without my god-child.

Sir Edward Beauchamp is at present our guest. The good doctor, you know, is at home here; and how beloved, how revered, by every one!

Sir Charles! The Soul of us all! O madam! never, furely, was one spot blessed with so many persons of one mind, as are now rejoicing together at Grandison-hall.

And pray, my dear Grandmamma, let me ask; Would it not be affectionate rather than modesty, were I to leave myself un-named in this noble circle? I will not. Every-body, for Sir Charles's sake, looks on me with the kindest partiality, and my heart tells me, that being his as much as my own, it deserves that partiality.

Except at certain devotional hours of retirement, we know not, but that we are all of one faith. Nothing of religious subjects is ever mentioned among us, but in those points in which all good Christians are agreed. You, madam, who have a true catholic charity for the worthy of all persuasions, would be delighted to see the affectionate behaviour of the two sathers (I will call them) to each other. When they are not in the general company, they are always together, walking, riding out; or in the apartment of L 4

each other, reading, conversing. The dear Clementina cannot but see, that charitable and great minds, however differing even in some essential articles of religion, might mingle hearts, and love each other; and from Sir Charles's catholicism, that she might have been happy with him, and kept her own faith.—But, no! it would in her notion, now I recollect, have been a dangerous trial. She could not trust her own heart—Great and noble Lady! how much is she to be revered!

The gentlemen ride out almost every day.—Our conversations! It would be endless to give you an account of the conversations that yet, I flatter myself, would delight you all. The least interesting ones of those we hold, would have made a great figure in my former Letters. Such the company, you may suppose

we know not what trifling subjects are.

Every one avoids mentioning the name of the poor Count of Belvedere in the presence of Lady Clementina; yet we all pity him. We have reason to do so, from the account Signor Jeronymo receives of his distress of mind, while he endeavours to overcome his

hopeless passion.

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Allow me, madam, to conclude this Letter here. We are to have a little concert this evening, and our company is beginning to affemble in the music room.

—I must go and attend the Marchioness and Lady Clementina; who herself will be a performer. She is an admirable one. I can only stay to add, that I am

Your ever dutiful

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLV.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison hall, Saturday, April 28.

MY dearest Grandmamma will not complain that my three last Letters (a) were not filled with particulars of our engagements and conversations here. What a scene of happiness! what have I to pray for but the continuance of it? Except that the admirable Lady Clementina were somehow settled to her own. liking, and that her indulgent relations could be fatisfied with it? Something feems to be wanting for her, and therefore for them. Yet can a lover of her, of her fame, of her family, fay what that fomething should be? I, for my part, ought to be the last who should decide for her; I, who never, I think, (fay Lady G. what the pleases of my romancings) couldhave been happy with any man in the world, but Sir Charles Grandison, after I had known him, and once was led to hope for fo great a bleffing; and who have: not that notion that she has, or seems to have, of the dreariness, and disadvantages of a single state; on the contrary, who think the married life attended with for many cares and troubles, that it is rather (as it is a duty to enter into it, when it can be done with prudence) a kind of faulty indulgence and felfishness, in order to avoid these cares and troubles, to live single.

And here let me observe, that had not Lady Clementina made her rejection of the best of men here sole and deliberate act, it is my humble opinion that her loss of him would have been unsupportable to ber. That consideration, and her noble motive for it, ena-

But to leave this subject to the decision of Lady G. and Lady Gertrude, the latter of whom has given fome unanswerable hints on her side of the question.

I will proceed with my narrative.

(a) These three Letters do not appear.

ble her to behave gle riously under the self-deprivation, as I may call it. Yet, I can see, at times, by her studiously avoiding his company, and frequently excusing herself from making one in little parties of Sir Charles's proposing, and by her chusing, at all times, my company, that the noble Lady thinks self-denial

negeffary for her peace.

She was once for putting Jeronymo on proposing to leave England sooner than they had intended; and take my promise to follow them. I was present. She had tears in her eyes when she proposed it. We had been talking of Sir Charles in raptures, on some of his noble charities which had but lately come to our knowledge, and it was pretty evident to me, that she, at the time, was of opinion, that distance from him would be a means to quiet her heart.—The dear Emily finds it so, thank God!

Lady Clementina has been, however, tolerably chearful fince, amufing herfelf with drawing up plans for her future life. Very pretty ones, some of them: But a little too ideal, if I may so express myself; and she changes them too often to shew that steadiness, which I want to see in her mind. Poor Lady! How I pity her as I contemplate her, in her contrivances and proposals! I am often forced to turn away my face, that

the may not see the starting tear.

The Count of Belvedere being returned to London from a country excursion, and not very well, the Marquis was desirous of making a visit to him, and at the fame time to pass a sew days in London, to see the curiosities of the place, and to be present at some of the public entertainments, The gentlemen at the first motion made a party to attend him, and Sir Charles, you may suppose, would not, in complaisance, be excused. Dr. Bartlett and Father Marescotti, who are inseparable, had formed a scheme of their own; and the Ladies declared, that not one of them would leave me.

errang for change I would been

The

The gentlemen accordingly fet out yesterday morning. In the afternoon arrived here, one of the most obliging of wives, tenderest of mothers, and amiable of nurses-Who do you think, madam ?- No other than Lady G. and her Lord. Ungovernable Charlotte ! Her month but just up! We have all blamed her. We blamed her Lord too for fuffering her to come. But what could I do? faid he, innocently-But they are both fo much improved as husband and wife !-Upon my word, I am charmed with her in every one of the above characters. My Lord appears, even in her company, now that his wife has given him his due consequence, a manly, sensible man. If he ever had any levities of behaviour, they are all vanished and gone. She is all vivacity, as heretofore, but no flippancy. Her liveliness, in the main, is that of a fenfible, not a very faucy wife, entirely fatisfied with herself, her situation and prospects. Upon my word, I am brought over to her opinion, that if the fecond man be worthy, a woman may be happy, who has not been indulged in her first fancy: And I am the rather induced to hope so for my Emily's sake.

woolers a body engaged by doubts to hor oblivered. Tuefday Evening,

Mas. Beaumont has received a Letter from the Ladies her Friends at Florence, expressing their fear that the love of her country, now the is in it, has taken place in her heart, and weakened her affection for them. They beg of her to convince them of the con-

trary by hastening to them.

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This Letter, it feems, mentions fome fevere reflections cast upon Lady Clementina by the unhappy Olivia. Camilla, who is very fond of me, has hinted this to me, and at the same time acquainted me with her young Lady's earnestness to see it; Mrs. Beaumont having expressed to her her indignation against Olivia on the occasion. Unworthy Olivia! What reflections can you cast on the admirable Clementina ! L 6

—Yet I wish Mrs. Beaumont would let me see them.

But dear Mrs. Beaumont, impart not to Clementina any thing that may affect her delicate and too scrupolous mind!

This over-lively Lady G. has been acquainting Lady Clementina with Emily's story, yet intending to fet forth nothing by it, she says, but the fortitude

of fo young a creature.

She owns, that Lady Clementina often reddened as the proceeded in it; yet that the went on—How could the?—I chid her for poor Emily's fake, for her own ake, for Lady Clementina's, for Sir Edward Beauchamp's fake—How could the be so indelicate? Is there a necessity, dear Lady G. (thought I, as the repeated what passed on the occasion) now you are so right in the great articles of your duty, that you must

be wrong in something?

Lady Clementina highly applauded Emily, however. A charming young creature she called her. Absence, added she, is certainly a right measure. Were the man a common man, it would not signify: Presence, in that case, might help her, as he probably would every day expose his saults to her observation. Butabsence from such a man as Sir Charles Grandison, is certainly right. Lady G. says, it is easy to see, that Lady Clementina made some self-applications upon it.

Wedn. Morn. May 2.

LADY G. has been communicating to me a conference which she says, she could not but overhear, between Lady Clementina and Mrs. Beaumont, held in the closet of the latter, which joins to a closet in Lady G's dressing-room, separated only by a thin partition. The rooms were once one—A little of your usual curiosity, I doubt, my dear Lady G. thought I. You were not confined to that closet. You might have retired when their conversation began. But, no; Curiosity is a nail, that will sasten to the ground, the

foot of an inquifitive person, however painful what

the hears may fometimes make her fituation.

Mrs. Beaumont had acquainted Lady Clementina with the contents of the Letter she had received from her friends at Florence. The poor Lady was in tears upon it. She called Olivia cruel, unjust, wicked. The very surmize, said she, is of such a nature, that I cannot bear to look either Lady Grandison, or any of her friends, in the face: For Heaven's sake, let it not be hinted to any one in the family, nor even to my own relations, that Olivia herself could be capable of making such a reflexion upon me.

My dearest Lady Clementina, said Mrs. Beaumont,

I wish-

What wisheth my dear Mrs. Beaumont-

That you would change your fystem.

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!—If they are broken with me, I refume my folicitude to be allowed to take the veil. That allowance, and that only, can fet all right. My heart is diffressed by what you have let me see Olivia has dared to throw out against me.

Allow me one observation only, my dear Clementina. What Olivia has hinted, the world will hint. It behoves you to consider, that the husband of Lady Grandison ought not to be so much the object of any woman's attention, as to be an obstacle to the address

of another man really worthy.

Cruel, cruel, Olivia! There is no bearing the thought of her vile suggestion. None but Olivia—Say not the world. Olivia only, Mrs. Beaumont, was

capable of fuch a fuggestion-

For my own part, interrupted Mrs. Beaumont, I am confident that it is a base suggestion; and that if Sir Charles Grandison had not been married, you never would have been his. You could not have receded from your former objections. You see what a determined Protestant he is; a Protestant upon principle.

You

You are equally steady in your Faith': Yet, as matters stand; so amiable as he is; and the more his private life and manners are seen, the more to be admired; must not your best friends lay it at the door of a first Love, that you cannot give way to the address of a man, against whom no one other objection can lie?

ARTICLES, Mrs. Beaumont! ARTICLES!-

One word more only, my dear Lady Crementina, as the subject was begun by yourself—May it not be expected, now that no opposition is given you, you will begin to feel, that your happiness, and peace, and strength of mind will flow from turning your thoughts on principles of Duty (so the world will call them) to other objects; and that the dwelling on those it will suppose you to dwell upon, till your situation is visibly altered, will serve only to disturb your mind, and fill your friends, on every instance that may affect it, with apprehensions for you?

You have said a great deal, Mrs. Beaumont. But is not the veil the only possible expedient to make us

all easy?

ARTICLES! ARTICLES! my dear Clementina. I have been drawn in by yourself insensibly to speak my mind on this subject. But I have no view, no design. Your Parents, your Brothers, you see, inviolably adhere to the articles. But, consider, my dear, were you even allowed to assume the veil, that all such recollections of your former inclination as would be faulty in a married state, would have been equally contrary to your religious vows. Would then the assuming of the veil make you happy?

Don't you hint, Olivia-like, Mrs. Beaumont, at culpable inclinations? Do you impute to me culpable

inclinations?

I do not, neither do I think you are absolutely as yet an angel. Would you, my dear, refuse your yows to the Count of Belvedere, or any other man,

for a certain reason, yet think yourself free enough to give them to your God? at alstunged and . now

Will this argument hold, Mrs. Beaumont, in the present case? In au manage of the system O use I

You will call upon ARTICLES, my dear, if I proceed. Your filence, however, is encouraging. What were just now your observations, upon the story of Miss Emily Jervois? Is there not a resemblance between her case and yours?

Surely, madam, I am not fuch a girl !- O Mrs.

Beaumont, how am I funk in your opinion!

You are not, my dear Clementina, you cannot in any-body's. Miss Jervois is under obligations to her

guardian, that you are not.

Is that, Mrs. Beaumont, all the difference?-That makes none. I am under greater. What are pecuniary obligations to the preservation of a Brother's life? To a hundred other instances, of goodness-That girl my pattern! Poor, poor Clementina! How art thou fallen! Let me fly this country .- Now I fee, in the strongest light, what a rashness I was guilty of when I fled to it. How must the Chevalier Grandison himself despise me !- But I tell you, Mrs. Beaumont, that I am incapable of a wish, of a thought, contrary to those that determined me when I declined the hand of the best of men. O that I were in my own Italy !- What must young creatures suffer from the love of an improper object, in the opinion of their friends, if, after the facrifices I have made, I must lie under disgraceful imputations from my gratitude and esteem for the most worthy of human minds?-O how I disdain myfelf I wir god bait at and one he will I see

It is a generous disdain, my dear Lady Clementina. I end as I began-I wish you would think of changing your fystem. But I leave the whole upon your own confideration. Your parents are passive. God direct you. I wish you happy. At present you will not yourself say you are so, Yet nobody controuls you. Your happiness is the subject of all our prayers.

Lady G. believes the conversation ended here.

Lady L. in Mrs. Beaumont's presence, has been just making me a compliment on my generous Love, as the calls it, of Lady Clementina, and my fecurity in Sir Charles's affection. Dear Madam, Taid I, where is the merit? A man of such established principles, and a woman of fuch delicate honour! They both of them move my pity, and engage my love. With regard to Lady Clementina, this is my consolation, that I stood not in your way: That your Brother never made his addresses to me, till she, on the noblest motives, left him free to chuse the next eligible, as I have reason to think he allowed me to be. And let me tell you, my dear Mrs. Beaumont, that in his address to me, he did her justice; and dealt so nobly with me, that had I not before preferred him to all other men. I should have done it then.

Thursday, May 3.

Clementina and I were together when it was brought. She feeing whom it came from, and that I meditated the feal with impatience, begged me to read it then, or she would withdraw. I opened it. There were in it, I told her, the politest remembrances of her, and the other Ladies; and read what he wrote of that nature. She looked with so desiring an eye at it, that I said, Were you to read it, madam, you would find him the kindest of men. Sir Charles and I have not a secret between us. But there are in it a passage or two, relating to a certain gentleman, that, were you to read it, might affect you. [By the way she reads English extremely well.] And is that, Lady, Grandison, your only objection? I should be glad to

fee, were it not improper, how the politest of men writes to the best of wives.

I gave her the Letter.

She had greatness of mind to be delighted with his affectionate stile—Tender delicacy! said she, as she read:—Happy, happy Lady Grandison! Tears in her eyes, and clasping her arms about me, let me thus congratulate you. I acted right in declining his address. I must have thought well of the religion of the man, who could speak, who could write, who could act, who could live, as he does.

I bowed my face on her shoulder. To have expressed but half the admiration I had in my heart of her nobleness of mind, would have been to hint to her the delicate situation she had been in, and to wonder

how the could overcome herself.

What follows, said she, sitting down, I presume F may read: For my eye has caught the name of a man

my heart can pity.

She read to herself the passage, which is to the following essect: "The Person of the poor Count of Belvedere" (Sir Charles writes, in the Count's words) "is loitering in town, endeavouring to divert itself there; while his soul is at Grandison-hall. He cannot think of quitting England, till he has taken leave of Lady Clementina; yet, dreading the pangs he shall feel on that occasion, he cannot

" bring himself to undergo them."

The Marquis, the Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, all joined, Sir Charles writes, to confole him; yet wished him to pursue his better fortune at Madrid; and the Count thinks of prevailing on himself to accompany them down, in order to take this dreaded Farewell. Sir Charles expresses his pity for him; but applauds the whole family for their inviolable adherence to their agreement.

When she read to that place, tears stole down her cheeks—Agreement, said she,—Ah, Lady Grandison!

dison! It is true, they speak not: But I can read their

wishes in their eyes.

welter to the cell of author She read on Sir Charles's praifes of the Count for his beneficient spirit. The Count, said she, is certainly a good man-But is not his a strange perseverance? Then, giving me the Letter, How few of us know, faid the, what is best for ourselves! There is a Lady in Spain of great honour and merit, who would make him a much happier man, than he can do, on whom he has cast a partial eye. And besides. there is the poor Laurana-

She stopt. I suffered the subject to end there.

Sir Charles supposes it will be the latter end of next week before they return. If the Marquis holds his purpose of being present at a Ball to which he is invited by the Venetian ambaffador-Near a fortnight's absence on the whole !- O dear! O dear!

The following by Lady G.

And O dear ! O dear ! fay I! This is Saturday, and not a word more written. So taken up with her walks and walking mate! - Selfish creatures both. It was with difficulty I procured a fight of this Letter. No wonder. You see how freely she has treated me in it. I told her, it never would be finished, if I didnot finish it for her. Her excuse is, Sir Charles's abfence, and that you, madam, charged me not to write by every post, lest an accidental omission should make you uneasy.—Ungrateful for indulgence given! She must therefore let feveral posts pass-But get thee gone, Paper, now. And carry with thee all manner of compliments from Charlotte G, as well as from [Here fign it, my fweet Sifter]

Make the teacher that they are the sevent

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XIVI.

HARLE COME BADY G. TO MISS SELBY, MOTHER OLD

Grandison-hall, Saturday, May 5-

YOUR complaining Letter (a) reached me here. Lucy, but this day. I arrived here on Monday afternoon. Ungracious Harriet! She chid me for coming. But I went to church first. What would they have?

My Lord and I are one now: If therefore I fay, I arrived, it is the same as faying, he did: My little

Harriet with us, you may be fure.

But what does the girl complain for? Maiden creatures should send us married women two Letters for one. Establish for me this expectation: You will

foon yourself be the better for the doctrine.

You tell me, that hardly any of your girls are fatiffied with my imperial decision on the appeal laid before me, tho' supported by the opinions of Mr. Shirley, Lady D. and every wife woman. I don't care whether you are or not. Sorry chits! you decide among yourselves, and then ask for the opinions of others? What for? In hopes they will confirm your own; if not, to be faucy, and reject them.

You want me to tell you a hundred thousand things, of what's doing, what's done, what's faid, here? Not I. Harriet is writing a long, long Letter to her Grandmamma, she tells me; and journal-wise (b)-Let that, when you have it, content you. She fays I must not see it. But I will. Something saucy about

me in it, I suppose.

My Brother, and his principal Men-guests, are in town. They went on Monday morning. So I have not feen them,-Will not come back till Friday

(a) This Letter does not appear. (b) Meaning the preceding Letter.

next week. Harriet is impatient for his return. O girls! girls! That a Church-ceremony can fo foon make such a difference in the same person!—But he is so generously tender of her, that the wonder, in her

case, is the less.

Lady Clementina is a noble creature. We are obliged to call both her and Harriet to order; or they would never be affunder. The garden and park are the places in which they most delight to walk. Make Harriet give you the particulars of their conversations. -Then I shall have them: I have demanded them; but the only acquaints me in general, that the is delighted with Lady Clementina's part in them. The other expresses no less admiration of Harriet's. besides that they rob us of their company too often. which is ruder in the mistress of the house than in the guest : Harriet does not enough consider her own circumstances. Their walks are too long. She comes in, and throws herself sometimes into a chair-so tired !- Yet, chidden for her long walks, fuch engaging conversations !- The cries out .- Heroines both, I suppose; and they are mirrors to each other; each admiring herself in the other. No wonder they are engaged insensibly by a vanity, which carries with it, to each, fo generous an appearance; for, all the while, Harriet thinks the is only admiring Clementina; Clementina, that the's applauding Harriet.

Well, Lucy—But I find you will not be Lucy long—Your day it seems, will soon be fixed: The day, happy may it be! which will set a coronet on your head. A foolish kind of bauble, after all; but it looks not amiss on the outside of one's coach—if the inside contain not—Did I say a monkey, Lucy! but that will not be your case. My Lord knows your Lord, and esteems him. Lord G's. esteem, (china and shells out of the question) is not contemptible, I can tell you. His Love for his slippant Charlotte made him play monkey-tricks, which lessened.

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fended him in my eyes: But now I fee he is capable of forgetting his butterflies, and esteeming me, I remember my promise, and honour him: Obedience will come—when it can.

Well, but, Lucy, Dr. Bartlett knew your Lord Reresby abroad, and speaks well of him. He has wished for this match ever since it was first mentioned; nay before it was mentioned—Ever since he was a brideman on my brother's happy day: And you are a good girl, that you have not paraded, as Harriet did, and Clementina does.

Have I any more to fay? I think not. I will endeavour to get a fight of what Harriet has written. Let her deny me, if she dare. If that suggests to me a subject which she has not touched upon, well and good: If not, take it for a conclusion, chits, that I wish you all well; and to our venerable Mrs. Shirley, and respectable Aunt Selby, and her honest man, health happiness, and so-forth.

CH. G.

LETTER XLVII.

LADY G. TO MASS SELBY.

Mednesday, May 9.

I AM afraid your brother James will terrify you all.

Surprising;—I am very angry with him; for, however slight he might make of what I have to tell you, I know, that none of you besides will, I therefore dispatch this by a man and horse, on purpose to set your hearts at ease.—The wretch left her in a fainting sit. Had the dear creature ever any of these fits before? But why do I ask? This is easily accounted for: She was over satigued with a walk. Against warning, against threatenings, she and Lady Clementina had taken a longer walk than ever they did before.

before, quite to the end of the park, to view fome alterations which Sir Charles was making there. They had forgotten that they had the same length to walk back again. Half-way on their return, tired, and each accusing herself, and apologizing to the other, they were fur prifed by a fudden shower of rain; a viofent one; a thunder shower: No shelter: They were forced to run for it towards a distant tree; which, when they approached, they found wet through; as they both were. So they made the best of their way to the house; were seen at a little distance, making the appearance of frighted hares. The fervants ran to them with clokes, which, thrown over their wet clothes, helped to load them. As Harriet entered the hall-door, which leads into the garden, the was furprised with the fight of Sir Charles, entering at the other. She expected him not till Friday or Saturday. Her complexion changed: She fighed, fobbed: Her cheeks, her lips turned pale: Down he was finking. My Brother was terrified; but he caught her in his arms, and faved her fall.

Lady L. and I were together, indulging ourselves with our little nurseries, who were crowing at each other: I singing to both [By the way they are surprising infants] when word was brought, that my Brother was come, and Lady Grandison was dying. How were we both terrified! We, in our fright, each popt her pug into the arms of the other, by way of ridding our hands of our own; and the women being not at hand, threw the smiling brats into one cradle;

and down hurried we to our Harriet.

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In the midst of all this bustle, the wise Brother of yours, Lucy, slipt away, without taking leave of us. What the his hour was fixed, and his Post-chaise waiting, could he not have staid one half hour? O these inconsiderate, hare-bained—Don't be angry, Lucy, he has vexed us for you. I should otherwise have left to herself the account of her indisposition and

and recovery. She has got cold: So has her Sifterexcellence, as my Brother justly calls her. Is it to be wondered at?—She was feverish all day yesterday; but made slight of it; and would have come down to dinner; but we would not permit her to leave her chamber.

How was Lady Clementina affected: She laid all at her own door: And last night, Harriet being still more feverish, we all talked ourselves into a thousand panies.

Lady Clementina was not to be pacified.

To-day, she is, in a manner, quite well; and we are all joy upon it. But she shall never again do the honours of the Park to Lady Clementina. Trust me for that, Grandmamma Shirle; and expect a Letter from the dear creature herself by the post. Adieu, adieu, Lucy, every body, in a violent hurry sub-scribes

Your days a Day and and

CHARLOTTE G.

P. S. My hurry is owing only to the demands of my Marmouset upon me. To nothing else, upon my honour! For we are all safe, serene, and so forth.

LETTER XLVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Grandison-hall, Friday, May 11,

I AM forry, my dearest Grandmamma, you have all been so much alarmed by an indisposition which is already gone off. My Cousin James, soolish youth; I wish he had not called upon us on his return from Portsmouth, or that he had staid at Grandison-hall till now. Lady G. has given you, in her lively way, an account of the girlish inconsideration, which might have been attended with a fever, had not Mr. Lowther been at hand; who thought it adviseable that I should

though

should lose blood. But it was the joy on seeing Sir Charles after an absence of eight days, and several days sooner than I had expected that pleasure, which overcame me.

Never, never, was there so tender, so affectionate, so indulgent a husband!—Lady G. has told you that I fainted away—When recovered, I found myself in this arms; all our friends affembled round me; every

one expressing fuch a tender concern.

Harriet, be grateful! But canft thou be enough To? How art thou beloved of hearts the most worthy! -And what new proofs haft thou received of that Love of all other the dearest! Every hour do I experience some new instance of his tender goodness: He ftirred not from my chamber for half an hour together, for two whole days and nights. All the rest he took was in a chair by my bed-fide; and very little was his rest: Yet, bleffed be God? his health suffered not. Every cordial, every medicine, did he administer to me with his own Hands. He regarded not any body but his Harriet. The world, he told me, was nothing to him without his Harriet. So amiably has he appeared in this new light, nor in my fond eyes only, but in those of all here; who are continually congratulating me upon it; and every one telling me little circumstances of his kind attention, and anxious fondness, as some happened to observe one, some another, that tho' I wanted not proofs before of his affection for me, I cannot account my indisposition an unhappiness; especially as it has gone off without the consequences, of which you were so very apprentive. -" Dear Sir, I obey you: But indeed, indeed, writ-" ing to my Grandmamma does me good. But I " obey." Only, let thus far as I have written, be dispatched to my Northamptonshire friends, From their ever-dutiful,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIX.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Saturday Night.

I HAVE a constant attendant in Lady Clementina. She was not to be consoled when I was at worst. Wringing her hands. O that the had never come to England! was her frequent exclamation: And they apprehended, that her mind would be again disturbed. She has not yet recovered her former sedateness. She gets by herfelf, when the is not with me. She is often in tears, and wishes herself in Italy. Sir Charles is concerned for her. She has fomething upon her mind. he fays; and asked me if she had not diclosed it to me? He wondered the had not; expressing himself with pleasure on the confidence each has in the other.

Sunday, May 13.

SIGNOR Jeronymo has been pitying to me the Count of Belvedere. The poor man could not prevail upon himself to accompany Sir Charles and his noble friends down. He owned to Jeronymo, that he had twice fet out for Grandison-hall; but both times, being unable

to pursue his intention, turned back.

Jeronymo told me, that the Count had made his will, and left all that he could leave, and his whole personal estate, to their family, in case he should die unmarried. He would not leave it to Lady Clementina, lest, if his bequests were to come to her knowledge, the should think he was so mean, as to expect that favour from his riches, of which he had no hope from her esteems is now because of plants is and

The generous Belvedere declares, said Jeronymo, that should her malady be renewed by means of our interesting ourselves in his favour, he should be the most miserable of men. My dear Jeronymo, faid he, at parting in town, tell that Angel of a woman, that CI VOL. VII.

I never will solicit her favour, while I shall have reason to apprehend the has an aversion to me. May Clementina be happy, and Belvedere must have some confolation from knowing her to be fo, however wretched he may be on the whole. But affure yourself, Jeronymo, that I will never be the husband of any other

I joined with Signor Jeronymo in pitying the Count:

woman, while she is unmarried.

Yet, I must own, that my compassion is still more deeply engaged for Clementina. But I was affected not a little, however, when Jeronymo read a paffage from a Letter of the Count, which, at my request, he left with me; and which I English as follows:-After his supplications put up to Heaven for her happiness. whatever became of him-" But can she be happy," fays he, " in her present situation? May there not be " always a struggle between her exalted notion of duty, and her passion, (tho' the noblest that ever warmed a human breast) which may renew the diforders of her mind ?- Were the mine-(Let me indulge, for one moment, the rapturous supposition) "I could hope to conduct, to guide, to compose, that " noble mind. We would admire, with an equal af-" fection, that best of men, whose goodness is not " more the object of her Love, than of my veneration. "I Jealous as I am of her honour, I would fatisfy the " charmer of my foul, that I approved of her fifterly "Love of a man so excellent. She would not then be left to the filent diffress of her own heart."

What fay my Grandmamma, my Aunt, my Lucy? Shall I wish the noble Clementina may be prevailed upon in favour of this really worthy man? Should I. do you think, be prevailed upon in her fituation?-A better question still-Ought I?

Monday, May 14. My Cousin James has seen me, and I have chid him too, for having been so hasty to carry bad news when he might have carried better. Tis true, they will not permit me to quit my chamber yet: But that is rather for precautionary than necessary reasons; and they have given over chiding me for writing—Their indulgence to me of my pen will convince you, that

I am quite well.

Lady Clementina most sincerely rejoices in my recovery. Yet she is every day more and more thoughtful and solemn. She is grieved, she tells her mother (who is troubled at her solemnity) for her Brother Jeronymo, who indeed is not well. Mr. Lowther tells us, that he must not expect to be exempt from temporary pains and disorder: But I am sure the worthy man would be easier in his own mind, were his sister to give her hand to the Count of Belvedere.

I talked to Sir Charles on this subject an hour ago. Lady Clementina, my dear Sir, said I, is not happy. I question whether she ever will, unless she is allowed

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her own way, the veil.

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And that, returned he, has been so long a family-objection, that the compliance with her wishes, would break the heart of her mother, at least; and greatly afflict all the rest. It must not, for their sakes, be thought of.

What then, Sir, can be don?

We must have patience, my dearest life. Her malady has unsettled her noble mind. She must try her own schemes; and if she find not happiness in any of them, she will think of new ones, till at last she fixes. Nor, I hope, is the time far off.

Do you think fo, Sir?

Don't you see, my Love, that the poor Lady is more and more uneasy with herself? Something is working in her mind. I have desired her mother to leave that disturbed mind to its own generous workings. Her vehemence, raised by the opposition she met with, which she considered as a persecution, has for M 2

fome time subsided; and she will probably fall upon reflexions which she had not time to attend to before.

Jeronymo thinks, proceeded he, that I might fuccessfully plead in the Count's favour-But did I not draw the articles? Did I not propose the terms? Lady Clementina shall not be prevaricated with. She shuns me of late—In apprehension, perhaps, that I will try my influence over her. She never feems fo eafy, as when the is with my Harriet. You must preserve that consequence with her, which delicate minds will ever be of to one another. Some little appearances of her malady will perhaps, now-and-then, thew themselves; and unsettle her: But I have no doubt, if it please God to preferve her reason, that her present uneasinesses will be productive of some great change in her schemes, which may end in a tranquillity of mind, that will make us all who love her, happy. Mean-time, my dear, let this be our rule, if you please : Let her lead ; let us only follow—Perfuation against avowed inclination, you and I, my Harriet, have always condemned as a degree of compulsion. Had the admirable Lady been entreated to take the noble measure the fell upon. when the rejected me, however great the motives, the would not have been so happy, as she was, when she found herself absolute mistress of the question, and could aftonish and surprise us all by her magnanimity.

Who could resist this reasoning? How well does the seem to know this excellent woman, when he considers her unhappy unfixedness, occasioned by a malady, which will now-and-then (till she can be settled in some quiet and agreeable way) shew itself in the conduct, when she has any great part before her

to act!

Tuesday Asternoon, May 5.

LADY Clementina, soon after dinner, sent up to
me her Camilla (for I was not at table) to desire a
quarter of an hour's discourse with me in my chamber.

ber. I gave direction, that nobody should come to me till I rang. She entered; made me sit; took her seat by me; and immediately, with a noble frankness

in her manner, thus began :

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I could not, my dear Lady Grandison, ask the favour of your ear on the subject I wanted to open my heart upon to you, till I faw you were perfectly recovered. God be praised, that you are! What anxieties did your late indisposition give me! I accused myself as the cause of it.- I had engaged you. thought'efly, in too long a walk. You know how Lady G. how Lady L. were terrified. I overheard them once that evening talking over their fears to one another. Lady G. I thought looked with unkindness upon me. My aid ineffectual, my person in the way, I hurried to my chamber : Good God! faid I (every object looking strange about me) Where am I? What am It Can I be the same Clementina della Porretta that I was a few months ago? Can I have brought mifery to the family which was my only refuge? To the manwho-[She paused: Then lifting up her eyes; Blesfed Virgin! said she, And is Clementina in the house of the man whom the has been known to regard. above all men; and whom the still does regard; but not as Olivia supposes?] And then on my knees I offered up fervent prayers for your health and happiness; and that it would please God to return me, with reputation, to my native country. My eyes are now opened to the impropriety I have been guilty of intaking refuge in England; and in remaining in it, and in your house, and with a man whom I am known to value. The world has begun to talk: Cruel Olivia! She will lead and point and talk, as the would have it believed. I am under obligation to your goodness, and to that of all your friends, that they and you think kindly of me, fituated as I once was. I am obliged (Mortifying confideration to a spirit like mine!) to Sir Charles Grandison's generosity M. 3.

and compassion, that he does not despise me. A girl (forgive me for mentioning it; it is to you only) has been, by my dear Mrs. Beaumont, proposed, indirectly at least, for a Pattern to me. How am I sunk! My pride cannot bear it. Had I been allowed to take the veil, all these improprieties in my conduct had been prevented; all these mortifications would have been spared the unhappy Clementina—Tell me, advise me. May I not renew my entreaties to be allowed to take the veil? Give me, as to your sister (no sister ever loved her sister better than I love you) your advice: Counsel me what to do, what course to steer, to recover myself in my own eyes. At present I hate, I despise, myself.

With how little reason, my dearest Sister, my excellent Friend: All my family revere you: Sir Charles, his Sisters, and I, love you: Lady G. particularly admires you: She could not possibly look unkindly upon you: What has Olivia dared to report; But did she ever forbear her rash censures?—What can I advise you? I see your delicate distress. But suppose you open your mind to the Marchioness? To Mrs. Beaumont suppose? She is the most prudent of

women.

I know their minds already. Their judgments are not with me. Mrs. Beaumont (indeed without intending it) has terrified me. My mamma thinks herfelf bound by the Articles, and will not speak.

Suppose, my dearest Lady, you advise with Sir. Charles? You know he is the most delicate-minded

of men.

THE RELEASE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY.

I shall ever honour him: But your indisposition has made me look upon him with more reverence than familiarity. I have avoided him. An exquisite pain has seized my heart, on being brought to meditate the impropriety of my situation: A pain I cannot describe. Here it used to be (putting her hand to her fore-

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forehead); but here now it is (removing it to her

heart); and at times I cannot bear it.

Let me beg of Lady Clementina to lay that noble heart open to Sir Charles. You know his difinterested affection for you. You know his regard for your glory. You know that your own mother, your own Mrs. Beaumont, are not more delicate than he is. You may unbosom yourself to him. But such is his fear of offending you, that you must begin. A small opening will do. His nice regard for your honour, for the honour of our sex, will, on a slight encouragement, spare you all that would be irksome to you. He has no prejudices in favour or disfavour of any body. He loves, it is true, he reveres your whole samily; but you more than all the rest. Shall I say that he made his court to be in your name, and by your interest; yet acknowledged himself resused by an Angel?

Excellent man !- I will confult him, and in your

presence.

As to my prefence, madam-

It must be so, interrupted she: I shall want your support. Do you be my advocate with him; and is he will be an advocate for me, I may yet be happy. At present I see but one way to extricate myself with honour. I dare not propose it. He may. The world and Olivia will not let me be, in that world, a single woman, and happy:—Why should I not be allowed to quit it by a divine dedication?

I embraced her; foothed her: But thought of Sir Charles's advice, not to lead, but follow as she led: Not one word, as I told her, would I say to him of what had passed between us, that she might have his

own unprejudiced advice.

I range, by her permission. Sally came up. I made my request, by her, to her master. He sound us together. Sir Charles, said I, before he could speak, M 4 Lady

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Lady Clementina has fomething on her mind: I have

befought her to consult you.

I must consult you both, said she. To-morrow morning, Sir, as early as will suit Lady Grandison, we will meet for that purpose.

May the issue of to-morrow's conference be tran-

quillity of mind to this excellent Lady !

LETTER L.

LADY GRANDISON. In Continuation.

Wednesday May 16.

THE conference was held in Italian. It was but just turned of seven in the morning, when we

met in my drawing-room.

I had told Lady Clementina that the must lead the subject; but Sir Charles seeing her in some consusion, relieved her—You do me, madam, said he, great honour; and it is worthy of our brotherly and sufferly friendship in proposing to ask my opinion on any subject in which you are interested. Our dear Harriet's recovery (God be praised for it!) has lest no wish in my heart so ardent as for your happiness. Permit me to say, my dear Lady Clementina, it is necessary for that of us both.

Indeed, madam, it is, faid I, taking her hand. Tenderness, love, respect, I am sure, were in my countenance, if it spoke my heart. She condescendingly bowed upon mine: Tears were in her eyes: You pain me, Chevalier, you pain me, madam, by your goodness—How many of my friends have I made

unhappy !

For some days past, said Sir Charles, I have obferved, that you have seemed more uneasy than usual. Would to Heaven it were in my power to remove the cause!

Perhaps

Perhaps it may. Ah, Chevalier! I thought when I came into the compromise, that I might have made myself happier in it, than I now find I can be.

Dear Lady Clementina! faid Sir Charles; and

flopt.

Be not displeased with me, Chevalier. I must hold myself bound by it, if it be insisted on. But the my condescending friends urge me not by entreaties, by persuasions, see you not that their wishing eyes, and sighing hearts, break every hour the Articles agreed to?

Dear madam!

I knew you would not be angry with me."

I am not. It would be equally unfriendly and infolent if I were. But, my dear Clementina, what an affecting picture have you drawn of the refignation of parents to the will of their child, in an article which their hearts were fixed upon.

Add not weight, Sir, to my uneasy reflections. I can hardly bear to see in them the generous suppression

of their own wishes.

She then addressed her self to me.—Bear mith me, dear Lady Grandison, If I cast an eye back to former situations. You know my whole story.—For a few moments bear with me—I never, God is my witness, envied you. On the contrary, I rejoiced to find those merits, which I had not power to reward, so amply rewarded by you; and that the Chevalier was so great a gainer by my declining his vows.—She stopt.

Proceed, dearest Lady Clementina, said I-Are we not sisters? And do I not know, that your's is the no-

bleft of female minds?

I rejoice, Sir, from my heart, that I was enabled to act as I did—

Again she stopt. Sir Charles bowed in silence.

But still I hoped, that one day my parents would have been overcome in favour of the divine dedica-

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tion. That was always my wish, till you, Sir, induced me to come into a compromise. And then I was resolved to make myself, if possible, happy, in the single life allowed me. But what can I do? My former wishes recur. I cannot help it: And it seems evident to me, that there is but one measure, and that is the convent, which can make me happy.

Dear Lady Clementina! faid Sir Charles, will you

be pleased to allow me-

Olivia, Sir, interrupted she (you don't, perhaps, know that) reslects upon me. It was indeed a rash step, which I took, when I shed to England: How has it countenanced the excursion she made hither? Tho', God knows, our motives were widely different: Hers was to obtain what mine was intended to avoid. But your sudden indisposition, madam, pointed the sting, and carried it into my heart. That slashed sull upon me, the impropriety of my situation. Can there be, say Chevalier, can there be, any expedient which will stee me from reslection, from slander, except that of the veil?

You lead the question, madam, replied Sir Charles :

I but follow you. Surely there can.

You are not angry with me, Chevalier? You do

not upbraid me with breach of Articles?

I do not, madam, while we only reason, not resolve. Assure yourself that your tranquility of mind is one of the principal objects of my daily vows. Say, Lady Clementina, all that is in your heart to say. Your friend, your brother, hears his sister with all the tenderness of fraternal love.

How foothing! How kind!—You say there is another expedient. What, excepting marriage, is it?

Were it that, and that could be an exceptable expedient—We are only reasoning, madam; not resolving—

Do you, Chevalier, (with a look of impatience);

propose that to me?

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I do

I do not, madam— I faid we were reasoning only.— But surely you may be very happy in the single Life. You may have thought of plans, which, on confideration, may not please you: But it is yet early. Lady Clementina has too much greatness of mind to permit any-thing that may be faid by malevolent people to affect her. She knows her heart; and has reason to be satisfied with it. Were your former wishes to take place, will not ill-will and slander follow you into the most facred retirements? There are feveral tender points to be considered in your past situation. These are considered by your parents. They have no view but to your happiness. You and they indeed have different notions of the means. They think marriage with a worthy man of your own faith, would tend to establish it. You think assuming the veil the only expedient. This subject has been much canvassed. They are determined not to urge you: Yet their judgments are not changed. Shall they not be allowed to wish? Especially when they urge not, speak not, their wishes? Your father was earnest with the Count of Belvedere, in my hearing, when last in town, to give up all expectations from you. God preserve their lives till they see you happy! You must be convinced, that your happiness is their end, by whatloever means it may be obtained.

My father, my mother, are all goodness!—God preserve their precious lives!—Tears trickled down

her cheeks:

I am fure, my dear Lady Clementina, you cannot be happy in any state of life, if your choice, pursued, would make your parents unhappy.—Could Lady Clementina, were she even professed, divest herself of all filial, of all family regards? Would not that very contemplative life, of which she is at present so sond, make her, when it was too late to retrieve the step (and with the more regret, perhaps, because it was too late) carry her thoughts, her affections, with M 6

greater force, back to parents, if living, so deservedly dear, to brothers so disinterestedly kind to her; and who have all shared so largely in her distresses?

She fighed. She wept. O Chevalier! was all fhe

faid.

You cannot, madam, live only to yourself; for yourself: And you may live to your God in the world, perhaps, more efficaciously than in the convent, with regard to your soul's health, as you have such large ability to do good: For, wants not the world, as I have heretofore pleaded, such an example as you can give it?—The heart, madam, not the profession, is the truly acceptable. Your maternal grandsather, though a sound catholic, would have it, that there were many sighing hearts in convents: and on this supposition (confirmed to him by a singular instance which affected him) he inserted in his will the clauses which he thought would oblige you to marry. Your other grandsather joined in the enforcement of them.

And what, Sir, was the penalty? only the forfeiture of an estate, which I wish not for; which none of us want. We are all rich. It is a purchased, not

a paternal estate.

And purchased with what view, madam? And for

whom?

I would have my family superior to such motives.

Must they not, my dear Clementina, be judges for themselves?

I do not believe proceeded she, that there are many sighing hearts in convents: But if there were, and my friends would be satisfied (for that, I own, is an essential point with me) I should not, I am sure, add to the number of such. As to what you say of the world wanting such an example as I could set it, I have not vanity enough to be convinced by that argument. Whether my soul's peace could be best promoted in the world, or in the convent, must be

left to me to judge; who know that in the turmoils and disturbances I have met with, both of mind and body, the retired, the sequestered life, is most likely to re-compose my shattered spirits.

Those turmoils, those disturbances, madam, thank

God! are over.

I pity, I can forgive, I do forgive, the poor Laurana. Ah, Sir! you know not, perhaps, that Love, a paffion which is often the cause of guilty meanness, as sometimes indeed of laudable greatness, was the secret cause of Laurana's cruelty to me. She hated me not, till that passion invaded her bosom. Shall I remember the evil of her behaviour, and not the good?

Admirable Clementina! faid Sir Charles: Admira-

ble Lady! said his Harriet; both in a breath.

She was the companion of my childhood, proceeded the exalted Lady. We had our education together. I was the fufferer; thank God! not the aggressar. She has made me great, by putting it into my power to forgive her. Let all my revenge be in her compunction from my forgiveness, and from my wishes to promote her welfare!

And a revenge indeed would that be, said Sir Charles, were she, who had acted by an excellent creature, as she has done by you, capable of generous compunction. But, dear madam, can it be expected, if you can forgive her, that your family should join, by giving up their reversionary expectance, to reward her for her cruelty to their child, who was entrusted to her kindest care and protection? Can you, madam, treat lightly those instances of your parents and brother's Love, which have made them resent her barbarity to you?—My dear Lady Clementina, you must not aim at being above Nature. Remember that your grandsather never designed this estate for Laurana. It was only to be provisionally hers, in order to secure it the more effectually to you; and,

on failure of descendants from you, to your elder brother, who, however, wishes not for it. His heart is in your marriage. He only wishes, that it may not be the cruel Laurana's. If you can deseat the design of your grandsathers, with regard to your own interest, ought you to do injustice to your brother's claim?

O Chevalier!

Ought you to think of disposing of your brother's right? Has he not much better reason to be considered by you for his affection, than Laurana has for her cruelty?—Abhorred be that fort of Love, which is pleaded in excuse of barbarity, or of any extravagant,

undutiful, or unnatural action!

She fighed. Tears again stole down her cheeks. After a short silence—O spare me, Chevalier!—Defpise me not, Lady Grandison!—My enseebled reason may lead me into error; but when I know it is error, I will not continue in it. I see that, with regard to my brother's interest in this estate, I reasoned wrong. I was guilty, my dear Lady Grandison, I doubt, in your eye, of a false piece of heroism. I was for doing less than justice to an unnatural relation.

All that Laurana can hope from you, madam, faid Sir Charles, is, that you will intitle her to the receipt of the confiderable legacy your grandfather bequeathed

to her-

And how is that to be done, interrupted she, but

by marriage? - Ah, Chevalier!

Such, indeed, is the state of the case. Such was it designed to be. I, madam, but state it. I advise

nothing.

Still, Sir, the motive which may allowably have weight with my friends, ought not to have principal weight with me. Confider, Sir: Is it not fetting an earthly state against my immortal soul?

Far

Far otherwise, madam. Can you so far doubt of the divine grace, can you so far disparage your own virtues, as to suppose they want the security of a convent? Do justice, my dear Lady Clementina, to yourself. You have virtues which cannot be exerted in a convent; and you have means to display them for the good of hundreds. I argue not as a protestant, when I address myself to you. The most zealous catholic, if unprejudiced, circumstanced as you are, must allow of what I say.

Ah, Chevalier, how you anticipate me! I was going to charge you with arguing like a protestant.

Did not your grandfathers, madam, in effect argue as I argue, when they made their wills? Did not your father, mother, uncle, brothers, thus argue, when they wished you to relinquish all thoughts of the veil? And are not the one, were not the others, all zealous catholics? Does not your brother the bishop, does not your truly pious confessor, acquiesce in their reasonings, and concur with (at least not op-pose) the family reasons?

She looked down, sweetly conscious. Sir Charles

proceeded.

Has not your mother, madam, who gave you and your three brothers to the world, a merit both with God and man, one of you dedicated, as he is, to God (you see, madam, I address myself to you in the catholic stile) which the cloistered life could not have given her? Are not the conjugal and maternal duties (performed as she has performed them) of higher account, than any of those can be, which may be exerted in the sequestered life? Clementina could not wish to be a better woman in the convent, than her mother has always been out of it.

She hesitated, sighed, looked down: At last, What can I say? said she. I have signed to the waving of my wishes after the veil; and must, I see, abide by my signing. It is, however, generous in you, Sir, not

to plead against me that my act; and to hear me with patience want to be absolved from it. But I am not happy—She stopt; and turned away her face to conceal her emotion.

Sir Charles was affected as well as I.

She recovered her speech. I am, at times, said she. too sensible of running into flight and absurdity. My late unhappy malady has weakened my reasoning powers. You both can, I fee you both do, pity me. Let me fay, Chevalier, that when I came into your proposed compromise (which after so grievous a fault committed, as the flying from my native country, and indulgent parents, I could the less refuse) I promised myself happiness in a situation, in which, I now see, it is not to be found. Your friendship, your united friendship for me, happy pair! I thought (as I knew I deserved it by my difinterested affection for you both) would contribute to it; I was therefore defirous to cultivate it. My wounded reason allowed me not to confider, that there were improprieties in my scheme, of which the world would think otherwife, than To did: And when I heard of vile and undeferved reflections cast upon me; but most when that sudden indisposition seized you, my dear Lady Grandison, and feemed to my frighted imagination to threaten a life fo precious-

She paused: Then proceeded—I have told you, madam, my reflections.—Before you, Chevalier, I have said enough.—And now advise me what to do.—To say truth, I almost as much long to quit England, as I did to say to it. I am unhappy. O my suctuating

heart! When, when, shall I be settled?

What, madam, can I say? answered Sir Charles: What can I advise? You say you are not happy. You think your parents are not so. We all believe you can make them so. But God forbid it should be to your own unhappiness, who have already been so great a sufferer, tho hardly a greater than every one

of your friends has been from your sufferings. I plead not, madam, the cause of any one man. I have told you, that your father himself advises a certain nobleman to give over all hopes of you: And that person himself says, that he will endeavour to do so: first, because he promised you, that he would; and next, because he is now too well assured, that you have an aversion to him.

An aversion, Chevalier! God forbid that I should have an aversion to any human creature! I thought my behaviour to that gentleman had been such—She

ftopt.

It was great; it was worthy of you. But this is his apprehension: And if it be just, God forbid that

Lady Clementina should think of him!

My dear Lady Grandison, do you advise me upon all that has passed upon this conference. You assured me at the beginning of it, that my peace of mind was

necessary to your happine fs.

From my affection for you, my dear Lady Clementina, and from my affection only, it is necessary. You cannot have a diffress, which will not, if I know it, be a diffress to me, You know best what you can do. God give you happiness, and make yours the foundation of that of your indulgent parents! They are of opinion, that a fettled Life with fome worthy man of your own country and faith, will greatly contribute to it. Your mamma is firmly of opinion it will: So is Mrs. Beaumont. But fee that you cannot, in justice to your brother, and to his children yet unborn, as well as in duty to your deceased grandfathers, affume the veil: You fee that the unnatural Lanrana, whom you still are so great as to love, cannotenjoy a confiderable legacy bequeathed on her, but on your marriage. - If you have a diflike to the nobleman who has so large a share in the affections of all your family, by no means think of him. Rejoice, madam, in a fingle life, if you think you can be

be happy in it, till some man offer whom you can favour with your esteem. Let me be honoured mean time with the continuance of your Love, as I shall be found to deserve it. We are already sisters. In presence, we will be one; in absense, we will not be divided; for we will mingle souls and sentiments on paper—

I was proceeding; but she wrapt her arms about my neck. She bathed my cheek with her tears.—O how generously did she extol me! how delighted, how affected, was the dearest of men! how delicate was his behaviour to both! The tender friend in her, the beloved wife, were, with the nicest propriety, distin-

guished by him.

The dear Lady was too much disordered by her own grateful rapture, to recover a train of reasoning. She told me, however, that she would ponder, weigh, consider every thing that had passed.

God give her happiness! prays with her whole

heart,

Your

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LI.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Thursday, May 17.

I ADY Clementina is thoughtful, solemn, and shuns company. Not one word will any-body say to her of the Count of Belvedere: But as he is expected here every-day to take his leave, Sir Charles thinks she ought not to be surprized by his coming at unawares. She neither dined nor supped in company yesterday; nor breakfasted with us this morning. She loves, as you have heard, to walk in the garden. She diverts herself often with seeding the deer, which gather about her, as soon she enters the park. Sir Charles just now passed her in the garden.

garden. He asked after her health.—My mind is not well, Chevalier!—God Almighty heal it! said he, taking her hand, and bowing upon it.—Thank you, Sir! Continue your prayers for me. That last conversation, Chevalier—But, adieu.

She took a path that led to the park. He looked after her. She turned once to see if he did. He bowed, and motioned with his hand, as for leave to follow her. She understood his motion, and by hers

forbid him. - Poor Lady!

Thursday Evening, Six o'clock.

MR. LOWTHER returned from London about an hour ago. He has always been of opinion with the physicians of Italy, that a disorder of mind not hereditary, but circumstanced as Lady Clementina's was, will be in no danger of returning, or of becoming hereditary, unless on some new distress like the former. He expressed his wonder more than once, at her relations acquiescence with her plea, as she made that the principal against marriage; tho' he allowed it to be a noble and generous one in her. And now, in order to justify his opinion, he has taken, of his own accord, the opinions of the most noted London physicians; who entirely agree with him.

Saturday, May 19.

LADY Clementina has been generously lamenting to me the unhappiness of the cruel Laurana. What I hinted to Sir Charles, said she, of her Love for the Count of Belvedere, is but too true. I have been urged to have compassion, as it is called, on him. He should have shewed some for her. She was proposed to him. He rejected the proposal with haughtiness: But, I believe, knew not how much she loved him. I have faint remembrances of her ravings, as I may call them, for him, to her mother and woman: Sometimes vowing revenge for slighted Love.—Poor Laurana was another Olivia in the violence of her passion,

fion. In the few lucid intervals I had when I was under her management, I always expected that these ravings would end in harder usuage of me. Yet even then, when I had calmness enough to pity myself, I pitied her. O that the Count would make her happy, and could make himself happy in her!—

She asked me if Sir Charles were not indeed inclined

to favour the Count?

He wishes you, madam, to marry, answered I, because he thinks (and physicians of Italy and England, and Mr. Lowther, concur with your parents wishes) if there were a man in the world whom you could consent to make happy, the consequence would not only make your whole family so, but yourself. But the choice of the man, he thinks, should be entirely left to you: He thinks that the Count, so often refused, ought not to be insisted on; and that time

mould be given you.

Let me ask you, Lady Grandison, as one fifter toanother, Could you, in my fituation, have refolved to give your hand-She flopt, blushed, looked down, I fnatched her hand, and lifted it to my lips-Speak your whole heart, my Clementina, to your Harriet .-But yet I will spare you, when I understand your meaning. Noblest of women, I am not Clementina. I could not, fituated as you once were, all my friends confenting, and the man-fuch as you knew him to be, have refused him my hand as well as heart. But what may not be expected from a Lady, who, from a regard to her superior duties, could make the most laudable paffion of inferior force ?-You have already overcome the greatest difficulty; and when you can persuade yourself that it is your duty to enter into new measures I am sure, whatever they may be-

How delicate are your intimations!—What a subject have we slid into!—Believe me, I am incapable—

Of any thought, of lany imagination, interrupted I, that an Angel might not own: It would be an injury to your Harriet's emulative Love of you, were you but to suppose any assurances of your greatness of mind necessary.

But I am at times pained, generous Lady Grandison, for what your friends may think, may wish—O that I

were in my own country again!

They wish for nothing but your happiness. Lay down your own plan, dear Lady: Chalk out your future steps. Look about you one, two, three years, in the single life! Assured your indulgent parents—.

Hush, hush, hush, my dear Lady Grandison, gently putting her hand on my mouth: I will, I must, leave you I—O my fluctuating heart!—But whatever I shall be enabled to do; whose-soever displeasure I may incur, do you continue to love me; still call me Sister! and, through you, let me call Sir Charles Grandison my Brother; and then shall I have a felicity that will counterbalance many inselicities.

She hurried from me, not staying to hear the affectionate assurances of my admiring Love, that were bursting my lips from a heart servently desiring to com-

ply with every with of hers.

Sunday, May 20.

THE Marquis is flightly indisposed. The Marchioness is not well. Lady Clementina applying to Mrs. Beaumont for consolation on the occasion, owned, that were their indispositions to gather strength, she should be too ready, for her peace of mind, to charge them to her own account. Mrs. Beaumont generously consoled her, without urging one syllable in favour of the man, who has so large an interest in the hearts of all her family, her own excepted. She herself mentioned with approbation to Mrs. Beaumont, some particulars, of the Count's munificence and greatness of mind, that had come to her knowledge: But wished he could think of her Cousin Laurana.

rana. Her Camilla came in. She asked with anxious duty, after her mother's health; and withdrew in tears, to attend her.

Monday, May 21.

Well, but now, I Charlotte G. who have taken up Harriet's pen, say, these tears will soon be dried up. The Marquis and his Lady are both better, The Count is arrived; Signors Juliano and Sebastiano with him. Did you not see the Count when he was in town, Lucy? A pretty man, upon my life, were he not quite so solemn: But that very solemnity will make for him with a fair romancer: Is he not come, as Lee says, in his Theodosius,

-" To take eternal leave?

" Not to vouchsafe to see him, would be scorn,

Which the fair foul of gentle CLEMENTINA

. Could never harbour."

Accordingly, on his arrival, not unfent to, but almost unexpected, down she came to tea; and with fuch a grace !- Indeed, my dear and venerable Mrs. Shirley, the will be a good girl. All will come right. She was a little solemn indeed in her serenity: But the plainly put herself forward to speak. She seemed to pity the Count's confusion (who, poor soul! knew not how to speak to her) and relieved it by enquiring after his health, as he had not been well. She addreffed herself to him once or twice on indifferent subjects; and pleased every-body by her behaviour to him. Nay, they talked together a good while at the window, he, and the, and Mrs. Beaumont, very freely about England and Italy, comparing in a few instances, these gardens with those of the Marquis at Bologna. No very interesting conversation indeed; but the good Count thought himself in paradise. Yet he fears he shall to-morrow be allowed to take a long, long leave of her. He goes to France and Italy; not to Spain. I like I like him for that, it would only be diffresting himfelf, further, he fays, were he to amuse a worthy family who have invited him thither with a view that can never be answered, while Clementina remains unmarried.

My brother continues to infift upon it, that not one word shall be faid in the Count's favour. Sea-room, and Land-room, Mrs. Shirley, as I faid once before-Where did he learn so thoroughly to understand the

perverseness of a female heart?

By Lady Grandison.] You see, my Grandmamma. what Lady G. has written. Her sweetly playful pen may divert you. Her heart feels not, as mine does, the perplexities of the dear Clementina: But I yield. with grateful pleasure, to a pen so much more lively, than that of

Your HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LII.

LADY G. TO MISS SELBY.

Tuesday, May 22.

A ND fo, Lucy, your day is fixed. May next Thursday be a happy one, and reward the heroic girl who so nobly conquered a first Love, on the discovered, unworthiness of the man. And you own that your heart is far from being indifferent to Lord Reresby-Good girl !- Confirmation of all my doctrines. We women prate and prate of what we can, and what we can-not; what we ought, and what we ought-not, to do: But none of us flay-till-wearc-asked mortals know what we shall, or can, do. till we are tried by the power of determining being put into our hands. Was it possible for me to have loved that forry wretch Anderson, so well as I really loved my honest Lord G.? It was not. But tho' tho' I name that creature myself, never do you prefume to do it. I blush even to this hour at looking back to certain giddinesses that debased my character

-But let me quit a subject so disagreeable.

Lady Clementina has had a bad night it seems.— Came not down to breakfast. The poor Enamoretto was in despair. I tried to hearten him up a little: But my brother will not let any body slatter him with a hope that too probably may end in disap-

pointment.

Yonder [I am writing at my window, you must know] is the sair Instexible musing in the garden. I have a good mind to call to her; for I see by her motions and downcast looks, that reverie is no savourable sign for the Count—No need of my calling to her; my brother has this minute joined her. As soon as he came in sight, she went to him.—Now,

dear brother, put in a word for the poor man.

Well, but Lucy, this poor Lord of yours must come among us. He shall not carry you to Ireland this year. Let all who would be good husbands and good wives, come to Grandison-hall, and learn: And, pray, let them come while I am here. Yet I have fomething to fay against our Harriet too .- She is fo taken up with her heroic friendship, that Clementina is now almost the only subject of her pen. What godlike instances of my brother's goodness does she leave untold, tho' she admires him for them, as much as ever? Every rifing, every fetting fun, are witnesses of his divine philanthrophy. I suppose the looks upon his praises now, to be her own. Well she may. Never were hearts fo united, fo formed, for one another. But Harriet used to praise herself formerly; Did the not, Uncle Selby?

Believe me, I will praise my honest man whenever he gives me cause. For instance; Yesterday, I was well enough pleased with what he said to my brother.—You, Sir Charles, ought not to give yourself up to a private life. Your country has a claim

upon such a character as yours.

Without doubt, said I—Shall we, my Lord, make my brother an embassador, or a justice of peace? Lord G. rubbed his forehead: but seeing me smile, his countenance brightened up. Don't you know, Charlotte, said my brother, that nothing but the engagements our noble guests have given me, would have prevented me from acting in the usual character you have last named?

O that you had, Brother! What admirable causes would then have been brought before US, en dernier ressort! How delightfully would your time have been taken up with the appeals of scolding wives, forsaken

damsels, aud witches presumptive!

Lady G. must be herself, whatever be the subject, replied Sir Charles. You and I love her, my Lord. for her charming vivacity. But think you, my Sifter, that a day spent in doing good, be the objects of it ever so low, is not more pleasing to resect upon, than a day of the most elegant indulgence? Would perfons of fense and distinction (myself out of the queftion) more frequently than they do, undertake the talk, it would be lighter to every one, and would keep the great power vested in this class of magistrates, and which is every year increasing, out of mean and mercenary hands, And furely men of confide, ration in the world owe it to their tenants, neighbours, and to those of their fellow-creatures, to whose industry they are obliged for their affluence, to employ in their service, those advantages of rank and education, which make it perhaps easy for them to clear up and adjust, in half an hour, matters that would be of endless perplexity and entanglement to the parties concerned.

Mind this, Uncle Selby; for I think you are too fond of your own ways, and your own hours, to do your duty as an active justice, tho' of the quorum.

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But I should have told you, Lucy, how this conversation began. I got the occasion for it out of Dr. Bartlett asterwards. You must know, that I visit him now and then as Harriet used to do, to learn some of my brother's good deeds, that otherwise would not come to our knowledge; by which I understand, that notwithstanding he gives his guests so much of his company, and appears so easy and free among us, yet, that every beneficent scheme is going on: Not one improvement stands still: He knows not

what it is to be one moment idle.

Dr. Bartlett tells me, that fome gentlemen of prime confideration in the county, have been offering my brother their interest against the next election. He modeftly acknowledged the grateful sense he had of the honour done him; but declined it for the prefent, as having been too little a while returned into his own country, after fo long an absence, to be as vet fit for a trust so important. We young men, faid he, are apt to be warm : When we have not fludied a point thoroughly, we act upon hafty conclusions, and fometimes support, sometimes oppose, on infusicient grounds. I would not be under Enregements to any party; Neither can I think of conthibuting to destroy the morals and health of all the country people round me, to make myfelf what is called an intereft. Forgive me, gentlemen : I mean not to flight your favours! But on such an occasion. I ought to be explicit.

But, after the gentlemen were gone. There is a county, Dr. Barrlett, said he, of which I should be ambitious to be one of the representatives, had I a matural interest in it; because of the reverence I bear to the good man, to whom in that case I shall have the honour to call myself a colleague. When I can think myself more worthy than at present I am, of standing in such a civil relation to him, I shall contider him as another Gamaliel, at whose seet (so

long absent as I have been from my native country) I shall be proud to be initiated into the service of the public.

It is not difficult to guess, who my brother-But my Marmoufet is squalling for me; and I must fly in The bot was home

to filence it.

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A schirming -Lady (president of penetrallen. Now, Lucy, that I have pacified my Brat, do I wish you with me at my window. My Brother and his Harriet only, are at this inftant walking almost under it, engaged in earnest conversation : Seemingly, how pleasing a one ! admiration and tenderness mingled in his looks: In her, while he speaks, the most delighted attention: When the answers, love, affience, modest difference, benevolence, compassion; an expression that no pen can describe-Knowing them both fo well, and acquainted with their usual behaviour to each other, I can make it all out. She is pleading, I am sure, for Clementina. Charming pleader! Yet, my dear Mrs. Shirley, I fear her reafonings are romantic ones. Our Harriet, you know, was always a little tinctured with Heroism; and she goes back in her mind to the time that the thought the could never be the wife of any other man than my brother (tho' then hopeless that he could be hers); and supposes Clementina in the same situation.

When I looked first, I dare say he was giving her an account of the conversation that passed an hour ago, between him and Clementina. He had his arm round her waift, fometimes preffing her to him as they walked; fometimes standing still; and, on her replies, raising her hand to his lips, with such tender

possion—But here the comes.

Harriet, if I am a witch, let Lucy know it. Here -read this last paragraph-Have I guessed right at your subject of discourse? You will tell me, you fay, in a Letter by itself-Do fo.

LETTER LIH.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS SELBY.

[In Continuation of LADY G's. Subject.]

Your happy Harriet has been engaged in the most pleasing conversation. The best of husbands concrals not from her own emotion of his excellent heart. He is greatly distressed for Clementina. It would be unworthy of his character, if he were not: Yet he seems to think she may be happy with the Count of Belvedere: That is the point we have been debating. As Sir Charles would have been the man of her choice, but for an invincible obstacle, is it not owing, partly to his delicate modesty, that he thinks she may be so? What thinks you, Lucy?

Lady G. says, I make Clementina's case my own. Be it so; because so it ought to be. Could I have been happy with Lord D.?—Call it romantic, if you please, Lady G.; I think it impossible that I could, even the I could not form to myself that Sir Charles Grandison himself would make the tender, the indulgent husband he makes to the happiest of women.

Sir Charles gave me the particulars of the converfacion that passed between him and Lady Clementina
in the garden. He observed, that she is not a stranger
to the Count's resolution, never to marry while she
remains unmarried; and that it is the intention of
that nobleman to return to Italy, and not go to Spain
at all. Perhaps she had her information either from
Camilla or Laura; who both heard him declare as
much. If she has condescended to hear them talk on
a subject which every body else has studiously avoided,
she may also have heard from them many other particulars greatly to the Count's honour; for they are
his admirers and well-wishers.

Sir Chailes believes she will take a gracious leaveof the Count before he sets out.

* *

The folemn, the parting interview, was to have been in my drawing room this afternoon: But Lady Clementina has given the Count an unexpected, and

joyful reprieve.

She dined in company. We were all charmed with her free and easy deportment, as well to the Count, as to every-body elfe. His was not fo eafy. He, intending to bespeak the favour of half an hour's audience of her; in order to take leave of her, when the arose from table, was in visible agitations. How the poor man trembled with what awe, with what reverence, as he fat, did he glance towards her! How did every-body pity him, and by their eyes befrech her pity for him! yet, in the same moment, our eyes fell under hers, as the looked upon each perfon; we all feemingly un willing to have her think we entreated for him by them. I thought I read in her lovely countenance more than once, compation f r him; yet, the breath hard-fetched, as often the wed a fight suppressed, that indicated, lyimagined, a wish (salfo supposited) after a life more eligible to her than the nuptials to draw their wiver after thirtyun arts,

At last, when we women arose from table, he, as a man who must address her intaste, or be unable at all to do it, stept towards her; remeated when near hen, as irresolute; and again advancing, profoundly bowing, Isladam, madam, said he, hestatingly—putting out his hand, as is he would have taken hers; but withdrawing it hastily, before he touched it—I hope—I beg—allow me—I beseach you—one

parting moment.

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She pitied his confusion: My Lord, said she, We see you to-morrow in the afternoon [Allow me, madam, to me...] She courtesided to him, and withdrew

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with

with some little precipitation; but with a dignity that never forfakes her.

Every man, it seems, congratulated the Count Every woman (when withdrawn with her) Clementina. The Marchioness folded her in her maternal bosom—My daughter! My beloved daughter! My Clementina! was all she said, tears trickling down her cheeks—O my mamma!—kneeling (affected by her mother's tears)—O my mamma!—was all the daughter could say. And rising, took Mrs. Beaumont's hand, and retired with her to her own apartment.

WE see her now in the garden with that excellent woman, arm in arm, in earnest talk, as we sit by the window.

Wednesday Night.

And now, my Grandmamma, a word or two of

dear Northamptonshire.

I have a Letter from Emily. I enclose it, with a copy of my answer. I hope it is not a breach of confidence to communicate them both to you, and throwyou, madam, to my aunt Selby. At present, I wish

the contents may be a fecret to every-body elfe.

Don't let Lucy repine at her distant residence, if it must be in Ireland. It is generally the privilege of husbands to draw their wives after them. Sir Charles says it is but a trip to that kingdom: And having an estate in it, which he is intent upon improving, he will be her visitor; and so will his Harriet, you need not question, if he make her the offer of accompanying him. To you, my Grandmamma, I know every part of the British dominions, where your friends have a natural call, is Northamptonshire. Lucy's grandmother, however, will miss her: But has not she a Lucy in her Nancy? And has not her grandfon James a chance (if Patty Holles will favour him) to carry her to another grand-daughter? Besides, Lord Rereshy, who is so good natured a man, will

will not be in hafte to quit the county where he has obtained so rich a prize. Sir Charles expects them both with him for a month at least, before they leave England.

Happy! happy! as the fixteenth of November to me, may be the twenty-fourth of May to Lucy,

prays,

Her ever-affectionate,

HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LIV.

MISS EMILY JERVOIS TO LADY GRANDISON.

I Have something to communicate to you, my dear Lady Grandison, and take your Advice about; yet, so young a creature as I am, I am quite assamed. But you must keep my secret from every living foul, and from my guardian too, for the present, since in writing to you, I think I write to him, as you know all his heart, and are so prudent a Lady. It is true, I was, (or I might have been, I should rather say) a forward girl with regard to him: But then my whole heart was captivated by his perfections, by his great-ness of mind; that was all. May not a creature, tho ever so young, admire a good man's goodness? May the not have a deep sense of gratitude for kindness conferr'd? That gratitude may indeed, as she grows up, engage her too deeply; and I found myself in danger; but made my escape in time. Thank God! -and thank you who affifted me !- What an excellent Lady are you, that one can speak to you of these tender matters! But you are the Queen of our Sex. and fit inthroned, holding out your scepter in pity to one poor girl, and raising another, and another; for it is glory enough for you to call a man yours, for whom so many hearts have sighed in secret, N 4

But this was always my way—I never fat myself down to write to my guardian or to you, but my preambles were longer than my matter—To the point

then-but be fure keep my fecret-

Here every body is fond of Sir Edward Beauchamp, He is indeed a very agreeable man. Next to my guardian, I think him the most agreeable of men. He is always coming down to us. I cannot but see that he is particularly obliging to me. I really believe, young as I am, he loves me: But every-body is so filent about him: yet they slide away and leave us together very often. It looks as if all favoured him; yet would not interfere. He has not made any declaration of love neither. I am so young a creature, you know; and to be sure he is a very prudent man.

My guardian dearly loves him—who does not? His address is so gentle: His words are so soothing: His voice—To be sure he is a very amiable man! Now tel! me freely—Do you think my guardian (but pray only sound him—I am so young a creature, you know) would be displeased if matters were to come to something in time?—Three or sour years hence, suppose if Sir Edward would think it worth his while so stay for so silly a creature?—I would not think of sooner.—If not, I would not allow myself to be so much in his company, you know.

He has a very good estate? and tho' he is ten or twelve years older than I; yet he never will be more than that; since every year that goes over his head, will go over mine likewise—So you will be pleased

to give me your opinion,

And here all the world is for marrying, I think. Miss Selby is as good as gone, you know. Her brother courts Miss Patty Holles: Miss Kitty is not without her humble servant. Nay, Miss Nancy Selby, for that matter—But let these intelligences come from themselves.

You,

You my dear Lady Grandison, bad lod up this dance—So happy as you are—I think it is a right thing for young women to marry when young men

are so defirous to copy Sir Charles Grandison.

Haften to me your advice, if but in fix lines. We expect Sir Edward down next week. I must like his company, because he is always telling us one charming thing or other of my guardian a and because he fo fincerely rejoices in your happiness and his.

God continue it to you both. This is our prayer night and morning, for our own fakes, as well as

SHI

this on this ope with

yours, believe
Your ever-obliged, and affectionate, Ch ad liew which have to be Emily Jervois.

vin il node bitory

LADY GRANDISON, TO MISS. JERVOIS.

had Dabad Laga Tanana val . Tuelday, May 22. THAVE a great opinion of your prudence, my Love: And I have as high a one of Sir Edward Beauchamp's honour and discretion. His fortune, his merity are unexceptionable. Your guardian loves him. If you could certainly love Sir Edward above all men, and he you above all women, I am of opinion your guardian will think no alliance can be happier than both, and for himself too: For you know. my dear, that your welfare is near his heart. Let me, my fweet Emily, refer you, as to your conduct on this occasion, to my own almost-unerring counsellors. my grandmamma and aunt Selby. Don't be ashamed to open your heart to them : Are you not under their wings? I will fo manage, that they shall lead the way to your freedom with them. Your difficulties by this means will be leffened. Sir Charles will pay the greatest attention to their advice. But yet I must N 50 antift.

infift, that the reference to them, shall not deprive of my Emily's confidence,

Her ever-affectionate Sister, and faithful Friend and Servant, HARRIET GRANDISON.

LETTER LVI.

LADY GRANDISON. TO MRS SHIRLEY.

sides in your aspendence his

tow ac its at a to to Thursday, May 24.

I Begin this Letter, as I ended my last to Lucy— May this day be a happy one to her, and then it will be so to us all—My dear aunt Selby will be so good as to savour me with a line to acquaint me with the actual celebration; that I may ground upon it my earliest selicitations.

I will proceed with an account of what fo much

engages the attention of every one here.

I told you in one of my former, that Lady G. had fhewn to Mrs. Beaumont Lucy's account of the conversation held at Shirley-manor, on the subject of a first Love, with Lady G's. sprightly decision upon it, and upon the appeal made to me. I must now tell you, that Mrs. Beaumont prevailed upon Lady Clementina to defire me to read it to her. She made her request; and I obeyed. Mrs. Beaumont was prefent. Not a word by way of application did either the or I fuggest, when I had done reading. Lady Clementina's complexion often changed as I read. She was not at all diverted with those lively parts of Lady G's. decision, that I ventured to read; the' she is an admirer of her fprightly vein. She looked down most of the time in solemn filence. And at last, when I had ended, the, fighing, started, as if from a reverie, arofe, courtefied, and withdrew; not having once opened her lips on the subject, it has a send . Admi

THE Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and the two young Lords, just now joined to request Sir Charles to become avowedly an advocate for the Count and Lady Clementina, They urged that she was balancing in his favour; and that Sir Charles's weight would turn the scale: But Sir Charles not only defired to be excufed, but begged that fhe might not be folicited by any-body on that subject-May the not, asked he, be reasoning with herself, and considering what she can do, with justice to the Count and herself? Her future peace of mind is concerned that her determination now, shall be all her own. Leave her no room for after-regret, for having been persuaded against her mind. If persuasions only are wanting, will she not wrap herself up in reserve, to keep herself in countenance for not having been persuaded before?

Pursuant to this advice, the Marchioness in a conversation with her beloved daughter, that might have led to the subject on which their hearts are fixed, declined it; faying, Whatever my child shall determine upon, with regard to any plan for her future life, let her whole heart be in it; Her choice shall Ligaro John

be ours.

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Thursday Afternoon.

LADY Clementina excused herself from breakfasting with us; but obliged us with her company at din-How does Sir Charles's countenance always shine, when he finds himself surrounded at table by his friends! The larger the circle, the more diffused is his chearfulness. With what delight does his Jeronymo meditate him! He dwells upon what he fays. and by his eyes cast with less complacency on an interrupter, feems to wish every one filent, when Sir Charles's lips begin to open.

After he had gone round his ample table, faying fomething obliging to all (in a manner calling forth every one to fay something in his or her own way) he addressed himself more particularly to the Count, N 6

and led him into subjects both learned and familiar, in which he knew he could shine; and in which he d'd. It was doubly kind in Sir Charles to do so; for the poor man's reverence for the mistress of his sate, had taken all courage from his love, and he wanted to be drawn out. Never can bashful merit appear to so much advantage, as in Sir Charles's address to it.

How much foul did Lady Clementina shew in her eyes! She was very attentive to every one that spoke. She asked the Count questions more than once on some of the subjects he was led to talk of. My eyes, as I could feel, glistened when she did, to see how those of her father and mother rejoiced, as I may say, on the notice she took of him. Lady Clementina could not but observe how delightfully her complainance to the Count was received by all her samily—Is it possible, thought I, more than once, were I in the situation of this admirable Lady, to avoid obliging such indulgent parents with the grant of all their wishes, that depended on myself; having given up voluntarily the man I preferred to all others?

Signor Sebassiano dropt a hint once, of his own, and the Count's, and Signor Juliano's intention of setting out; mentioning a care for their baggage, which by this time, he supposed, had reached Dower: But Clementina turning an attentive ear to what he said, Sir Charles was assaid she would take this hint as a design to hasten her resolution; and said, We will not sadden our hearts with the thoughts of parting with any of our friends.

Thursday Evening, Eight o'clock.

A LETTER is this moment brought from town by an especial messenger, to Signor Jeronymo. The whole family, Lady Clementina excepted, are got together upon the contents.

Ten o'clock.

THE Marchioness, just now taking my hand, tears starting in her eyes, Ah, madam, said she, the poor wretch Laurana—Just then the Bishop and Father Marescotti entering, she put the Letter into my hand. I shall enclose a translation of it.

TO SIGNOR JERONYMO della PORRETTA.

one today and the reconstruction but at the till-

HE dear perverse Clementina may be now indulged, if the has not from principles of gratitude already yielded to give her hand to our Belvedere. I hope the has. One of our motives for urging her, is at an end. Laura is no more. Her mother kept from her as long as the could, the news of the Count's accompanying you all to England: But when the was told that he was actually in that kingdom; and that my fifter was heard of the doubted not but the confequence would be the defeating of all her hopes with regard to him. A deep melancholy first seized her; that was succeeded by raving fits: and it is suspected that the poor creature. eluding the care of her attendants, came to a miferable end. Lady Sforza is inconsolable. A malignant fever is given out-fo let it pass-SAR, whom the wretched creature most cruckly used, will shed a tear for the companion of her childhood: But whe elfe, besides her own mother, will ?- Yet, if the manner of her quitting life were as shocking as it is whispered to me it was But I will not enquise further about it, for fear I should be induced to shew compassion for a wretch who had not any to shew to a near relation, entrusted to her care, and who had a right to her kindest treatment.

What a glorious creature, as you paint him, as Fame, as Father Marescotti, and you all report him, is your Grandison! Your Sister-in-law must, I believe, be complied with. Ever since you all lest Italy, she has been earnest to attend you in England. She even threatens to steal from her husband, if he consent not, and now Clementina has shewn her the way, procure a passage thither, to try my Love in following her, as that naughty girl has all yours, in a season—But what is the inclemency of season, what are winds, mountains, says, to a woman who has set her heart on an adventure? This I must allow in her savour, if she should say from me, it will be to her father, mother, brothers, from whom her Sister sed—Naughty, naughty Clementina! Can I forgive her? Yet if her parents do, what have I to say?

I do affure you, Jeronymo, that I unfeignedly join with you in your joy, that so deserving a man is not a loser by a disappointment, that we all know sat heavily upon him, at the time. I even long to see upon one spot, two women, who are capable of shewing, as they have shewn, a magnanimity so very rare in the Sex: One of whom, let me glory, is my Sister. But Clementina ever was one of the most generous, however, in some points, unpersuadable, of human

creatures.

Let Belvedere know how much I love him. Whatever be his fate with one of the perversest, yet noblest-minded of women, I will ever look upon him as my brother.

Reverence, duty, love, and the fincerest compliments, distribute, as due, my dear Jeronymo, from

World on the state of the Your was a real production and

The below the come of the following GIACOMO.

LETTER LVII.

us they expliced with highly as make the

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Friday, May 5.

UNHAPPY Laurana! Sir Charles expressed great concern for the manner of her death. How can you, Brother, said Lady G. (when we three only were together) be concerned for so execrable a wretch!

Shall a human creature perish, replied he, and its fellow-creature not be moved? Shall an immortal Being six its eternal state by an act dreadful and irreversible; by a crime that admits not of repentance; and shall we not be concerned? This indeed was owing to distraction: But how ill was such a soul as Laurana's prepared to rush into Eternity!—Unhappy Laurana!

It is not thought fit, for obvious reasons, to acquaint Clementina with the contents of the General's Letter.

AT last, my dear Grandmamma, the great point seems to be decided. Lady Clementina had for some time been employing herself in drawing up, in two opposite columns, the arguments for and against her entering into the marriage-state. She shewed them to me, and afterwards to Mrs. Beaumont; but would not allow either of us to take a copy. She has stated them very fairly, I could not but observe to her on which side the strength lay.

This morning the gave us her company at breakfast-time for a few minutes only. She was in visible emotions; and seemed desirous of getting the better of them; but was unable; and therefore retired. She shut herself up, and about noon, sent, sealed up, a Letter; which I will English as well as I can; thus directed;

To ber ever-honoured, ever-indulgent Father and Mother, CLEMENTINA DELLA PORRETTA.

If O W did my whole foul aspire after the veil!—
Insuperable obstacles having arisen against the
union of your child with one exalted man, how averse
was I to enter into covenant with any other!

dam; that I should not be indulged in the aspiration.
You had the goodness to oblige me in my averse-

nefs:

- 1 -

The Chevalier Grandison has since convinced me, by generous and condescending reasonings, that I could not, in duty to the will of my two grandsathers, and in justice to my elder brother and his descendants,

renew my wishes after the cloifter. I submit.

But now, what is to be done; what can I do, to make you, my dearest parents, and my brothers, happy? Olivia triumphs over me. My situation is disagreeable: I, who ought to be a comfort to my friends, have been, I still am, a trouble to them all.

The Chevalier Grandison and his excellent Lady, have signified to me, more than once, that they expect from me the completion of their earthly happiness: And what is this life, but a short, a transitory passage to a better?

Have I not declined accepting the vows of the first of men? The only man I over faw with a wish to be united to him? Declined them on motives, that all

my friends think do me honour?

Have I ever, dear as the struggle cost me, repented the glorious self-denial? And what precedents of selfdenial (wholly yours by laws divine and human, as I am) have you, my ever indulgent parents, set me? Is there a man that I would prefer to him whom my friends are folicitous to commend to my favour?

Cannot I, in performing my duty to my parents, perform all those duties of life, which performed, may intitle me to a blessed hope?

Shall I contend in and through life, to carry a point, that, at the awful close of it, will appear to me,

as nothing!-

Let me make a proposal—On a supposition that you, Sir, that you, Madam (whose patient goodness to me has been unexampled); and every one of my friends, favour the Count of Belvedere as much es ever—I have always acknowledged his merits—

Permit me a year's consideration from the present time, to examine the state of my head and heart; and at the end of that year, allow me to determine; and I will endeavour, my dear parents, to make your wishes, and my duty, honour, conscience, (divested of caprice, sancy, petulance) my sole guides in the result, as well as in the discussion. The Chevalier Grandison, his Lady, Father Marescotti, and Mrs. Beaumont, shall be judges between my relations and me, if there be occasion.

But, as it would be unreasonable to expect, that the Count of Belvedere should attend an issue so uncertain; for I would rather die, than give my vows to a man to whom I could not do justice both with regard to head and heart; so, I make it my earnest request to him, that he will look upon himself to be absolutely free to make his own choice, and to pursue his own measures, as opportunities offer. Rejoiced at my heart should I be, to have reason to congratulate him on his nuptials with a woman, of the soundness of whose mind he could have no doubt, and whose heart never knew another attachment.

I would humbly propose, as a measure highly expedient, that the ever-obliging Chevalier Grandison and his truly-admirable Lady will permit us, as soon as possible, to depart from England. [O my friends I accuse me not of levity in your heart! I obeyed in the rash voyage hither, an impulse that appeared to me irresistable.] And let us leave it to his never-for-feited honour, to bring over to us, as soon as can be convenient, his Lady, his Sisters, and their Lords, as they have made us hope: and that a family friend-ship may be cultivated among us, as if a legal relation had taken place.

But allow me to declare, that if my cousin Laurana shall be found to have entertained the least reason to hope that she might one day be Countess of Belvedere, that that expectation alone, whatever turn my health may take, shall be considered as finally determining the Count's expectations on me; for I never will be looked upon as the rival of my cousin.

And now, bleffed Virgin-mother of the God of my hope, do thou enable me to be an humble infirument of restoring to the hearts of my honoured and indulgent parents, and to those of my affectionate brothers and other friends, the tranquillity of which I have so unhappily and so long deprived them; prays, and will every hour pray, my ever-honoured and ever-indulgent Father and Mother,

Friday, May 25.

Your dutiful dvoted

CLEMENTINA.

THE Marquis was alone with his Lady in her dreffing-room where Camilla carried them this Letter. They opened it with impatience. They could not contain their joy when they perused it. They both declared, that it was all that should, all that ought to be exacted from her. The Bishop, Signor Jeronymo, and her two cousins, on the contents being communicated to them, were in extasses of joy.

All that the Count of Belvedere had wished for, was, that Lady Clementina would give him hope, that

that if she ever married, he might be the happy man; and for the sake of this distant hope, he was resolved to sorego all other engagements. Sir Charles was defired to acquaint him with the happy tidings. He did, with his usual prudence: But his joy is extreme.

The Marquis and Marchioness were impatient to embrace and thank their beloved daughter. The moment the faw them, the threw herfelf at their feet, as they fat together on one fettee, and were rifing to embrace her-O my father ! O my mother ! Have I not been perverse in your eyes?—It was not I!—You can pity me!—It was not always in my power to think as I now do. My mind was disturbed. I fought for tranquillity, and could no where find it. My brother Giacomo was too precipitating; yet, in his earnestness to have me marry, shewed his disinterestedness. He gave me not time, as you both, thro' the advice of the common friend of us all, have done. The nearest evil was the heaviest to me: I fought to avoid that, and might have fallen into greater. God reward you, my father, my mother, and all my dear friends, for the indulgence you have shewn me-To follow me too into foreign climates, at an unpropitious feason of the year-And for what ?-Not to chide, not to punish me; but to restore me to the arms of your parental Love-And did you not vouchfafe to enter into conditions with your child !- How greatly disordered in my mind must I be, if I ever forget such instances of your graciousness!

The tender parents pressed her to their bosoms. How did her two brothers and Mrs. Beaumont ap-

plaud her !-

O how good, said she, are you all to me! What a malady! A malady of the darkest hue! was mine, that it could fill me with such apprehensions, as were able to draw a cloud between your goodness and my gratitude;

titude; and make even your indulgence wear the face

of hardflip to me.

The Bishop thought it not adviseable, that the Count, who hardly knew how to trust himself with his own joy, should be presently introduced to her. The rejoicing Lover therefore walked into the garden;

giving way to his agreeable contemplations.

Clementina, her mind filled with felf-complacency on the joyful reception her proposal had net with; went into the garden, intending to take one of her usual walks, Laura attending her. The Count saw her enter, and searing to disoblige her, if he broke in upon her, in her retirements, prosoundly bowed, and took a different path. But she, crossing another alley, was near him before he was aware. He started; but recovering, threw himself at her seet—Life of my, hope! Adorable Lady Clementina! said he—But could not at the moment speak another word.

She relieved him from his confusion—Rife, my Lord, said she, I crossed to meet you, on purpose to exchange a few words with you, as you happened to

be in the garden.

titade s

I cannot, cannot rife, till, thus profitate at your feet, I have thanked you, madam, with my whole foul-

No thanks are due, my Lord, interrupting him. God knows what may happen in the next twelve months. Rife my Lord. [He rose.] As a friend of our house, I will respect you: So I have hereto-fore told you: But for your own sake, for honour's, for justice sake, I think it necessary to tell you, you must not make an absolute dependance on me from what I have written to my parents, tho' I repent not of what I have written.

I will not, madam: For one year, for many years, I will await your pleasure. If at the end of any limited period, after that you have named, I cannot

be so happy as to engage your favour, I will resign to my destiny—Only, mean time, permit me to hope.

I mentioned, my Lord, that it was for your own sake, that I wished you not to depend upon a contingency. Be you free to pursue your own measures. Who can say, what one, two, or three years may produce? Maladies that have once seized the head, generally, as I have heard say, keep their hold, or often return. Have I not very lately, been guilty of a great rashness? Believe me, Sir, if at the end of the allowed year, I shall have reason to suspect myself, I will suffer by myself. I ever thought you a worthy man: God forbid that I should make a worthy man unhappy. That would be to double my own misery.

Generous Lady! exalted goodness!—Permit me, I once more beseech you, but to hope. I will resign to your pleasure whatever it shall finally be; and bless you for your determination, tho' it should doom me

to despair.

Remember, my Lord, you are warned. You depend upon the regard all our house have for you. I owe it duty next to implicit, for its unexampled indulgence to me. Your reliance on its favour is not a weak one: But, O Count, remember I caution you, that your dependance on me, is not a strong one. Be prudent; let me not be vexed. My heart sickens at the thought of importunity. Opposition has its root in importunity. If you are happy as I wish, you will be very happy. But at present I have no notion, that I can ever contribute to make you so.

He bent one knee, and was going to reply—Adieu, adieu, said she—Not another word, my Lord, if you are wise. Are not events in the hand of Provi-

dence ? a jates vesse pr

She hurried from him. He was motionless for a few moments: His heart, however, overflowed with hope, love, and reverence.

-render old mit are the driver a bid self- rend a Rolon

On his reporting to the Marchioness, Mrs. Beaumont, the two Brothers, and me, what passed between the noble Lady and him, as above, we all congratulated him.

The warning Lady Clementina has given you, my Lords, faid Mrs. Beaumont, is of a piece with her usual greatness of mind, fince the event referred to,

is not, cannot be, in her own power.

There is not, faid Signor Jeronymo, there can be but one woman greater than my Sister—It is she, who can adopt as her dearest friend, a young creature of her own Sex in calamity (circumstances so delicate!) and for ber sake, occasionally forget that she is the

wife of the best and most beloved of men.

Clementina, said the Bishop (the Count being withdrawn) will now complete her triumph. She has, upon religious motives, refused the man of her inclination; the man deservedly beloved and admired by all her friends, and by the whole world: And now will she, from motives of duty, accept of another worthy man; and thereby lay her parents themselves, as well as the most disinterested of brothers, under obligation to her.—What a pleasure, madam, (to the Marchioness) will it be to you, to my honoured Lord, to my Uncle, and even to our Giacomo, and still more to his excellent wise, to resect on the patience you have had with her, since her last rash step, and the indulgence shewn her! Clementina now will be all our own.

Every one praised Sir Charles, and attributed to him the happy prospects before him.

LETTER LVIII.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

Monday, May 28.

THE Marchioness having been desired to break to
Lady Clementina the news of Laurana's death,
as of a sever, she did it with all imaginable tenderness

mess this morning: But the generous lady was affected with it.—"O my poor Cousin! said she—Once she loved me. I ever loved her!—Had she time given her!—On what a sandy soundation do we build our schemes of worldly glory!—Poor Laurana!—"God, I hope, has taken her to the arms of his mercy!"

The pious lady and her confessor have shut themselves up in the oratory appropriated for the devotions of this noble family, to pray, as I presume, for the

foul of Laurana.

Every thing is settled according to a plan laid down by Lady Clementina, at the request of all her family. The Count and Signor Sebastiano, are to set out for Dover on Thursday next. In less than a month from their departure, they are to embark for France in their way home—All but Jeronymo. Sir Charles has prevailed, that he shall be lest behind, to try what our English baths may contribute to the perfect re-

establishment of his health.

This tender point having been referred to his admirable Sister, she generously consented to his stay with us. She has still more generosity, because unasked, released Sir Charles from his promise of attending them back to Italy, in consideration of his Harriet; since, at this time, he would not know how to leave her; nor she to spare him. But the next summer, if it be permitted me to look so forward, or the succeding autumn to that, we hope to be all happy at Bologna. Lady L. Lady G. and their Lords, have promised to accompany us: So has Dr. Bartlett; and we all hope, that Sir Edward Beauchamp will not result to re-visit Italy with his friends.

Friday, June 1.

Six happy days from the date of the Letter which Lady Clementina wrote to her father and mother,

has the Count passed with us; the happiest, he ofreat declared, of his life; for in every one of them, he was admitted with a freedom that rejoiced his heart, to converse with the mistress of his destiny. She called upon him more than once, in that space of time, to behave to her, as a Brother to his Sister; for this, she thinks, the uncertainty of what her situation may be a twelvementh hence, requires for both their sakes.

Sweetly composed, sweetly easy, was her whole behaviour to him and to every-body else, during these six days. The sisterly character was well supported by her to him: But in the Count, the most ardent, the most respectful, and even venerating Lover took place of the brotherly one. Signor Jeronymo loves his Sister as he loves himself; but the eyes of the Count compared with those of Jeronymo, demonstrated, that there are two sorts of Love; yet both ardent; and Soul in both.

The parting scene between Clementina and the Count was, on his side, a very servent, on hers, a kind one. On his knees, he pressed with his lips, her not withdrawn hand. He would have spoken; but only could by his eyes; which run over—Be happy, my Lord Belvedere, said she. You have my

wishes for your health and safety-Adieu!

She was for retiring: But the Count and Signor Sebastiano (of the latter of whom she had taken leave just before) following her a few paces, she turned; and with a noble composure, Adieu, once more, my two friends, said she: Take care, my Lord, of Signor Sebastiano: Cousin, take care of the Count of Belvedere; courtesying to both. The Count bowed to the ground, speechless. As she passed me, Lady Grandson, said she, taking my hand, Sister of my heart; the day is sine; shall I, after you have blessed with your good wishes our parting stiends, invite you into

into the garden? I took a cordial leave of the two no-

ble youths, and followed her thither.

We had a sweet conversation there, and it was made fill more delightful to us both, by Sir Charles's joining us, in about half an hour; for the two Lords would not permit him to attend them one step beyond the court-yard; though he had his horses in readiness

to accompany them some miles on their way.

When we saw Sir Charles enter the garden, we stood still, arm in arm, expecting and inviting his approach. Sweet sisters! Lovely friends, said he, when come up to us, taking a hand of each, and joining them, bowing on both; Let me mark this blessed spot with my eye; looking round him; then on me; —A tear on my Harrier's cheek!—He dry'd it off with my own handkerchief—Friendship, dearest creatures, will make at pleasure a safe bridge over the narrow seas; it will cut an easy passage through rocks and mountains, and make England and Italy one country. Kindred souls are always near.

In that hope, my good Chevalier; in that hope, my dear Lady Grandison; will Clementina be happy, tho' the day of separation must not be far distant. And will you here renew your promise, that when it shall be convenient to you, my dear Lady Grandison, you will not fail to grace our Italy with your

presence?

We do !- We do!

Promise me again, said the noble Lady. I, too, have marked the spot with my eye (standing still, and, as Sir Charles had done, looking round her). The Orangery on the right-hand; that distant clump of Oaklings on the lest; the Villa, the Rivulet, before us; the Cascade in view; that Obelisk behind us.—Be This the spot to be recollected as witness to the promise, when we are far, far distant from each other.

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We both repeated the promise; and Sir Charles said (and he is drawing a plan accordingly) that a little temple should be erected on that little spot, to be consecrated to our triple friendship; and, since she had so happily marked it, to be called after her name.

On Monday next, we are to set out for London. One fortnight passed, we shall accompany our noble friends to Dover-And there-O my grandmamma,

how shall we do to part!

wassel wisel tests you.

It is agreed, that Mr. Lowther and Mr. Deane, tho' the latter, I bless God, is in good health; will next season accompany Signor Jeronymo to Bath. Sir Charles proposes to be his visitor there: And when I will give permission, is the compliment made me, Sir Charles proposes to shew him Ireland, and his improvements on his estate in that kingdom. Will not Lucy be rejoiced at that?—I am happy, that her Lord and she take so kindly the selicitations I made them both. You, my dear grandmamma, and all my friends in Northamptonshire, are sure of the heart of

Their and Tour GRANDISON.

may and plath Eo ToT E RI LIXIV-may andib

A of wall was been renew your profimile, that when

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS, SHIRLEY.

the I side on bid things state June 16.

I GAVE you, my dear Grandmamma, in my two last Letters (a), an account of our delightful engagements among our felves principally, and now-and-then at public places. What a rich portion of time has passed! and we have still the promise of a week to come. And now let me take a survey of our present happy situation.

Every

(a) These do not appear.

-10

Every thing that can be adjusted, is. The Count of Belvedere, as by letters to Signor Jeronymo, is on his way to Italy, and not unhappy: Lady Clementina is mistress of every question, and the more studious, for that reason, of obliging all her friends. How joyfully do we all, in prospect, see a durable tranquillity, taking possession of her noble heart I. The Marquis and Marchioness have not one care written on their heretofore visibly anxious brows. Clementina sees, as every one does, their amended health in their sine countenances; wonders at the power she had over them, and regrets that she made not, what she calls a more grateful and dutiful use of it.

Father Marescotti, the Bishop, Signor Juliano, compliment the English air, as if that had contributed to the alteration; and promise wonders from that and its salubrious baths for Jeronymo.

The highest merit is given to the conduct of Sir Charles, and to the advice he gave, not to precipitate the noble Clementina.

Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. when we are by ourfelves, felicitate memore than any body elfe, on these joyful changes; for they rightly say, that I could not but look on the happiness of Lady Clementina as essential to my own.

But your congratulations, my dearest grandmamma, I most particularly expect, that in this whole critical event, which brought to England a Lady so deserving of every one's love, not one shadow of doubt has arisen of the tender, inviolable affection of the best of men to his grateful Harriet.

So peculiarly circumstanced as he was, how unaffectedly noble has been his behaviour to his WIFE,
and to his FRIEND, in the presence of both! How
often, tho' causelessly (because of the nobleness of the
Lady's heart) have I filently wish'd him to abate of
his outward tenderness to me, before her, tho' such as
O 2

became

became the pureft mind.—Nothing but the confcious integrity of his own heart, above difguiles or concealments, as his ever was, could thus gloriously have carried him thro' fituations so delicate.

He had, from the first, avowed his friendly, his compationating Love, as well as Admiration, of this noble Lady: That generous avowal prepared his Harriet to exped that he fould behave with tenderness to her, even had not her transcendent worthiness done honour to every one who paid her honour. To ber he applanded, he exalted his Harriet: She was prepared to exped that he would recognize, in the face of the fun, obligations that he had entered into at the altar: And both knew that he was a good man; and that a good man cannot allow himself either to palliate or temporize with a duty, whether it regarded friendship, or a still closer and more facred union. How many difficulties will the character and intervention of a man of undoubted virtue obviste! What cannot he effect? What force has his example! Sir Charles Grandison's Love is a Love to be gloried in. Magnanimity and tenderness are united in his noble heart. Littleness of any kind has no place in it: All that know him are studious to commend themselves to his favourable opinion; folicitous about what he will think of them; and, fuppreffing common foibles before him, find their hearts expand, nor know how to be mean.

O my God! do thou make me thankful for such a Friend, Protector, Director, Husband! Increase with my gratitude to THEE, my merits to him, and my power of obliging him. For His sake, spare to him [This, my grandmamma, he bids be my prayer—I know it is yours] in the awful hour approaching, his Harriet, whose life and welfare, he assures her, are

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the dearest part of his own.

assumed.

LETTER LX.

LADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY.

St. James's-Square, Monday, June 18.

OW, at last, my dearest grandmamma, is the day arrived that we are setting out for Dover. We shall lodge at Canterbury this night, and reach Dover to-morrow. How sad our hearts!

Canterbury, Monday Night.

Here we are! How we look upon one another!

The parting of dear friends, how grievous!—How does Sir Charles endeavour—But Lady Clementina is, to outward appearance, an Heroine. What a grandeur of foul! She would not be thought to be concerned at leaving Sir Charles Grandison: But I fee the is inwardly a fufferer. Jeronymo is filent. I hope he repents not his flay to oblige his dear friend, and us all. The Marquis and Marchioness are continually comforting themselves (and declare it to be needful) with the hope of seeing us in a sew months. Thank God, they have a finer teason to go back, than they had to come hither: And they have sound the sewel they had lost.

I should have told you, that Lord and Lady L. and Lord and Lady G. took leave of us at Rochester; thinking so large a train would be inconvenient to those to whom they wished to do honour. How tender was the parting; particularly between Lady Clementina and Lady L.

I am in my chamber here. Know not what to do with myself.—Yet cannot write. Must again join company—Is not my Sir Charles in company?

HERE, here, we are! How foolish to attempt the pen! I know not what to do with myself. The O 3

vessel is ready; every one is ready. To-morrow morning, by day-light, if the wind-O what company to one another ! How does the dear Clementina now melt into tears and tenderness!-Dear Lady! What prayers has the put up for me! What tender bleffings has the poured out upon me! How have we bleffed, foothed and endeavoured to confole each other ! What vows of more than fifterly affection! Mrs. Beaumont ! the excellent Mrs. Beaumont, She now is also affected She never loved, at so thort an acquaintance. the fave, any mortal as the loves me. She bleffes my dear Sir Charles, for his tender, yet manly Love to me! we have engaged to correspond with each other, and in Italian chiefly, as with Lady Clementina in order to perfect myfelf in that language, and to make myfelf, as the Marchionels fondly fays, and talian woman, and her other daughter. the is inwarily a fulficrer. Jeronymo is filent. I

Largest such and applied of WDover, Wednesday Mondinged

ORUER tonderness I they would not let me fee them embark. Sir Charles laid his commands upon me (I will call them to because I obey'd reluctantly) not to quit my thamber. Over-night we parted! What o folemen parting ! Sir Charles and Mis. Beaumont only-But are they gone? They are! Indeed they are-Sir Charles, to whom feas and mountains are nothing. when either the fervice or pleasure of his friends call upon him, is embarked with them. He will fee them landed and accommodated at Calais, and then will return to Dover, to his expecting Harriet. His Jeronomy, his Beauchamp, and good Dr. Bartlet, are left. to protect and comfort her. What a tender farewell between the Doctor and Father Marescotti, last night! They, alfo, are to be constant correspondents: The welfare of each family is to be one of their fubjects.

Lady Clementina was not afraid of passing a boisterous sea, and the Bay of Biscay, in a wintry seafon, when the pursued the slight that then was first in her view. Her noble mother, while the was in fearch of her daughter, had no fears: But now, the pangs of uncertainty and ardour of impatience being over, they both very thankfully embraced Sir Charles's offer (his refolution, I fhould fay; for he would not have been refused) to accompany them over. The Marquis complimented him, that every one would think themselves safe in the company of so good a man!—How will they be able to part with him! He with them! but in a twelvemonth we shall all, God willing, meet again; and if the Almighty hear our prayers, have cause to rejoice in Lady Clementina's confirm'd state of mind.

Friday Morning

THE best of men, of friends, of husbands, is returned from Calais, chearful, gay, lively, tovely, fraught with a thousand blessings for his Hagriet. We shall set out, and hope to reach Canterbury this night, on our return to town.

Caroline, and Circ. Recover

Sir Charles affores me, that he left the dear lister of my heart not unhappy. She was all herfelf at parting [His own words]; magnanimous, yet condescendingly affectionate [His words also]; as one, who was not afraid or ashamed of her listerly leve for hmi. He took leave of her with a tenderness worthy of his friendship for her; a tenderness that the brave and the good ever shew to those who are deserving of their love.

ther, the Bishop, and Father Marescotti (the two latter to enforce it upon the General) that they would not tirge the noble Lady, not even upon the expectation she had given them; but leave her wholly to her own will, and her own way. They all promised they would; and the poor Laurana, being now no more, undertook for the General.

He tells me, that he had engaged the Count of Belvedere, on his departure from England, to pro-

5 A

mise to make his court to her only by silent, assiduities, and by those acts of beneficence and generosity, which were so natural to him, and so worthy of his splendid fortune.

St. James's-fquare, Sunday Morning.

Last night, bleffed be God, we came hither in health and spirits. We are preparing for church. There shall we pray for the travellers, and be thankful for ourselves.

I expect Lord and Lady L. Lord and Lady G. and my Coulin Reeves, according to the following billet

from the ever lively Lady G.

"My Harriet, thank God, is arrived, and in health and spirits. Caroline, and Mrs. Reeves, I know, will long to congratulate you. I have therefore sent to invite them to dinner with you. Their good men and mine of course, must be admitted. I know my brother will not be displeased. He is indulgent to all the whimsies of his Charlotte that carry in the face of them, as this does, affectionate freedom. Besides, it is stealing time for him: I know he will not long be in town, and must see us all before he leaves it. He will hasten to the Hall, in order to pursue the glorious schemes of benevolence which he has formed, and in which hundreds will find their account.

But let the green damask bed chamber be got in a little fort of order, for a kind of Nussery: Where we dine, we sup. My Marmouset must be with me, you know. I have bespoke Lady L's.—Mrs. Reeves is to bring hers. They are to crow at one another, and we are to have a squalling concert. As it is Sunday, I will sing an anothem to them. My pug will not crow if I don't sing. Yet I am assaid the little Pagans will be less alive to a Christian hymn, than to the spright-lier Philido, Philida, of Tom Dursey. I long

to see how my agreeable Italian, poor thing! bears the absence of his father and mother. Bid him rub himself up, and look chearful, or I shall take him into our nursery to complete the chorus, when our brats are in a squalling fit. Adieu 'till to-mor-

" row, my dear, and ever dear Harriet!"-

Lady G. is a charming nurse. She must be extraordinary in whatever she does. Signor Jeronymo admires her of all women. But she sometimes makes him look about him. He rejoices that he is with us; and is in charming spirits. He is extremely fond of children; particularly so of Lady G's-It is indeed one of the finest infants I ever faw : And he calls it. after her, His Marmoufet, hugging it twenty times a day to his good-natur'd bosom. It would delight you to hear her fing to it, and to fee her tofs it about. Such a Setting out in matrimony; who would have expected-Charlotte to make fuch a wife, mother, nurse !- Her brother is charmed with her. He draws her into the pleasantry that she loves; lays himself open to it; and Lord G. fares the better for their vivacity. Sir Charles generally contrives to do him honour, by appealing to him when Charlette is, as he complains, over lively with himselfe But that is in truth, when he himself takes her down. and compliments her as if the were an over-match for him. She often, at these times, shakes her head at me, as if the was fentible of his superiority in her own way.

But how I trifle! I am ready, quite ready, my dear Sir Charles. Lead your ever grateful Harriet to the house of the All-good, All-merciful, All-mighty. There shall I, as I always do, edify by

your chearful piety!

Sunday Afternoon,

A NEW engagement, and of a melancholy kind, calls Sir Charles away from me again. In how many

many, ways may a good man be ferviceable to his

fellow, creatures !

About two hours ago a near relation of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen came hither, in Sir Hargrave's chariot-and-fix (the horses smoaking) to beg he would fet out with him, if possible to the unhappy man's house on the forest, where he has been for a fortnight past, resigned to his last hope (and usually the physician's last prescription) the air. The gentleman's name is Pollexfen. He will, if the poor man die childles, enjoy the greatest part of his large estate. Mr. Pollexsen is a worthy man, I believe, notwithstanding Sir Hargrave's former difregard to him, and jealousies (a); for, after he had delivered his message from his cousin, which was to befeech the comfort of Sir Charles's presence, and to declare that he could not die in peace, unless he faw him; he seconded Sir Hargrave's request with tears in his eyes, and an earnestness that had both honesty and compassion in it. Sir Charles wanted not this to in-duce him to go, for he looks upon visiting the sick, in fuch urgent cases, as an indispensible dury: And waiting but till the horses had baited, he set out with Mr. Pollexfen with the utmost chearfuines; only faying to me-It is a wonder if the poor man be fenfible, that he thought not of Dr. Bartlett rather than of me.

Mr. Merceda, Mr. Bagenhall, and now Sir Hargrave Pollexien, in the prime of their youth!—So lately revelling in full health, even to wantonnels!—Companions in iniquity!—In so few months!—Theu! Almighty, comfort the poor man in his last agonies! and receive him! From my very soul I forgive him those injuries which I—But well I may—Since great as they were, they proved the means

⁽a) See Sir Hargrave's Letter to Dr. Bartlett, Vol. VI. p. 270.

of my being brought acquainted with the Lord of my awal occation to wifhes; the best of men.

Having filled my paper with the journal of next a week, I will conclude here, my dear grandmamma, with every tender with and fervent prayer for the health and happiness of all the dear friends in Norther amptonshire, who so kindly partake in that of

has encirally sid or will him and Laurent towns bad edd sail of to spikely addance int Grandisons exceptifiate a fincere. The poor cash spoke kindly

to them all I by were tendedly careful of him. LETTER LXEshiwensheat

I cannot write for rears .- The near man, in this DADY GRANDISON, TO MRS. SHIRLEY

enough a good syst blood - . Wednesday Tuly and

A Hy my grandmamma! The poor Sir Harat of regard for me-the bas left miliaway for the

Sir Charles returned but this morning. He found him fentiele, He rejoiced to fee him. He instantly begged his prayers. He wrung his hands; wept; lamented his past free life. Fain, said he, would I have been intrufted with a few years trial of my penitence. I have wearled Heaven with my prayers to this purpose. I deserved not, perhaps, that they should be heard. My conscience cruelly rold me, that I had neglected a multitude of opportunities! flighted a multitude of warnings! O Sir Charles Grandison! It is a hard, bard thing to die! In the prime of youth too !- Such noble possessions !-

And then he warned his furrounding friends, and made comparisons between Sir Charles's happiness, and his own mifery. Sir Charles, at his request, fat up with him all night; He endeavoured to adminifter comfort to him; and called out for mercy for him, when the poor man could only by expreffive looks, join in the folemn invocation. Sir Hargrave had begged he would elofe his eyes. He did He staid to the last painful moment. Tudge what algae.

such a heart as Sir Charles's must have felt on the awful occasion! without the high with a rollier

Poor Sir Hargrave Pollexfen !- May he have met

with Mercy from the All-merciful !

He gave his will into Sir Charles's hands, foon after he came down. He has made him his fole executor. Have you not been told that Sir Charles had heretofore reconciled him to his relations, and heirs at law! He had the pleasure of finding the reconciliation fincere. The poor man spoke kindly to them all. They were tenderly careful of him.

He acknowledged their care.

I cannot write for tears.—The poor man, in the laft folemn act of his life, has been intendedly kind, but really cruel to me .- I should have been a fincere mourner for him (A life so mispent!) without this act of regard for me-He has left me, as a small. atonement, he calls it, for the terrors he once gave me, a very large legacy in money (Sir Charles has not yet told me what) and his jewels and plate. And he has left Sir Charles a noble one besides. He died immensely rich. Sir Charles is grieved at both legacies: And the more, as he cannot give them back to the heirs, for they declare that he bound them under a solemn oath (and by a curse if they broke it) not to accept back, either from Sir Charles, or me; the large bequests he told them he had made us: And they affured Sir Charles, that they would be religiously bound by it.

Many unhappy objects will be the better for thefe bequeffs. Sir Charles tells me, that he will not interfere, no, not so much as by his advice, in the difpofal of mine. You, madam, and my aunt Selby, must direct me, when it comes into my hands. Sir Charles intends, that the poor man's memory shall seceive true honour from the disposition of his Legacy to him. . He is pleased with his Harriet, for the concern the expressed for this unhappy man. The

most

most indulgent of husbands, find out some reason to praise her for every thing she says and does. But could HE be otherwise than the best of Husbands who was the most dutiful of Sons, who is the most affectionate of BROTHERS; the most faithful of FRIENDS: Who is good upon principle, in every relation of life?

What, my dear grandmamma, is the boasted character of most of those who are called HEROES, to the un-oftentatious merit of a TRULY GOOD MAN? In what a variety of amiable lights does such an one appear? In how many ways is he a blessing and a joy to his sellow-creatures?

And this bleffing, this joy, your Harriet can call more peculiarly her own!

My fingle heart, methinks, is not big enough to contain the gratitude which such a lot demands. Let the overflowings of your pious joy, my dearest grand-mamma, join with my thankfulness, in paying part of the immense debt for

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HARRIET GRANDISON.

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positioned at harbands, had our force realist position for prairie for the fays and down that could like her for contraining the fays and down the fays and down the fays and fluence for the fact of the fays and fluence for the fact of the fact of

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What, the dear particular was in the boaded cha-

Ned this betting, this pay, your Harriet es HE Editor of the foregoing collection has the more readily andertaken to publish it, because he thinks Human Nature has often, of late. been thewn in a light too degrading; and he hopes! from this Series of Letters it will be feen, that characters may be good without being unnatural Sir Charles Grandison himself is sensible of imperfections, and, as the Reader will remember, accuses himself more than once, of tendencies to pride and passion, which it required his utmost caution and vigilance to rein-in; and many there are, who look upon his offered compromise with the Poretta. family, in allowing the daughters of the proposed marriage, to be brought up by the mother, referving to himself the education of the sons only, as as blot in the character. Indeed, Sir Charles himself declares to the General, that he would not have come into fuch a compromise in a beginning address. not even with a princefs.

Notwithstanding this, it has been observed by some, that, in general, he approaches too near the faultless character which critics censure as above nature. Yet it ought to be observed too, that he performs no one action which is not in the power

of any man in his atortion to perform; and that he checks and restrains himself in no one instance in which it is not the duty of a prudent and good manthan violout Rose. to restrain himself.

It has been objected by some persons, that a man less able by strength or skill to repel an affront, than Sir Charles appears to have been, could not, with fuch honour, have extricated himself out of difficulties on refusing a challenge, And this is true, meaning by honour, the favourable opinion of the European world, from the time of its being over run by Gothic barbarism, down to the present. But as that notion of honour is evidently an absurd and mischievous one, and yet multitudes are at a lois to get over it, the rejection and confutation of it by a perfent whom, it was visible; the consideration of his own fafery did not influence, must furely be of no small weight. And when it is once allowed, that there are cases and circumstances in which these polite invitations to murder may consistently with honour be difregarded, a little attention will eafily find others . vulgar notions will infensibly wear out, and more ground be gained by degrees, than could have been attempted with hope of success, at once till at length all may come to fland on the firm footing of reason and religion. ... troppes fluxed at pairel ?

In the mean time, they who are less qualified to carry off right behaviour with honour in the eye of common judges, will, however, he efteemed for it by every ferious and prudent person; and perhaps inwardly, by many who are mean enough to join out-

wardly in blaming them. Is a addition the sale to sale to the Indeed, when a person hath deserved harsh treatment, his acquiescence under it may generally be imputed to fear alone, and fo render him an object at once of hatred and ridicule, hardly possible to be borne: But he who fupports a conduct equally offensive, by ever so much brutal courage, tho' a less contempContemptible, is a vafily more detestable creature. Whilst an upright and harmless man, suppose him ever so timorous, merits rather a kind fort of pity, than violent scorn.

But whoever declines forbidden instances of selfwindication, not from sear, but from principle; which is always to be presumed, if his regard to principle be steady and uniform in other things; such a one, however inserior to Sir Charles Grand son, in advantages of nature and art, yet if he shews real greatness of mind in such things as all men may, needs not doubt but he shall be respected by most, and may be sufficiently easy, tho' he is despised by some. He will still have the satisfaction of resecting that the Laws of all nations are of his side; (a) and only

(a) It is so highly worth observing, that even the military Law of our own country is strongly against dueling, that the Editor cannot help subjoining an extract out of the articles of War, and recommending it to the consideration of all military persons.

ARTICLE XX.

Nor shall any officer or soldier presume to send a challenge to any other officer or soldier, to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered, if he be an officer; or suffering the severest corporal punishment, if a non-commissioned officer, or private soldier; and if any officer, or non-commissioned officer commanding a guard, shall willingly and knowingly suffer any person whatever to go sorth to fight a duel, they shall be punished as above; and all Seconds also, and carriers of challenges, shall be taken as principals and punished accordingly.—Nor shall any officer or soldier up-braid another for resusing a challenge, since, according to these our orders, they but do the duty of soldiers, who ought to subject themselves to discipline: And we do acquit and discharge all men who have quarrels offered or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, in their obedience hereunto: And whosoever shall upbraid them, and offend in this case, shall be punished as a challenger."

ealy the usurped authority of a filly modern custom against him; that on many occasions, worthy men in all ages, have patiently suffered salfe disgrace for adhering to their duty; that the true bravery is to adhere to all duties under all disadvantages; and, that refusing a duel is a duty to ourselves, our sellow-creatures, and our MAKER. And whoever acts on these principles, the more reproach he undergoes for it, rather than be driven like a coward, by the scotts of his sellow-subjects, to rebel against the Sovenerson of the universe, will have the more delightful consciousness of a strong inward principle of piety and virtue, and the more distinguished reward from the final Judge of all, who alone disposes of that Honour which shall never sade.

It has been said, in behalf of many modern sictitious pieces, in which authors have given success (and bappiness, as it is called) to their heroes of visious, if not of profligate characters, that they have exhibited Human Nature as it is. Its corruption may, indeed, be exhibited in the faulty character; but need pictures of this be held out in books? Is not vice crowned with success, triumphant, and rewarded, and perhaps set off with wit and spirit, a dangerous representation? and is it not made even more dangerous by the hasty reformation introduced, in contradiction to all probability, for the sake of patching up what is called a happy ending?

The God of Nature intended not Human Nature for a vile and contemptible thing: And many are the instances, in every age, of those whom He enables, amidst all the frailties of mortality, to do it honour. Still the best performances of human creatures will be impersect; but, such as they are, it is surely both delightful and instructive to dwell sometimes on this bright side of things; To shew, by a series of facts in common life, what a degree of excellence may be attained

attained and preferved amidft all the infections of fathionable vice and folly to the toda and the trans

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON is therefore, in the general tenor of his principles and conduct (tho? exerted in peculiarities of circumfrances that cannot always be accommodated to particular imitation) proposed for an Example; and, in offering him as such, were his character fill more perfect than it is prefumed to be, the Editor is supported by an eminent Divine of our country or or all the second

"There is no manner of inconvenience in having s pattern propounded to us of fo great perfection,

as is above our reach to attain to: and there may be great advantages in it. The way to excel in

" any kind, is, optima queque exemplo ad imitandum "proposeras to propose the brightest and most per-

fect Examples to out similation. No man can write after too perfect and good a copy a and that

be can never reach the perfection of it, yet he is at like to learn more than by one lefs perfect. He

4 that sime at the heavens, which yet he is fure to come fhore of, is like to shoot higher than he that

aims at a mark within his reach.

Land Maria

"Belides, that the excellency of the pattern, as it leaves room for continual improvement, fo it kindles ambition, and makes men firsin and conse tend to the utmost to do better And, the ho can never hope to equal the Example before him, wet he will endeavour to come as near it as he " can. So that a perfect pattern is no hindrance, but an advantage rather, to our improvement in any kind." a polycom to explain on the the

built the bull performances of bounds creatures will be Tillation, Vol. II. Sem. LVII, p. 577. willing comprise to death temperate dailing

Story of the or things; To thew, by a reside of raths in description life, which a degree of excellence may be perfore thought that to propert in young people

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SEVEN VOLUMES of this WORK.

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Work shounds, are inferted in this I win Ex. There
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